



Remember 202 Hodgepodge

*...the completely
disorganized thoughts of an idiotic
scientist...*

by Dr. Joey Bone

Booklet seven

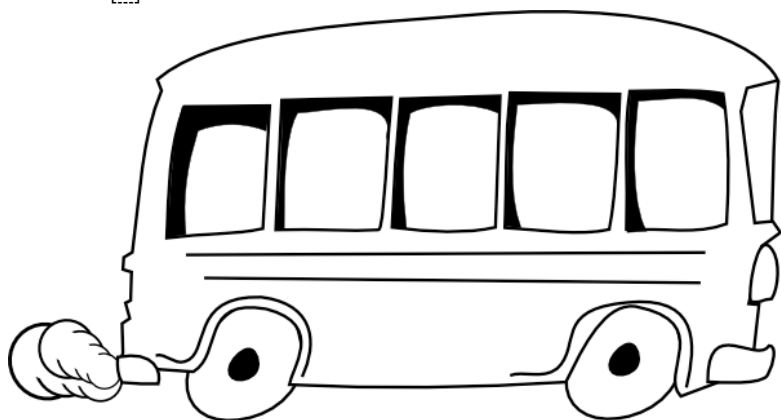
Preface

Some say that bona fide art mysteriously appears in the mind of the artist, yet no such experience occurred in the composition of this fiction, nor does this poorly edited (editors cost money) tome qualify as art. And although, I'd like to tell you that this hen scratch is true, or at least that its partially based on truth, unfortunately its a complete fabrication. Please realize that this work is somewhat chaotic, and filled with boring redundancies and segues, and so at times when reading this you'll likely wonder if I'll ever get to the point, or by the time I do get to it, you may have given-up on caring about the topic. Worse yet, I make no apology for this jumbled-up shambles. So if you enjoy a succinct train of logic, this book is not likely for you.

Once again, make no mistake dear reader, not one shred of this blustery composition, not a single unedited phrase, is remotely accurate, or close to being true. From cover to cover, this chalky slate is insignificant fiction, and that's not to say that some fiction can't be interesting. Yet herein, if you recognize anything, which you feel may remotely

smack of reality or truth, whatever that maybe, it is purely coincidental! However, coincidence can be remarkable, and occurs more than we generally realize, and from a [statistical](#) standpoint, coincidences are inevitable.

OBJ



BUSTED ON THE BUS

That morning the air was fresh and slightly cool, thanks to a steady breeze coming down from the northwest plains of the Santa Ana Jilotzingo. It was

only a few minutes past sunrise, and there wasn't a cloud to spoil the bright blue dome. Coffee in hand, I had arrived at the bus station, and I was looking forward to traveling somewhere new. Once sitting on my scheduled bus, two hours passed, and still the bus hadn't pulled-out of the station. I was beginning to wonder, if we were going to leave at all that day. Mexican buses and trains weren't famous for their punctuality. *I hate waiting.* If we weren't going to leave, I was going to have to make some sort of excuse for the elaborate lie, I'd told the hotel desk clerk, and pray that he hadn't already rented-out my room, and hadn't as yet passed my lie on to Rosa, the beautiful, but less than honest, women, whom I was attempting to leave behind in Mexico City. Confrontation is not my forte. *Perhaps, it's better that I just rent a room somewhere else, tonight.* I certainly didn't want to run into Rosa.

When the older, but well kept silver and white bus finally pulled away from the terminal, it was eight hours passed the scheduled departure! During the wait, I'd gone inside the bus terminal several times to eat, use the restroom, chat with travelers, and play chess with one of the clerks, during his lunch break. An odd fact was that there were only six

passengers onboard the bus, and the big vehicle was designed to carry fifty, and considering the popularity of the resort destination, six (five others and myself) was an oddly low number. The bus driver seemed to have a noticeable problem with the fact there were so few passengers. He kept waiting for the late comers, who'd purchased tickets, but for some reason had elected not to show-up. The perplexed bus driver kept going back inside the terminal to question the clerks, who sat on tall wooden stools, just shrugging their shoulders, behind the glass ticket windows. The absence of so many passengers had completely flummoxed the driver. Moreover, he overly scrutinized the few passengers, who had arrived. *What's the deal, here?* According to the clerks, all the tickets had been purchased a few days before, and the bus should have been totally filled. I'd purchased my ticket over a week prior. The clerks couldn't explain why there were so many no-shows. The tickets had been sold by clerks, who apparently worked during a different shift. At the time, I had assumed that the driver had been bucking for a day off, and the passengers not showing was going to be his excuse.

At one point, it seemed as if the driver was might

refuse to drive the bus, but then, I saw a man, who never did get on the bus, talking with the driver, and handed him an envelop and patted him on the back, and strolled out of the station. At the time, I assumed the unknown man was simply someone, who probably wanted the driver to deliver a letter for him to some individual in Acapulco. The driver nodded and then climbed on our bus, and started the engine. *Why should the driver care, if passengers haven't showed-up?* Besides myself, the only passengers were two nondescript couples, which looked to be in their forties, and the late comer was a very small shriveled-up white haired lady, who had to be well over a hundred years old. *She looks so old, she doesn't look human!*

The petite ancient granny was no more than four foot eight inches tall, thin and frail, and at best eighty pounds. A powerfully built young man, had literally carried her onto the bus, cradled in his arms as if she was a baby, with the side of her face nestled against his chest and shoulder. The brawny fellow, gently set the aged woman down far in the back of the bus on the seat next to the onboard bathroom, and positioned her butt and legs, slightly forward so that her body was comfortably leaned against the

back of the seat. The petite aged lady merely sat there in a stupor, with her beady black eyes, randomly roaming around the bus and out the windows, but not appearing to focus on anything. She looked senile as a bedbug.

Judging from the wrinkly collapsed distance between her chin and nose, she clearly lacked teeth or dentures. Her lower jaw would randomly move about, but not in a chewing motion, but rather left and right, yet there was nothing in her mouth, except her tongue, so the movements were likely just gums massaging gums. Perchance it was a nervous habit. Considering her age and her weathered skin, it was difficult to discern her race, but I guessed she'd come from some indigenous tribe of Indians from southern Mexico, likely Mayan. I'd seen healthier looking Egyptian mummies, at the *Louvre*. The tiny senior citizen also possessed an exceptionally small cranium, only slightly larger than a soft ball; nevertheless, it was proportionate with the rest of her body.

During the bus trip, there were a few times where it looked as if she visually attended to something, but then her mind was gone again, her eyes randomly roaming and her weird jaw

movement, massaging her gums. Still, the aged woman seemed to have brief moments of lucidity. Long thin strands of wispy snow white hair drifted about her narrow boney dry brown leathery face, which was decorated with thousands of web-thin creases, asymmetrical dark keratoses, and countless splotchy age spots. Her face was so narrow, it was only skin and bone, with a huge dimple under each cheekbone, due to a complete absence of facial fat and muscle. At the risk of sounding insensitive, I recall thinking that such unattractive appearances on the extremely old, were perhaps why cremation had been conceived. The tiny venerable woman looked otherworldly, like a tiny wax production of a Hollywood zombie. *There should be someone accompanying this senile old lady?* To my amazement, this seemly helpless old dame would make the entire four and one half hour trip unaccompanied, without being able to use the bathroom and without ever falling out of her seat, when the bus braked. *She must be wearing a diaper.* Old age is definitely not for sissies, at least that's what my great aunt Betty used to tell her visitors, whenever they'd ask her how she was feeling; especially, when she was dying with a painful case of metastatic bladder cancer. At the end, my Mom took care of her, making sure she got her

bedpan emptied, and received her morphine pills, food, tea, and sympathy, all the way to the inevitable. Cancer didn't care that she was a wonderful loving woman.

Because of my Mom's care and attention, great aunt Betty gave my Mom a ring on her death bed. None of my Mother's sisters had come to help with Aunt Betty's medical care. It had been my great aunt Betty's engagement ring, a single one carat diamond, a miner's cut, on a plain narrow gold band. When examined under a loop it had a few small chips on its girdle, so it wasn't worth much, yet for all the familial disagreement it engendered, you'd have thought the damaged little bobble was the Hope Diamond. The gift resulted in Mom's sisters forever claiming that the gift was unfair, yet it was my Mom, who had helped great aunt Betty in the end. The reason that my Mom loved great aunt Betty was that she had been my Mom's surrogate mother, since my Mom detested her real mom, my aforementioned racially bigoted maternal Grandma.

As the bus headed out of Mexico City, the clearly formerly disgruntled bus driver spent a fair amount of time visually checking the old woman, in his rearview mirror. Each time he did so, he'd strangely

shake his head, expressing dissatisfaction. The missing passengers, and the old woman's presence on the back seat, seemed to have noticeably irritated him. *He's probably upset about being responsible for such an old person.* There was no telling what liability she represented for the driver and bus company. If the driver were to suddenly have to hit the brakes, there was a good chance the old lady's head would have hit the metal back of the seat directly in front of her, or she'd have been slammed to the floor of the bus aisle. *How can the old lady's family send her unaccompanied?* Miraculously, she was able to maintain her balance, regardless how the bus moved. *She's likely ridden on many buses and cars.* The driver continued with his periodic peering at her, and was so distracted by the senior, that I worried about him getting in a wreck. *He's plainly worried about her falling out of the seat.*

I climbed onboard, carrying my blue cloth suitcase, with a half pound of newspaper-wrapped weed, sealed inside a well-taped plastic bag, to prevent it from stinking-up the bus. It was jammed down inside the suitcase's outside pocket, and only covered by my memorable good-luck bright yellow shirt, which I'd stolen off a clothesline the day, I'd

escaped from the trap-house. The yellow knit golf shirt stuck-up out of the top of the exterior pocket, giving the impression that the suitcase contained only clothes. With my shabby loose fitting secondhand clothes and well worn little suitcase, I looked poor, and that was intentional cover for the bundles of American hundred dollar notes, and one bundle of Mexican notes, wrapped in paper and taped with dark green duct-tape, around my midsection and thighs. In addition, I had more such bundles taped to my thighs under my baggy pants. Because of the money taped to my body, I moved slowly, to keep the bundles from pushing out my clothes, and becoming noticeable. The one bundle of pesos wasn't worth much, since the Mexican peso was going the way of the *Titanic*. A few years later, the peso completely crashed and burned. During almost all of my drug sales, I only accepted dollars. Even the Mexican businesses preferred the dollar. It says a lot about the future of a country, when its' people prefer a foreign currency to their own, or when large numbers of its citizens begin to convert their currency into gold and silver bullion. At this time in America, about eight percent invest in metals. It's likely that number will rise, as will the price of gold.

During the four and a half hour bus ride into Southwest Mexico, we passed through vast land areas populated with countless numbers of mammoth multi-armed spiny green cacti. Once when the bus stopped, so the driver could get out to check the doors to the luggage compartments, there was a cactus by my window, and I could see the spine's needles were in little groups of six formed-up along the extended vertical gyrus of each column. Every little group of spines was configured the same. Nature always has a reason for the smallest of its details. The spines deter certain animals (javelina, tortoises, pack rats, etc.) from eating them, give the cactus skin slight shade, and the spines protect out into the air to cool the plant. During the trip, I'd seen thousands of cacti. Looking at the spines had caused me to think of the cactus patch I'd fallen in, when trying to leave the base in Spain, as a child, and the guard, who'd once been my nemesis, carrying me all the way home, and extracting the spines from my swollen legs and feet.

Looking out the other side of the bus, I saw a giant cactus, with an extremely thick trunk. It was so large, that a small peaked-roof shack had been erected inside its heavy curving arms. The shanty

was built of discarded weathered gray wooden boards. They were the cheap rough cut thin boards, mainly used to construct disposable shipping pallets. There was a five foot wooden ladder running from the ground up to the shack's front door. The most unusual aspect of the scene was a dark Indio-looking man sitting cross-legged in the doorway, eerily smiling at our bus. His smile never wavered and made me think he was tripping on something. His dark brown skin and hair markedly contrasted with his many huge white teeth, which beamed-forth in an immense smile; it was a strange cartoonish sight, indeed. The man wore sandals made from well worn car tire. That little scene looked like a hallucination, but the man, the cactus, and the shack were all real.

Making the scene appear even more surreal, were many small colorful birds, swirling around the giant cactus, flying in and out small holes burrowed into the vertical green arms. They constantly flew around his botanical home... a smiling man, a prickly cactus, and many small lively colorful birds, living in unison. The trunk of that cactus was about three and one half to four feet thick; more than stout enough to support the weight of the small house and man. Undoubtedly, the man had to have been repeatedly

pricked by the cactus, while building his home, miles from any town. There was no form of transportation near his uncommon domicile, no: car, motorcycle, or bicycle.

The seats of the bus were a durable discomfort. After riding for an hour, it felt like I was sitting on stone, and so I stood-up and bent over to investigate the hard seat. First, I pressed my thumb into the rough fabric, and found the padding beneath it to be almost nonexistent. Then, with my knuckle I rapped on the seat; it felt hard and sounded hollow. With further examination, I pulled the seat up from it's framing, and noted that each seat was nothing more than a simple plywood box with some industrial-strength grayish-blue fabric, stretched over the world's thinnest piece of cheap foam rubber. The industrial strength fabric was semiprofessionally affixed with tiny copper tacks, one inch apart, along the bottom edge of the homemade rectangular wooden box. No doubt the original seats had worn-out years prior, and were too costly to replace, or to reupholster. The plywood box seats, and the cheap upholstering job allowed the bus to remain in service. The uncomfortable bus seats looked good, but were one more sign of Mexico's plummeting

peso.

Each makeshift uncomfortable plywood box seat was snugly positioned into a crude homemade welded metal frame, constructed from welded one inch angle-iron. The hollow boxes had no bottom to them, just four sides and a top. Mexican mechanics evidently had creative ways of making old vehicles last beyond their planned obsolescence. *In the United States, this old bus would be in a junkyard.* Mexicans are so energetic and obsessive about making vehicles last, there may be more utilitarian antique American cars and buses in Mexico, than in the US, at least, it was that way back then. It's that way in Cuba, as well. There are antique American cars all over Cuba, made before the Cuban revolution (1959). If you're in need of an antique American car, or car parts, sail to Cuba on a boat big enough to bring the car back, or better yet, rent a small freighter and bring a bunch of them back for resale. Maybe Cubans use bitcoin.

<http://talkingpointsmemo.com/gallery/cuba-time-capsule-american-cars>

At more than half way through, what would soon

be an unforgettable trip, the timeworn bus existed the vast desert region of cacti, to slowly wind its way, down through the magnificent tree-covered mountains of the *sierra madres*. It was my first experience with a true breathtaking tropical rain forest. I couldn't help but wonder, if I were to just exit the bus and walk out into the immense humid virescence, would I have been able to survive?

This survival thought occurred to me, because while drinking with Dad, he would repeatedly fill my head with handy tips on jungle survival: eating grubs and bugs... skinning and eating raw lizards, snakes, and fish... cacti and other plants whose interiors held water... various ways to make a fire... weaving bark and palm leaves to make a hammock to stay off the jungle floor where snakes and bugs traveled at night... how to collect rain water by positioning leaves and using pieces of cut bamboo... boil water to kill pathogens and parasites... using layers of clothing to filter water... breathing techniques to steady your nerves... walk downhill when looking for water... keep your skin covered to avoid insect bits, cuts, and sunburn... how to navigate by the stars and sun... peeing on your feet to kill fungus.... using earwax and spiderwebs as an antibiotics... ways to

signal passing search planes... riding logs in, or just follow along beside, rivers to locate civilization... various ways to build a simple shelter.... the judicious use of oral black walnut oil and grapefruit seed extract to rid the body of parasites and fungi, after returning to civilization. After already having served twenty years in the military, Dad went to survival school (SERE school... Survival, Evasion, Resistance, and Escape is a program, known by its military acronym, which provides military personnel, Department of Defense civilians, and certain private military contractors with training to evade capture, survive, and the military code of conduct). The survival school obviously made a big impression on him.

That training program was first created in the US Air Force at the end of WWII, and was greatly enhanced, by constantly collecting and consolidating known survival techniques, into a highly effective course. During the school's early development Dad went through the program, even though the Navy wouldn't formally have the SERE school, until the 1980s. The people who developed the school pulled heavily from the experiences of British and American pilots, who'd successfully managed to escape and

evade the Germans, during WWII. Such men formed clubs like: 'The Late Arrivals,' and the 'Flying Boot.' These men were allowed to wear club patches, under the collar of their military uniforms. Many of those survivors put together lectures on survival and made guest appearances in the SERE school. Under the direction of General Curtis Lemay, that the school was more formally developed.

As the bus rumbled slowly around the scenic jungle hairpin curves, I found myself day-dreaming, and lulled into a false serenity; glad, that I was away from MC, without getting popped by the cops, and having escaped from a relationship I no longer wanted. Little did I know, this relaxed tranquility was about to be rudely shattered. The bus gently swayed, leisurely tracking around another downhill hairpin turn, slowly making its way through the lush jungle covered *sierra madras*. I was sitting a few rows, behind the worrisome driver, and was looking through the bus's front windshield, just enjoying the wondrously rich green ecosystem, when suddenly I saw something, which made my heart leap into my mouth, and a cold sweat broke-out on my skin.

Less than half a mile down the jungle-covered mountain, at the end of yet another twisted hairpin

turn, was a terrifying spectacle, one which made my blood run cold, and a sudden sweat pop out on my skin. On the pentacle of that hairpin curve was a squad of a half dozen soldiers, carrying old fashioned bolt-action rifles, and accompanied by three big german shepherds on leashes. They were milling around a large black and yellow wooden sawhorse, positioned across the two lanes of jungle highway, which was soon to stop and search my fast approaching bus, and there I sat with a highly aromatic half pound of Mexico's finest weed, inside the outside pocket of my small blue cloth suitcase. *I'm so screwed! What can I do? I should have anticipated this!* Such road blocks only existed for two purposes: one was to look for wanted criminals on the lamb, and the second reason was to catch drug couriers, put them in prison, and forget about them, forever. *Why hadn't I anticipated this?*

Even though Aimon had told me about the highway searches, I hadn't bothered to anticipate that it could happen on my bus trip! Those young soldiers weren't looking to hand out DUIs, since driving while drunk was not against the law in Mexico, at least not back then. To my complete disappointment, there were no vehicles between our

bus and the impending yellow and black barricade, nothing which afforded me time to devise a workable plan. Panic attempted to takeover. *I'm so fucked! Stay calm! But, I'm so fucked!* My brain was freaking-out, paralyzing my cognition, much as had happened under the black couple's house, the day I escaped from the trap-house. *Think! Think! Think!* There I sat with the bundles of cash taped to my waist and thighs, and half a pound of highly fragrant marijuana tucked into the outside pocket of my blue cloth suitcase. While I'd wrapped the weed well enough to escape the notice of a human nose, a dog's nose was another matter. My blue suitcase was sure to attract the dogs.

The dogs came equipped with extra long noses, endowed with highly sensitive olfaction, and were about to sniff me out, and usher me through the gates of some miserable Mexican prison, where I'd stay for God knows how long, while being forced to listen to non-stop mariachi music, until I was a full blown schizophrenic. The word was that the Mexican prisons made their American counterparts look like Mediterranean resort spas. *Maybe I'll see Rosa's dad in prison!* To make a bad matter worse, Esteban had told me, that next to the child molesters, Americans were

the least favored inmates in Mexican penal institutions. *What the fuck am I going to do?* My heart was hammering in my chest, and tacking-up, well past the recommended red line. *If only this were a dream!* The jungle barricade was a reshoot of the Mobile ghetto trap-house, but this time, I was trapped inside a bus, surrounded by a jade jungle.

As mentioned, there were no cars between the bus and the impending merciless barricade, which meant at the bus's unhurried pace, I had less than a minute to formulate and execute a plan for salvation. Although there were no cars in front of us, there was a long line of cars behind our bus. Because of all the downhill hairpin turns with short straightaways, they hadn't been able to see well enough to safely pass our dawdling old bus. Had I thrown the package of dope out the bus window, it would have been spotted and have caused a huge ruckus, with cars slamming on brakes and people running to retrieve the package, and that would have happened right in front of the waiting soldiers. And all things considered, I was the only logical passenger on the bus, to have thrown the package out the window. Plus, all the passengers would have witnessed my desperate deed.

If I'd thrown the package into the bus's commode, adjacent to the tiny ancient woman, the plastic wrapped package would float-up, but even if I'd ripped the package open and thrown it in, all the leafy parts and buds would have still floated. It was a chemical tank toilet, which didn't flush! Bad things floated on the top of the blue water and the marijuana would have just laid atop the fetid mass, and doing that, the bus would have smelled like a marijuana foundation. After listening to Esteban's and the three black kings' commentary concerning Mexican soldiers, I realized that the soldiers would have had no problem forcing me to fish the weed out of the putrid bluish excreta, then they'd have beaten me, and slammed me in jail. After a sham trial, I'd have received an in-determinant prison sentence. Once in a Mexican prison, it's best to kill someone, anyone, as fast as you can, even if you kill them in their sleep, for without fear and/or respect, there's no hope.

I was fast running out of time and options. *If I make a run for it, they'll either shoot me, or let those three dogs loose on me.* For some reason, I thought about my hollow upholstered plywood seat and hiding the dope inside the seat, or maybe in one of

the other empty seats, but unfortunately there was no bottom to those homemade seat boxes; besides, it would be swiftly sniffed-out by the mongrels, and again, I was clearly the only reasonable candidate for ownership. *What can I do?* A sickening panic had stifled any useful thoughts. Once more, I desperately struggled to stuff-down fear. You might have thought, I'd learned a little something about controlling fear from the Mobile trap-house, but not much. In truth, my real enemy was the fear, more than it was the soldiers, who were soon to board the bus. *Any idea is better than no idea.*

As a few bits of my nervous gray matter began to shake-off the paralyzing yoke of fear, a simple, seemingly viable scheme began to materialize. By then, the driver was coming out of the last curve and slowing, I had roughly less than twenty-seconds, before it would be too late. Strangely enough, this situation absurdly made me recall the old TV show called, *Beat the Clock*, where the contestants were always trying to finish some stunt on stage, in a limited amount of time, so as to win a cash prize. As a child, I'd dearly loved the fast paced little show. The host of the black and white program was a friendly fellow named, Bud Collyer, a tall lanky guy

with an outgoing personality, agile sense of humor, who always wore a cheap suit with a dark bowtie. The contestants were made to perform various tasks within a specified number of seconds. The contestants struggled to complete the task, as a large clock, running counterclockwise, clicked-off the seconds. If the contestants succeeded, they were said to have 'beaten the clock,' and then they received their prize. Dad and I enjoyed the show. *How ashamed of me Dad would be, if he could see me now.* To be best of my recollection, the biggest prize was \$16,000, a tidy sum in the late 1950s. Thank goodness, my Dad passed away without ever finding-out about my drug dealing. Nevertheless, I could tell Dad suspected that I was up to no good.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Beat_the_Clock

My last-second tenuous epiphany had sprung from recalling the idea of using the bottomless box under the seat, and knowing that most Mexicans were extremely leery of police and soldiers. Also contributing to the birth of my idea was the fact that the package of weed was wrapped with an excessive amount of duct tape. My plan involved the senile

woman in the back of the bus.

Generally, the middle and poorer classes of Mexico both feared and despised Mexican police, and soldiers. This was not too different from how many of America's blacks currently perceive, the American police. The Mexican citizens tended to be overly polite to such officials, but harbored a marked mistrust of them, ergo they went to great lengths to avoid interacting with them. I staked my freedom on that potent piece of social apprehension, and spun the red and black wheel, sending the little white marble rotating in the opposite direction. I only had a few seconds to save myself, but there was no other solution I could come-up with, and no way to conceal my salvation plan from the other passengers, nor from the ever watchful and perpetually irate bus driver, with his ultra-wide interior rearview mirror. With the deceleration of the bus, it was time to beat the clock.

Everyone on the bus was about to witness my plan. Speaking euphemistically, I was forced to show my hand in front of everyone on the bus. With no alternative plan, I took half a second to muster my wobbly courage, and made my play, my last ditch stand. All the passengers, as well as the driver

suddenly turned their heads to watch me, as I leaped up out of my seat, snatched my lucky yellow shirt, from the outside pocket of my small blue cloth suitcase. The passengers and the driver all watched as I then yanked the heavily taped plastic bag, containing the newspaper-wrapped dope. As mentioned, the plastic bag had several feet of duct tape holding it closed. Jamming the half pound weed package, under my arm like you might hold a football, I charged for the goal-line, which happened to be the feeble aged woman, sitting on the back row of bus seats, next to the bathroom. I was hoping, that the old lady would be my emancipator. Standing right in front of her, I wondered how cognizant she was, but I didn't stop moving. Leaning down in her face, I quickly spoke.

“Hello. How ya doin there? You okay?” I prodded, as I unwound a few feet of duct tape, from around the plastic bag.

The older woman didn't seem to notice my presence, but was focused on something behind me. Thankfully, there was no sign of awareness. A slight frown materialized in the form of a few vertical wrinkles between her invisible eyebrows, but not a peep passed her cracked dry lips. Large amounts of

dried whitish saliva were caked at the corners of her ancient toothless mouth, and a few long white hairs spiked-out from her tiny prehistoric chin, which caused me to momentarily think of cat whiskers. She definitely smelled bad, an odor, which reminded me of dry dog food. Her skin looked even worse close-up. While her light was still on, Elvis had apparently left the building. *Perfect!* I hoped she wouldn't mind what I was about to do? I could feel the eyes of the other passengers burning holes in my back, but I didn't have the time to turn and look, right then.

“Forgive me, old lady!” I begged of the senile antique lady.

Quickly, I lifted the cheap upholstered plywood box seat adjacent to the seat of the aged woman, turned it upside down, and used the few feet of sticky duct tape, to affix the half pound package of weed to the inside of the hollow plywood box seat. With the weed package firmly secured inside the box, and without wasting a second, I turned the box-seat back upright, and carefully repositioned it in its angle-iron frame. The dope package was then hidden within the upholstered plywood box, and I desperately prayed that the tape would hold the half pound of weed in place. Then, placing my right arm

under her legs and my left behind her back, I gently lifted the eighty pound semi-comatose, highly pungent señora out of her seat. Tenderly, I placed her atop the box-seat, concealing the half pound bundle of marijuana, and thanked her as I settled her into the seat.

The senile elderly woman didn't seem to mind, but just continued staring toward the front of the bus, as I repositioned her. It was then I felt the driver more firmly applying the brakes. Next to my Mom's birthing and raising me, my Dad's early teachings and guidance, Anna's sex, Evangeline love, Margo's healing affection, and my child's priceless love and companionship, this aged woman probably did me the biggest favor of my life, and apparently didn't even realize it. However, in only a couple of minutes, I would receive yet another unexpected gift, from yet another woman on the bus.

I steeled my nerve, turned around, and faced the glaring driver and passengers. *They look shocked and pissed, and I can't blame them!* They all knew what I'd done. Through the slowing bus's windshield, I could see that the soldiers were only five-seconds away. The bus had almost stopped, as I crouched and dashed to my seat. All the passengers and the bus

driver no doubt knew exactly what I'd done. It was time for my little humble song-and-dance. It was time to play my hole card, based on the Mexican people's fear of soldiers. The soldiers were already walking toward the bus, and so I urgently threw myself upon their mercy.

"I'm sorry. I am so very sorry. But the soldiers... Please.... Please... Please don't say anything... Have mercy on me! I don't want to go to prison! It's only marijuana. Please be merciful. Thank you. I'm so sorry. Please don't say anything. I'm begging you."

That quick little speech was the last card I had to play. And with those words, the passengers all went from looking pissed to looking scared. The air brakes loudly exhaled as bus stopped, and I simply sat in my seat, trying to make sure none of my bundles of cash were pressing-out on my baggy clothes. At this point, I realized that my future was completely in the passengers' hands, and I concentrated on trying to look relaxed. *Take a couple of deep breaths. Don't panic!* Through the front windshield, I noticed that the soldiers had stepped in front of the bus and were intently peering-in. It was time to come to Jesus. The passengers began to look at one another, perhaps to see if one of them was going to inform on me. *Please*

don't say anything!

Perchance, they were worried that if one of them talked, and mentioned that the others also knew about what I'd just done, they too would go to jail, for not having said something. They were clearly uncomfortable and thinking about what they should do about my predicament, and the situation I'd put them in. Insensitively, I'd involved them, indirectly making them appear complicit. Right before the driver opened the door, he gave me one last ugly sneer. *He wants to kill me!*

"Piece of shit!" He proclaimed, speaking of me, just before he pushed the handle, which opened the door.

After looking at one another, the passengers then again glared at me, as if to say, '*Look what you have gotten us into, you asshole!*' That situation was sort of like reliving the trap-house, only this time, it was in the public eye, while endangering innocents. With my final stunt, I'd reached a new low. Clearly, the passengers were worried. Hoping that the confusion would work in my favor, I gave them a last beseeching look, and pressed my palms together under my chin, as if I were praying. My bet was that if anyone turned me over to the soldiers, it was going

to be the bus driver. One thing operating in my favor was that they didn't have time to discuss what I'd done. The little white marble took its' last hop and was settled-in.

Their future and mine were precariously linked. *What a cowardly bastard I am... risking all these people!* If fear were a crime, I belonged on death-row. For a sickening fraction of a second, humiliation replaced the fear, and I remember thinking that the humiliation was worse than the fear. One feeling only worries about the future, which may not come to pass, while the other forces you to face your failure. While I'd experienced these two feelings, at various times during my life, I don't think that I'd ever experienced the two feelings vying for my consciousness at the same time. The air in the bus was choked with tension. *Maybe none of the soldiers will come onboard.* Sweating bullets, I was struggling to appear calm, but I doubt that I was successful. Needless-to-say, no one on the bus looked relaxed; especially, not the driver.

To covertly express his hatred for me, the bus driver exhaled loudly, just as a tall middle-aged gray-haired soldier, with widely flared nostrils, ascended the bus's interior steps. The soldier scowled at the

bus driver, probably wondering why he'd exhaled in such a pronounced fashion, and then the soldier glowered at the passengers. The older soldier looked like the time-honored military version of the devil himself, and he was big has a house. The stern looking man was a lanky, but thickly muscled, well-worn caballero, sporting a stern unfriendly face, ornamented with the classic pencil thin, well trimmed, gray mustachio. Not wanting to appear fearful or challenging, I meant his pitiless gaze, just long enough to look unconcerned. He in turn frowned, and intensified his stare. *Could this guy look any more sinister?* He didn't speak a word, but the fierce scowl seemed to work to my advantage, for it both worried and silenced everyone on the bus, including the driver. By then, my fellow conspirators, were so petrified of the hardened warrior, that they involuntarily gravitated toward my plight, ergo I inherited a fragment of group harmony.

Clearly no one wanted to deal with the menacing militaristic monster. His gaze radiated near lethal amounts of intimidation. Not even his own soldiers would meet his unforgiving eyes. He appeared to be the kind of hombre, who lived for intimidation. *This guy is one scary asshole.* After looking-over the

passengers, the soldier turned back to the driver, pointed at the keys, and while flicking two of his fingers, in a 'give-them' sort of fashion, demanding the keys to the outside luggage compartments beneath the bus. *If I'm caught, maybe he'll just shoot me, and throw my body in the jungle.* The driver pulled the keys from the ignition and handed them to the soldier, who then tossed them to his men, to unlock the exterior luggage compartments. My wallet was in my pocket, and contained my Alabama driver's license, with my Mobile address, where my wife was still living. *Maybe she'll be notified of my death.* I figured that she'd then phone my Dad, with the bad news. *Perhaps, some official will try to get Dad to pay for the return of my body.* Fortunately, I had destroyed my phony passport.

Giving everyone on the bus one more condemning glare, the stoic soldier turned and marched down the steps and stepped off the bus. He then said something to a couple young soldiers, who enthusiastically climbed onboard, each with a big hairy black and tan, toothy, german shepherd on a long leather leash! *Here come the dogs, with their dope-sniffing noses! Its prison time for me!* The third mongrel stayed off the bus, to sniff the exterior luggage

compartments. The traffic was piling-up behind us, yet no one dared to honk their horn at the soldiers; still, I was praying that someone would... anything to get their attention off the bus, and my half pound of weed. However, no one in their right mind would honk and attract the wrath of the soldiers.

The german sheperd's were heavily panting, and while saliva was steadily dripping from their long pink tongues, I could feel rivers of sweat streaming down the sides of my ribcage, just under my loose-fitting shirt, concealing the weighty stacks of cash. *The dogs and I are dehydrating, and my bundles of money are probably getting soggy.* My heart was pounding hard, like a wild animal trying to escape my chest. *Why didn't I learn my lesson that day at the trap-house, in Mobile?* It seemed that I had been given a second chance, only to throw it away in the jungles of southern Mexico.

While errors can be dangerous, not learning from them is more so.

Taking Care of Details by Moreti Y. Williams

The two soldiers, and their panting dogs, trotted

on passed the driver, and the two couples. The dogs didn't give the paid no mind to the driver and the two couples. *That only leaves me, and the old lady in the back.* I noticed that the first dog had picked up on something and was quickly coming hard in my direction. *He smells where the weed was in my suitcase!* Without the slightest hesitation, the big dog jammed its nose hard on my blue cloth suitcase, snorted, then loudly sneezed, and commenced to growl and bark, as if my suitcase was a threatening adversary. He was nothing like the well trained dope dogs used today, who simply sit, when they've stopped contraband. The dog suddenly stopped barking, sneezed twice again, and once more barked at my suitcase. As if that wasn't bad enough, I suddenly realized that the bundles of cash taped on my side were pressing outward against my shirt, and so could have been visually discernible by the guard, ergo I repositioned my posture, pretending that I did so, because I afraid of the dog. This contrived fear seemed to please the soldier and so he smiled.

All of the passengers and the driver were once more scowling at me. *When the soldiers see that there's nothing is in the suitcase, hopefully they'll just leave.* Even with all the persistent barking by the dog, the

older soldier didn't immediately return, and was probably still supervising the inspection of the luggage compartment.

Obviously, the potent smell of the ganja still lingered within the light blue fabric of my small suitcase. The guard looked me over and seemed to notice my prolific sweating. My face and hair were wet, with sweat. That triggered my memory of Esteban's sage advice, so I began coughing, faking having a case of tuberculosis. Frowning hard, I tried to look worried about my health, and at that particular moment, I had no problem looking distressed. *God, I hope this coughing trick works!*

"I've been sick for a month, with a severe fever. I hope this sickness isn't tuberculosis. I'm going to a doctor, when we get to Acapulco. The air in Mexico City was too dirty." I coughed three more times, deliberately in his direction; then once again, I tried to innocently smile.

The young guard quickly blinked twice, pulled the barking cur back, and took three steps away from me. Nevertheless, he took no mercy on me, and simply pointed at my suitcase, and spoke.

"Open your suitcase!" *He's definitely worried about*

TB.

“Certainly! I have nothing to hide.” I responded.

Swiftly, I complied by nonchalantly unzipping the little blue suitcase, while continuing to produce the occasional cough, showing the guard that it was empty except for clothes and toilettes, and doing my best to look sincerely unconcerned. The guard then ordered me to move to the seat directly across the aisle, from where I was seated, further away from him, while he continued to inspect the contents of my suitcase. It was clear that the young soldier was concerned about contracting tuberculosis. Again, I noticed that the bus driver was glaring directly at me, but so far, he’d said nothing.

My luck was hanging-on by a thread; but still, even more fibers of that thread were about to break. During this fiasco, the old woman just continued to sit quietly atop the seat containing the dope, looking like petrified a mummy. The guard searching my suitcase, glanced-up and briefly stared at the old lady. *He too thinks she’s weird looking.* While he picked through my suitcase, he had handed the leash of his dog to the other guard, who then held both dog leashes. Throughout his searching of my suitcase, I was doing my best to position my body so that the

clothes I were wearing best concealed the bundles of cash, taped around my waist and thighs. Looking down, a large bundle of cash was barely pushing my shirt out, so again, I leaned further forward to conceal my ill gotten earnings. Miraculously, even though I had just handled the dope package, the dog did not hit on me, most likely because by comparison the blue cloth suitcase reeked with the odorous weed... a small bit of luck, indeed.

I'd once heard of a famous marijuana dealer in Florida, who each morning would put an ounce of weed in his blender, then fill it up with boiling hot water, put the lid on, and allow the blender run for a couple of minutes. Next, he'd strain the liquid through a pillow case. Later, he'd toss the pillowcase in a distant neighbor's trashcan, and pour the liquid in a spray bottle. Lastly, he'd spritz the aromatic liquid all over his lavish home, so that if the police broke-in, with their dope dogs, the poor animals would be stymied by the pervasiveness of the smell, so that they'd be unable to locate his carefully hidden stash.

It was a possibility that the guard could smell the pungent sickly sweet odor in the suitcase fabric, for after he'd leaned down and sniffed it, he shook his

finger at me. But, like I've previously mentioned, lies were my specialty, and reflexively I popped another one out.

“Is there something wrong with my suitcase. I just bought it from a tourist in Mexico City, just to make this trip.” I claimed.

While the soldier continued to examine the contents of my suitcase, I was silently hoping that they would not bother to check-out the ancient little lady in the back of the bus. She looked so innocent and certainly did not remotely look the part of a drug dealer. While the one guard was still searching through my suitcase, the other guard, yet holding the leashes of both dogs, decided to proceed toward the back of the bus. *Oh shit! My worst nightmare is about to happen.* All at once, that guard was forcefully yanked by both dogs, straight to where my stash was secreted beneath the old lady's seat. The bus driver and passengers, with eyes bulging-out of their sockets, were staring intently at the two large dogs, tugged the smaller guard toward the elderly woman, and my ever pungent weed stash. *Oh shit!* Desperately, I tried to look unconcerned, but I was nearly paralyzed with fear. Streams of sweat ran down my ribs, my heart was trying to climb up into

my cotton dry mouth, and my asshole was so tight, you couldn't have driven a toothpick up it, with a twenty pound steel sledgehammer. The terror of that moment, is still permanently branded in my errant aged gray matter.

The two dogs had clearly gotten the scent of my weed, and both were suddenly barking, and pulling hard at their leashes, forcefully yanking the soldier along behind them. *Jesus, I'm so fucked!* The two large shepherds pulled and tugged, until a few seconds later, their long muzzles were poised directly in front of the vintage little lady. The two lunging dogs were raising bloody hell, while the guard was doing his best, to hold the mongrels back. The two powerful animals had quite literally snatched the young guard the last few feet to where sat the decrepit señora, in her clueless stupor. The guard, who been looking through my suitcase, momentarily stopped to watch the dogs, then he scurried to the back of the bus, to join the other guard. Throughout the frenzy, the old lady merely looked off to her left, and out the window, apparently unfazed by the two aggressive dogs. *I'm so screwed.*

I knew that my weed was only seconds away from being discovered, and an unpleasant knot had

formed in the bottom of my stomach, as fear sunk its claws deep into my sinful soul. *Its prison time!* Again, I thought of making a break for the jungle, but realized that I couldn't outrun the dogs, and certainly not a bullet. At that moment, someone far back in the line of cars behind us, actually did beep their horn, but it was just one brief wimpy little beep. *Get some balls and honk that horn like you mean it!* Trying to keep my eyes off the barking beasts, I noticed that every passenger, and the driver were riveted to the two menacing mongrels and the antique lady. Comments from the soldiers outside, indicated that they had noticed the barking sounds of the dogs.

“What's going on in there?” The older soldier bellowed-out through the entrance door to the two young soldiers inside the bus.

Continuing to tug hard on the leashes, both dogs were finally able make the guard stumble forward just enough, so that they were literally ramming their snouts into the old woman's antiquarian crotch. This caused the aged little woman to reflectively kick at the two animals, and a momentary look of actual alarm crossed her wrinkly brow. The dogs backed up for a fraction of a second, then they immediately pounced forward again, smelling her crotch, but then

they were also smelling her abdomen and ribs. I assumed that it was most probably due to her noxious body odor. *At least, the dogs aren't going down, under the seat.* The violent barking and sniffing about her body seemed to have awakened the old woman from her doddering. Again, she kicked-out at the two dogs, but without looking at them. The dogs moved back again, then lunged-in once more at her crotch and torso; but again, neither dog tried to duck up under the bus seat, and reach up to snatch my weed, from the inside of the box-seat. For all their aggression, the dogs didn't actually bite the venerable old woman.

The Lord only knows what was going through her addled old brain with the the pair of massive canines, vigorously barking and nosing all over her, trying to get at my weed. Still, fortunately neither dog attempted to go up under the seat. *Thank God, they can't figure-out how to get to the weed.* Seeing where the dogs were sniffing, one guard used his arms and legs to push the canines out of his way, and actually grabbed the hem of the elderly woman's skirt, and lifted it, boldly viewing her sacred undies, or her adult diaper, whatever was or wasn't underneath. Luckily, I didn't get a glimpse. Any

second, the guards were going to discover my weed inside the woman's plywood box seat, less than an inch, beneath her butt.

But right then, an unexpected ray of hope shone upon the situation. As the soldier was looking under the old lady's dress, one of the passengers, a heavyset lady, stood-up, and loudly protested, screaming-forth her words, objecting to the soldier's lifting of the old woman's dress. Her husband became upset with his wife's outburst, and pulled her back down, yelling at her.

'Sit down, and shut-up.'" He demanded.

She sat down, but continued to loudly complain about the soldier touching the old woman. *God, this big woman is really going out on a limb for me!* The woman's noisy appeal had momentarily stopped the soldiers, from further molesting the old woman. Even the two dogs had momentarily turned to take note of her protest. The one soldier looked back over his shoulder, while he was still holding-up the hem of her dress. For a few seconds, everyone just gazed at the heavy set woman. More importantly, the woman's cry had alerted the old soldier, who was still outside, but in less than two-seconds, the mean-looking uniformed gent came stomping back onboard

the bus, looking fairly perturbed.

“What’s happening here!” The older soldier yelled, already angrily eyeing the two soldiers, the two mongrels, and the strange-looking ancient woman on the back seat. Oddly enough, the young soldier still had the hem of the old lady pinched between the thumb and index finger of his right hand, so the old lady’s dress was aloft, but then he quickly released the skirt, as soon as he realized that the stern older grey-haired leader was looking him. The young soldier then weakly smiled.

Unbelievably, the heavyset woman, continued to ignore her husband’s reprimand, and once again she stood, to make a second heartfelt appeal directly to the old soldier, while she pointed at the soldier who’d lifted the woman’s skirt. At that point, the stocky woman had secured everyone’s undivided attention. *I can’t believe she’s trying to help me!*

“Sir! Your two soldiers back there and those horrible dogs are being most disrespectful to that old lady. The dogs have been sniffing between her legs, and that young soldier was looking up her dress. I think you saw him holding-up her dress and he touched her. Please, make them stop that! She is an old lady, who deserves some respect! You can see she’s

senile. The dogs are smelling her, and everyone knows old people can smell bad!" *She lied about him touching her, but that worked on the old soldier!*

Instantly the evil-looking old soldier glared back at the young soldier, who instantly when wide-eyed and shook his head, as if to deny the touching of the older lady, but he looked so worried, that he swallowed hard, looking plenty guilty. Indeed the kid had not touched the woman, but he was so fearful of the older soldier, he looked desperate. The heavyset woman continued on with her discourse... my salvation.

"She is probably a great grandmother to many children. *Saying she's a great grandmother... that's smart!* What do you think her countless offspring will think of such despicable behavior? Such horrible behavior is certainly a sin, against God!" The heavyset woman concluded.

Holy shit! This woman is really hanging it all out for me! Needless to say, I am forever indebted to her. *Why is she helping me, an unknown stranger?* For just an instant, I glanced her way, but she wisely didn't meet my eyes. I absolutely astonished by her effort to rescue me. With a second violent yank of her arm, her husband again pulled the woman back down into

her seat, and then he apologized to the old soldier for his wife's outburst; nevertheless, her desired effect had been made. In turn, the old soldier raised an eyebrow and a briefly smiled, handing the heavyset woman, of all things, a sultry look. *He likes assertive big women.* In response to his look, she allowed a tiny Mona Lisa smile to grace her features. *She likes him, too. There's nothing quite like flirting in a crisis.* In all my life, no stranger had put more on the line to help me than had that unknown Mexican woman. *God, she's a saint!* Why she'd assisted me, remained a bit of a mystery, but only a while longer.

Had the soldiers found my dope, the woman might have been hauled-off to prison, as my accomplice! The brave and gracious woman had truly humbled me. Plainly, I had jeopardized everyone on the bus. There have been many times, when I should have been ashamed of myself, but that was probably my greatest youthful experience with the rare feeling of shame, when shame occupied only the fewest of nanograms of my youthful brain tissue. Clearly, I was at least three standard deviations subpar, when it came to moral rectitude, since I'd nearly wrecked everyone's life on the bus, just to save my own worthless skin. After the woman's last appeal, the

malevolent grey-haired monster seemed genuinely concerned. He quickly admonished the two soldiers.

“Leave the grandmother alone! Now! Get off the bus, you two fools, and bring those two loud stupid smelly dogs with you! I’m sick of all their ridiculous barking. Perhaps, I should shoot them! (He then turned and shouted out the door.) Close-up the luggage compartment, and let this stupid bus leave.” The elder soldier commanded. *Yes, yes, yes, leave, leave, leave! Hal-le-fuck’n-lu-ya!*

The woman gently thanked the grey-haired soldier, as he descended the steps. He simply gave her a second come-hither look, then with a brief wave with the back of his hand, he disappeared down the steps. Everyone on the bus stared at her, my blessed savior, then they looked at me. It was obvious that the bus driver was astounded, as he rolled his eyes at me in the rearview mirror. That merciful heavysset woman had plucked me from the misery of a Mexican prison. She had put herself out on the perilous rotten limb, and bounced up and down, till the fruits of freedom dropped free, and somehow the bough hadn’t broken.

At the grey-haired soldier’s order, the young guards instantly, pulled back their dogs, and shuffled

toward the front of the bus, but they mumbled something slightly inappropriate about the aged woman's genital region, before exiting the bus. The heavy-set Mexican woman glared at two soldiers, as they passed. As I could hear the guards slamming the doors to the outside luggage compartments, everyone on the bus was giving me, the 'stink-eye.' Needless to say, I was fully disgraced, but the evil stink-eye was infinitely better than going to a perilous Mariachi-playing insanely sadistic Mexican prison, especially being an American. *God Bless the stink eye, and shame on me!* The old soldier tossed the keys back through the open bus door to the driver, and ordered him to leave. *Yes, let's leave now!* As the bus door closed, the heavy-duty yellow wooden saw-horse barriers were dragged to the side of the road, and our bus slowly forged its way downhill, on toward Acapulco. Of course, I vowed to never again have anything to do with drugs, which was yet another lie, and keeping the dope would again have its consequences, involving yet a second group of soldiers, also with dogs, and yet another massive adrenaline pump.

The fact that, in the United States, there are people serving ten-year prison terms for growing marijuana plants in their backyards while Wall Street

racketeers, who have defrauded millions of people and destroyed the global economy, walk free is a kind of bizarre hypocrisy that boggles my mind.

by Mark Haskell Smith

During the last leg of our trip to Acapulco, the bus driver did his level best to humiliate me. Mostly he uttered phrases like: ‘you stupid gringo... you fucking asshole... you selfish child of a whore need to leave my country... you worthless shit, etc.’ He repeated those phrases several times. However, there was one phrase he threw my way, which didn’t make good sense, ‘I knew you were the one!’ It was as if he was trying to say that he suspected me of having dope, even before the soldiers showed-up.

Nevertheless, the driver didn’t tell me to get off the bus. To adequately describe the last sixty minutes of that bus trip, I’d need better words than awkward, embarrassing, and humiliating. To avoid further unease, I had decided to leave the dope package under the old lady’s seat, until we reached the bus station in Acapulco, and then I’d allow everyone to disembark, before I’d get out of my seat to go back to retrieve it.

When the bus at last pulled into the Acapulco bus station, the sun had dropped well below the

horizon, and the only light was coming from the tiny bus terminal, illuminating the parking lot. I just sat in the uncomfortable seat completely exhausted, with my head bowed, until everyone, but the old woman and I had disembarked. I'd stared at her for a long minute, but she never meant my gaze, only looked out the window at the nearby lights of the bus station. *Her gaze is probably attracted to the light, like a moth.* Suddenly, two fairly muscular well-dressed young men came strutting onto the bus, glared angrily at me, so I smiled back. One picked her up bodily and carried her away, cradling the tiny matron in his arms. The other acted like an escort, and as they strolled back down the aisle. I figured they were probably her great grandsons. *They're certainly a lot bigger than their great grandma.* Looking out the bus windows, I watched the man carrying her, transfer the ancient little lady to a waiting car, placing her onto the back seat, but they didn't immediately drive-away.

At that point, I was alone on the bus, like the social outcast I've always been. Glancing out the windows to make sure no police or soldiers were watching, I hurriedly reclaimed my stash from under the old lady's seat, rewound the duct tape around the

bundle, and returned it to the side pocket of my blue cloth suitcase, and again covering it with my lucky yellow shirt. Looking through the side windows, I saw the large woman, my savior, standing with her husband, waiting for her luggage to be retrieved from the storage bends beneath the bus. Still, the car which held the elderly little woman had not driven away, and another identical car was parked next to it. *That's weird!*

While still alone on the bus, I covertly pulled-up my loose-fitting shirt, torn-open the top of one of the taped paper-wrapped cash bundles, and gently slipped-out five one hundred dollar bills; then, I exited the bus, with the five large bills twice-folded in my right palm, and my dope-containing suitcase in my left. As I slinked-on off the bus, the bus driver was just returning from locking-up the luggage compartments. Yet again, he cursed me as I stepped off the bus, shaking his head as he puffed on his well earned cigarette. *He wants to hit me.* I offered a brief but sincere apology, and thanked him for not turning me in. He didn't say a word, and just continued to give me a chilly stare, so I hung my head and ambled off.

That accusing stare is probably the very same

look that Saint Peter will grant me, just before God sends me off to burn for eternity! Since God can do anything, he may appear as the Mexican bus driver... uniform and all, just to add insult to my eternal injury. I'll be standing right at the threshold to the pearly gates, looking through at the spectacular sights of heaven, and thinking that I'd made the grade, but then out will come Saint Peter and the Mexican bus driver, God incognito. They both give me the full-fledged stink eye, then I'll be forced to watch an instant replay of that terrifically degrading bus scene, where I knowingly endangered everyone onboard.

After that, while God's still disguised as the Mexican bus driver, with the same harsh glare, forces me to feel lacerating shame, as suddenly the cloud is pulled out from under me, and I'm forever plunged down into the fiery inferno... gnashing my teeth and screaming in excruciating everlasting pain. As I fall from grace, without the opportunity to expiate my sins, one last time, God's booming voice will remind me that I had used an old woman and the other innocents on the bus to conceal my grievous marijuana sin. It'll make that brief moment, right before entering hell all the more unbearable. Once in

the inferno, I'll swim through the flames to regroup with the three black kings of Tepito. Quinto and Hitler will be claiming they don't belong there, because they're both true believers. The enamel of my teeth will never grind away with my gnashing of my teeth, my vocal cords never wear-out from screaming in pain, and my skin and its nerve endings never stop regenerating... and so never will my suffering end. In addition, I won't be able to escape the situation by simply going insane. Moreover, the lake of fire will have a never ending fuel supply, out burning even the oldest of stars, lasting longer than the never ending sequence of big bangs... forever and ever, pain without end, Amen.

Slinking away from the angry bus driver, I made my ignominious departure. Looking up, I again saw my savior, the vocally gifted heavyset woman. She was speaking with her husband, both were standing close to the large *Mercedes* into which the little old woman had been loaded. I quickly approached my savior, gently reached down and grabbed her hand, pressed the twice folded five one hundred dollar bills into her soft palm, nodded respectfully and offered my humble sincere thanks, but just kept on walking, without looking for, or receiving, a reply. Not

knowing where to go or what to do, I simply stood on the tiny sidewalk by the station. Even though five hundred dollars was a serious sum for a poor Mexican couple in those days, my freedom from a Mexican prison, was a bargain, indeed.

Then, I noticed something mysteriously. I saw my heavyset savior and her husband climb into the front seat of the same *Mercedes*, which contained the tiny old woman on its backseat, and one of the young men, who'd carried the old woman off the bus, was putting the couple's bags in the car's trunk! The other young man was getting in the back seat with the old woman! The other couple, who'd also been on the bus had climbed into the back seat of the other identical *Mercedes*, then both cars drove away, into the night. *How weird is that?* At the time, I only assumed that the owners of the two cars had simply offered the two couples a ride. Still, if the two young guys were just giving the two couples a ride, why hadn't I seen them talking? At the time, I figured that I had simply missed their interaction, assuming that they must have asked for the ride, when I was retrieving my stash, from under the old lady's seat. It was an odd little event, of which I couldn't make sense. At least, not at that time. Still, my brain was

much too stressed out from my near-prison experience with the soldiers and their dogs to give it more thought. I was exhausted, hungry, and thirsty, and once again, alone in a new city; still, I soon come to realize that Acapulco was small compared to Mexico City.

After talking with a few of the locals around the bus station, I'd been given some directions to a small nearby cafe. Plopping-down in the chair closest to the door, I ordered four tacos, and five drinks: an ice cold coke, a small bottle red wine, a fresh-squeezed glasses of fresh orange juice, a glass of ice water, and lastly a shot of bourbon to relax. After all the sweating on the bus, I needed the fluids. Cafes in Mexico didn't need a liquor license to operate, ergo almost all of them served booze. The waitress was a cheerful older lady, who owned the cafe with her husband, and he was the cook. Over the next few months, I'd frequently eat there. The woman owner gave me the name of, and directions to, a cheap little motel, only four blocks from the bus station and close to the beach. Of course, almost everything in Acapulco was close to the beach.

After eating and drinking, I returned to the bus station. The sky was pitch black, and the bus, which

I'd arrived on, was still parked there. Just looking at the old bus, forced me to relive the experience I'd sustained in the jungle earlier that day. It was almost a flashback. Once inside the station, I spun a green wire rack, containing, postcards, maps and paperback books, then selected and purchased a street map of Acapulco. I've always loved maps, especially the ancient, hand drawn maps, which are generally highly inaccurate, and colored with primitive pastel inks, some grey and black shades of which had been made from the ink of the cuttlefish, which my friends and I used to spear in the aforementioned ancient Phoenician fish trap. Hundreds of years ago, primitive cartography was likely perceived, as satellite imaginary is today.

Those ancient imprecise maps forced me conger-up reasons for their apparent inaccuracies: increases or decreases in wind speed and direction, changes in the speed and direction of water currents, the map maker fell asleep during the voyage, poor readings using the early navigation instruments (cross staff, kamal, mariner's astrolabe, sextant, octant, compass, etc.), the use of other even older flawed maps and charts, overcast skies, storms, illnesses, the cartographer getting drunk, or suffering with senility,

etc.

As a child of eleven in Spain, I once visited the family of my music teacher in Seville, before catching the bus to return to the base, and on a whim, I visited an archive of ancient documents. At times under casual supervision, and a few times the man watching me left the room, perhaps to use the restroom, ergo I was allowed to look at, and handle, extremely fragile ancient documents, written by the early explorers of the new world (1400 to 1700), and to gaze upon their original hand-drawn maps! Ancient records, written by various world class explorers (Columbus, Pizarro, Ponce de Leon, Vasquez de Coronado, Nunez de Balboa, De Soto, etc.) evoked feelings of timelessness, and of my own insignificance. Now, no one is allowed to handle those priceless ancient documents. They contained hints of superstition about what they might encounter. *The flat world was such a mystery, then. It is now, too, but in other ways.* Now, most of earth's remaining mysteries are in the scientific realm, with superstition being on the ropes, and facing the ten count.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/>

General_Archive_of_the_Indies

There's nothing quite like knowing where you are at, or what's situated around you, or in which direction various distant and directions things are located. Consequently, maps greatly expand a person's sense of orientation. They're reputed to have been around for over 8000 years! Perhaps, the first maps were made with a finger drawing in sand, or a stick on the surface of soil on a jungle path. Through many centuries, map-makers/cartographers were held in high esteem. When it comes to things which existed that long ago, who really knows, who drew the first real map? Now, maps have been replaced by satellite photographs, and GPS signals. An ancient art form has been firmly replaced by modern technology, which has removed all the guess work. An eight thousand year old profession as been wiped clean off the map (sorry), by science. Technology, though generally beneficial, continues to destroy jobs at an alarming rate.

If you're not in the *National Security Agency*, it's hard to beat *Goggle Earth*, though many of those maps are relatively old. Edward Snowden would probably agree. It's amazing and somewhat hilarious

that Mr. Snowden never graduated from high school. Rumor has it, that he went back to get his *GED*, then only took a few IT courses, yet somehow managed to out-wit the entire NSA, or maybe they just wanted to get exposed, sort of like how some serial killers secretly wish the cops will catch them, only on the other side of the good-bad spectrum. When he realized the extent of our government's invasion into the world's privacy, perhaps he'd have been wiser to have simply resigned his job in protest. Nevertheless, by doing what he did, he got the world's attention, at great personal risk, and brought a new awareness to the world, awareness of criminal expropriation of information. An invasion so profound that it not only laid-bare all individual secrets, but it also made all the financial institutions predictable, ergo insider trading became as child's play.

The *National Reconnaissance Office (NRO)*, a member of the US Intelligence Community, and part of the *Department of Defense*, is considered one of the big five intelligence agencies. The other four are: *CIA, NSA, DIA, and the NGA (National Geospatial-Intelligence Agency)*. The *National Reconnaissance Office* is situated about 3.2 km south of Dulles Airport in Fairfax County, Virginia. *NRO* builds and

flies recon satellites, providing sate-intel to several agencies: signals intel (SIGINT) to *NSA*, measurement and signature intel (MASINT) to *DIA*, and imagery intel (IMINT) to *NGA*. No more hand drawn maps, using squid ink, no more cartographic art.

Just imagine how embarrassed and terrified the heads of *NSA* must have been, when Edward Snowden went public! Down here, in Alabama, most of the males above age forty thought that Snowden should have been killed. Certainly, the *NSA* leaders now live in fear of a repeat performance, for there has to be many such techs working throughout *NSA*, and each one sits at a computer terminal with a certain amount of classified material, they might be able to release. Most of the old higher-ups in *NSA* are probably incapable of operating all of the highly technical equipment. Many old guys are not too computer savvy, and are at the mercy of those youthful IT technicians, who may not even graduated from high school, yet have remarkable IQs, and they're own set of moral structures. What would it be like, if a handful IT technicians went public? My bet is that these techs work for private companies, which are owned by the CIA, and work for the CIA, via government contracts. They keep people close to

these techs to predict if they may go rouge. Moreover, each tech is only given access to limited pieces of the pie.

Another such whistleblower was Daniel Ellsberg. Daniel helped America to realize that the United States killed three million Vietnamese, and allowed 54,000 Americans to die, so that the large military materials corporations could get rich. He also exposed the fact the the United States purposely failed to win the war, just so it could drag-on and the military industries could take more tax dollars. Daniel's release of the *Pentagon Papers* was about as subtle as a fart with a lump in it. Thanks to Daniel, we came to realize that a large percentage of our intelligence agencies are controlled by psychopaths, killing on a grand scale for a grand profits. The *Pentagon Papers* also clearly showed that no less than five presidents had been lying to America, about why we were fighting the war in Vietnam. This information was so important that the government threatened to close down *The Washington Post*, if they printed it, but to their credit the newspaper didn't back down. The *New York Times* was the first to begin to publish the *Pentagon Papers*. The historical study (in the *Pentagon Papers*) had been initiated by

McNamara, then the Secretary of Defense.

Ellsberg, who worked with many others on compiling the massive study, and his friend Anthony Russo photo-copied the entire historical study... 43 volumes of work. *The New York Times* started publishing parts of the study in June of 1971. Numerous street protests sprang-up in response to those publications, and considerable public resentment grew out of the findings, but apparently the public outcry has been short lived, since the military industries, together with their good buddies in the CIA, are back at killing on a grand scale for huge financial gain. No killing or threat of killing (cold war) and the military industries don't make money!

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Daniel_Ellsberg

The big five intel agencies need near countless numbers of computer techs, yet if just one goes rouge, a boatload of the agency's classified stuff may suddenly appear in the ever-curious public eye. No doubt since Snowden did his thing, fewer people have access to massive segments of classified data

(greater compartmentalization), and the agency's level of paranoia has gone through the roof. My bet is the only reason that Snowden is still alive is because he's holds more damning evidence on the intelligence communities's criminal activities, which he's arranged to be released, should anything unfriendly happen to him. Most likely said information is held by trusted cohorts, who are outside his control, and of course outside of his current home of Russia, as well as outside the borders of the United States.

Should he be grabbed, and/or tortured, and/or killed, there is probably nothing which he could tell or provide NSA to stop the release of said evidence. That information might contain the deeds, names, and photos of various intel administrators and politicians, hence certain people might greatly fear its release. The dissemination of that self-protecting info might be done through a cascade of people, who are poorly interconnected or ultimately completely disconnected, so that once some of them are approached or arrested, the others might automatically release the incriminating information, before they could be tracked down. Perhaps the info might be released to the *Washington Post*, or the *New*

York Times, or be posted all over the internet, provided those types of media aren't controlled by the agency.

Of course, without net neutrality, the large companies, who are pretty much only interested in money, will control the net, and so there goes a huge chunk of your free speech. But, so what? Right? My bet is that intel's big five are dying to dump net neutrality. The taxpayers paid for the net to be created in the first place, and if net neutrality is lost, they will have to pay through the nose to use what they paid for to begin with. Makes sense to me. How about you? You'll probably have to pay for each entity: email, u-tube, wikipedia, to post your own blog or your own music; all these things will cost you plenty. Your business website will be ten times as expensive as it currently is, ebooks will triple in cost, and just to surf the web will probably cost through the nose. EBay will be forced to take a larger percentage to cover their increased user (of the web) costs, etc. And, who do you think will be pocketing the lion's share?

Snowden also appears to have taken precautions in what he did release, so as to reduce the damage to the country, and the safety of its covert agents. That

was obviously a savvy move in more ways than just the obvious one. Who would you be more apt to trust or believe... Edward Snowden, or the directors of the CIA. I know that people can't be judged on their looks, but honestly sometimes you can judge a book by its' cover. Decide for yourself, and please take the time to look at a photo of Snowden, then check-out photos of the CIA directors, and decide for yourself, who looks to be the most honest. Seriously folks, checkout the photos, found in the link, below.

https://www.google.com/search?q=photos+of+heads+of+the+cia&client=safari&channel=mac_bm&biw=1024&bih=

It is possible that the agency has become so large, that its' ability to remain secure is now unmanageable, and maybe too costly, if it wasn't for the likelihood that they print their own money, beyond the money which the taxpayers provide to them. In addition, it's pretty much a certainty, that they own many companies; perhaps, both for covert reasons, as well as for profit. They also may, have their own banks and unlimited digital funds. Why not? If you can hack into any and all the banking

systems, how hard would it be to extract or type-in digital funds? You don't have to be a counterfeiter to create digital funds, especially if you own a bank, and can control the agencies, which regulate interest rates, banking practices, and the printing of currencies. In addition, possibly some of the spoils of war: national treasuries, various metals, jewels, museum collectibles, and other expensive trinkets, multiple currencies, oil, gold mines, uranium, opium, rare earth minerals, etc., help to support the big five intel agencies... reason we constantly seem to need war. No doubt the intelligence agencies would have ready access to the spoils of war. Who else would? There is the possibility that President Obama is being blackmailed/threatened to keep *JSOP* operational, and to keep the countless drone and air strikes going.

<https://sites.duke.edu/lawfire/2016/09/25/dont-conflate-illegal-pillage-with-spoils-of-war-and-other-lawful-takings/>

There is no telling how much wealth in things like gold, silver, jewels, various currencies, antiquities, etc., were liberated in post war Iraq. Just the value of the captured gold and currencies was

every bit as staggering as our missile strikes, and the exact tally of all those spoils has never been revealed to you, the American public. It's all part of the cadence of war. You the taxpayer are not allowed to know such things; nevertheless, you had to pay for the war, with your money, your blood, or the blood of your friends and family. Lucky you! You probably think that war is things like: courage, blood, dirty subhuman enemies, hand-to-hand, accurate rifle shots, etc., whereas intel folks and politicians look at war in terms of unbeatable high technology, and of course, tremendous profit.

[https://www.google.com/search?q=Iraq's
+gold&client=safari&channel=mac_bm&biw=1024&bih](https://www.google.com/search?q=Iraq's+gold&client=safari&channel=mac_bm&biw=1024&bih)

After I'd purchased the neatly folded paper map of Acapulco from the bus station, I went in search of the cheap motel room, less than a two minutes away. The tiny rental was maybe thirty yards back the high tide mark. Most nights, the vibrations and rhythmical sounds of the ceaseless waves were a welcome sedative. My tiny rented room had a single narrow rectangular window, without the customary windowpane, or screen. It was merely a rectangular

hole in the thick yellow stucco-covered block wall. The room was a step down from my posh apartment in MC, with the huge black and white marble bathroom. Surprisingly, insects were no problem there; not even a nuisance mosquito meandered inside to buzz my sleeping ear. Perchance the insects preferred the surrounding rainforest. Moreover, most of the time, the air temperature of Acapulco hovered pretty close to seventy degrees, at least that was the case, then. There was no need for heating or air-conditioning, and my room had neither.

The heavily tiled bright yellow bathroom was more or less a combined cramped standup shower with a small commode. Both were plumbed so close together, that when I sat on the commode, my feet were on either side of the shower drain, and sometimes when showering, the shower water would partially fill, and automatically flush the commode. The bathroom was a true triumph in conservation of space and materials.

The mattress was a completely novel experience. It was a heavy-duty linen envelop, stuffed with tightly packed bundles of crunchy yellow straw, which sounded like thousands of small explosions, when I first laid down on it, or when I rolled over on

it at night. That first night, I felt so drained due to the nightmarish ordeal on the bus with the dogs and soldiers, that after I'd untaped my money, shoved it under the mattress, showered, and laid down, I nodded right off, as soon as I felt and heard the straw crunching, under my body. Again, I slept the well deserved sleep of the exhausted unrighteous.

Nevertheless, in the middle of that first night, for some reason, I suddenly found myself sitting-up wide awake. Unable to get back to sleep, I started walking the two minute stroll back to the dingy little bus station. I wasn't sure why I was going back there, yet just felt the need to return. As I walked, it was almost as if I was floating. Although I hadn't slept for long, I nonetheless felt completely refreshed; in fact, I felt nothing short of fantastic. Half way to the station, I realized that I'd forgotten my clothes, yet since no one was around my nakedness didn't matter. The bus, which I had arrived on, was still parked near the station, with its door open. *The driver forgot to close the door.* Apprehensively, I climbed up the steps and into the bus. Shockingly, I saw the tiny old granny was again sitting on the back row, in the near total darkness. *No one is with her.* However, this time she slightly glowed with an inner light, a soft iridescent

blue glow. Her long white frazzled hair possessed a strange white light, and her luminous eyes made it easier to see, that she was looking directly at me. *She's not senile, anymore, and her eyes seem larger and their whites are glowing blue.* Her intense gaze was plainly focused on my face, and then she smiled at me and nodded! *She's definitely not senile!* I assumed that maybe her family didn't want her, and they've put her back on the bus. I was dumfounded and wondered if maybe she took a drug to get her mind functioning, again, and that's why she had to go to Acapulco... to receive the drug, the drug which also made her glow blue. While this sounds a bit eerie, it was actually a very comfortable situation.

She wore the same clothes; yet that old Mexican woman also wore the same little black pillbox hat, that the other little old American lady had worn, that day she'd rammed me with her car, in front of the doughnut shop. *How'd this Mayan woman get that other old lady's hat?* As if the ancient Mexican lady read my mind, she unexpectedly spoke.

“Joey, I was never senile. I was only pretending. You nearly fucked everything-up with your stupid bag of weed.”

I remained speechless. It seemed like too much of

an effort to talk. Wanting to get a better look at her, I walked to the back of the bus, and stood in front of her.

“You need to look in there.” The blue glowing old lady said, pointing to the small closet-like bus restroom.

Following her suggestion, I stepped forward, and pulled open the door to the tiny bathroom. The overhead light was on, and there, hovering in the air about three feet above the toilet-seat, was a bloodshot eyeball, the about size of a basketball, with the brown iris and black pupil staring directly at me, as if to say, ‘Where have you been, Joey?’ Of course, this time, it didn’t feel like my wife, Margo, still looking for me. Maybe it was Rosa. *The eye looks stoned.* As you know, this dream was quite similar to the one I’d had, while sleeping in the car, that first night in Monterey; except that the original eyeball had been much larger, wasn’t bloodshot, and was traveling through the sky. Unlike the first dream, I’d felt no guilt. The elderly woman then spoke, again.

“You fool! You know that heavyset woman saved not just you, but everyone on the bus, except the driver, Joey. All that shit with the dogs... you and I were both sweating what was happening. Thought I

was going to get bitten. The bus driver had sort of it figured out from the beginning, because of all the missing passengers. We all have to do what it takes, Joey. You of all people, should know that.”

With the conscious realization that I was in a dream, I suddenly awoke, and elected to continue laying on my first and only crunchy straw mattress, just gazing at the dark ceiling, and thinking about the dream, and what had happened on the bus the previous day. How lucky I’d been not to have been arrested, and how odd it was that an utter stranger had inexplicably saved me, at tremendous risk to her own safety, but why had the blue glowing old woman, said that the heavysset woman had saved everyone, except for the driver?

Half awake and in the dark, I dreamily kept thinking about what had transpired on the bus, realizing that something was wrong about how I’d thought things had gone down, with the soldiers. *I’ve missed something important.* When I recalled the driver taking the letter at the bus station in Mexico City, which I’d assumed he was supposed to deliver to someone in Acapulco, that’s when all the pieces abruptly fell in place. The driver was being paid off. Maybe, the old woman wasn’t senile, because she

had indeed spoken in the dream, and if she wasn't crazy, why had she pretended to be senile during the bus trip?

The realization materialized that quite possibly the ancient lady had been a 'drug mule,' with cocaine hidden under her strange bulky smelly old clothes. Furthermore, the heavyset woman, who'd rescued me, could likely have been her accomplice, distracting the soldiers from the cocaine mule. In fact, everyone on the bus, minus the driver, had been escorting the cocaine shipment, strapped all over the old lady's emaciated body. The heavyset woman and the man were there to create a diversion in case of trouble, which they did. The two couples were guards to make sure the shipment wasn't hijacked. They were probably armed and dangerous. I then recalled that several passengers, who had apparently purchased tickets, but had not shown-up the morning, we'd departed; perhaps, to better insure that the profit was large enough for the trip not to be canceled, and that no extraneous and problematic passengers were there to interfere with the shipment, but I had purchased my ticket many days before, hence only the driver and I were the only non-cartel people on the bus. Perhaps, the driver realized why

there were so many empty seats, and that was why he'd been upset and nervous, just before we left Mexico City.

I wonder how big the driver's payoff was? He knew it was a drug run, but because of my song and dance on the bus, he temporarily thought that I was the mule, and not the old lady, until he saw them load her into the Mercedes, along with the two couples, after we'd arrived in Acapulco. The old senora's face had clearly changed with the vicious dogs smelling her crotch, as if there was some lucidity. *Yes, she was faking senility!* That old woman had smelled and dressed like a poverty stricken peasant, but she was carried off the bus by well dressed young men, who drove expensive cars, the same cars which my savior and her husband, and the other couple, had also later departed in.

The dogs had not only hit on the old woman's crotch, directly below which was my weed, but for the most part, the dogs had clearly hit on other parts of the elderly frail body... principally around her waist and rib areas. *The cocaine was likely strapped to her torso!* The woman's torso, probably was covered in a thick layer of carefully packaged cocaine. She was so thin, that the layer of drug would was

virtually unnoticeable.

The man, who had brought her onto the bus, and the two men who'd retrieved her, hadn't really behaved like they were loving family, hadn't even spoken to her, and they were expensively dressed, not anything like their supposed aged female relative. What could have been hidden below her clothes was then probably in the process of being cut, packaged, and distributed for sale, to eventually find its way into various nasal cavities, veins, and across the various blood brain barriers of the inhabitants of Acapulco, Mexico's party town central. This interpretation of the previous days' events had jolted me wide awake. Perhaps, the cocaine could have been one of Bicho's export shipments. He had mentioned that he had a dealer, who sold for him in Acapulco. On the other hand, the tiny lady may just have been a senile old woman, only going to see her great grandchildren in Acapulco.

After getting up to take a leak, I went back to my straw bed, but the dream revelation, about the cocaine shipment, made it impossible to go back to sleep, so I got dressed and walked to the all-night bus station, to sip on a potent cup of coffee at its tiny cafe counter, and talk with a couple of cab drivers,

who'd just come on their shift and were hoping for some early morning-late night fares. Since Acapulco was a serious party town, cabbies made money around the clock. The cabbies had parked by the station and left the station door open, so they could hear, if dispatch called them on the radio. The drivers told me how the city was clearly divided into the ultra-rich and the ultra-poor areas, with little which was representative of a middle class. The cabbie got well over ninety percent of their business from the ultra-rich areas. The only time they took rides into the poor areas, were when some rich guy needed a hooker or drugs. The hookers and dealers would tip the drivers for the business.

Few people work as determinedly as your family oriented Mexican male. Their motivation is second to none, probably owing to a near unlimited supply of dopamine in the *Substantia Nigra*. During the day, the cabbies worked diligently to snag rich tourists, from: the airport, cruise ships, high-end clubs, and the classiest hotels. At night, the cabbies only briefly visited the bus station for the affordable hot meal, free cups of espresso, and congenial conversation, then it was right back to the job, searching for rich tourists in need of transportation. Their camaraderie

was enviable, and the likes of which I've never known. They were family men, and Catholic, and they took their religion seriously. In a few days, I'd become the employer of a few of those amiable drivers.

Afterwards, I went behind the bus station and rummaged through the trash barrels and managed to find two gallon-sized wide-mouth jars, which smelled like they'd contained something pickled. Jars in hand, I walked back to my room, where I climbed in the shower and washed-out the gallon sized jars, dried them thoroughly, and stuffed my still bundled money into one, and my problematic half pound of kush in the other. I kept-out a few bucks in my pocket to get through the next week, and an ounce of weed for recreational use. Before sunrise, while it was still pitch black, I stepped out my door, and beneath my room's sole window, I buried my two jars in a well tilled flower-bed. I was careful not to disturb the yellow and orange marigolds. Even though that flower lacks any pleasant fragrance, my mother still loves that simple little flower. People often plant those flowers around their garden to keep insects away, and perhaps that was why I never had a bug problem in my rented room. I carefully soothed

the dirt, where I'd buried my jars. Then, I did a small amount of digging in the flower bed, of the room next to mine and the room two doors down from mine, as a distraction for management. After another long relaxing hot shower, I smoked a thin joint, and was able to steal another couple hours of sleep, before hunger nudged me awake.

My daily room rent was only four dollars, and that included two tiny meals: usually two eggs, a half plate of mashed-up refried beans, with a cup of atomic-powered Mexican espresso for breakfast, and then two tacos and the same beans for dinner, but with a small glass of freshly squeezed orange juice. The food was simple and clean. Needless to say, it wasn't the ritziest part of Acapulco, but you'd be hard pressed to find such a deal in Acapulco, these days.

After breakfast, my plan, albeit it never materialized, was to locate another marijuana wholesaler in the resort city, and again start selling drugs to the plentiful American tourists; just as I'd done in Mexico City, but after the bloody events in MC, and the stressful drug inspection barricade in the jungle the day before, the idea of dealing drugs had worn thin. At first, all I could think to do to make

money was to sell drugs. In Acapulco, I didn't have anyone like Esteban or the three kings to show me the ropes and where to buy the drugs. I did check with the taxi company about being a driver, but without a Mexican driver's license, it was not a possibility. To sell drugs, I'd have to start all over at trying to locate a supplier, and I knew that was a risky endeavor. It crossed my mind to call Bicho, and ask him to send me a shipment, but I wanted my lie about returning to the states, to remain solid. If I called Bicho, he might mention it to Esteban, and then Rosa would probably find out. *What else can I do here? There's got to be a lot of American tourists, just like in Mexico City.* Nonetheless, I kept trying to come-up with a legal means of making money, yet nothing came to me; at least, nothing for a few days. What finally did come to mind was something considerably better than drug dealing, a fun little semi-legal business.



THE MATRON WITH THE SCHIZOPHRENIC PENIS

From six in the morning, until eleven at night, the main streets of Acapulco were traversed by smoke belching antique buses of various mismatched colors and styles. They became my chief mode for

exploring the seaside resort, since their fare was substantially lower than that of a taxi. In fact a couple of times, I told the driver I was broke, and he'd just wave onboard, anyway. Though there were some 135 foot cliffs, most of Acapulco was at sea level, so there were no subways, as there'd been in high altitude Mexico City. Nevertheless, the subways under Mexico City had a serious problem with water, especially after a big rain. This situation was partially owing to the fact that the city had been reclaimed from an ancient lake, lake Texcoco where the ancient Aztecs built their city called, Tenochtitlan. They started building the city on an island out in the lake.

With global warming, the seaside city of Acapulco will most likely soon go the way of Atlantis. The world has too many sadists and masochist, mangy corporate wolves, and countless numbers of passive sheep, doing nothing, but allowing the insanity of global warming to continue. Apparently, both groups, the complacent sheep along with the greedy psychopathic wolves, are just content to die... humankind's final achievement... total mass destruction! How's that for insane? Perchance, there is some kind of fatalist gene, which both groups possess.

<http://www.pri.org/stories/2014-04-28/should-mexicans-acapulco-stay-and-fight-climate-change-or-give-and-leave>

Every now and then, weird events coincide or irrational thoughts bubble-up into the minds of certain homo sapiens. Three of the most unusual events I've ever witnessed transpired on those old over-crowded Acapulco buses. The first event was just funny, the second was a fight, but the third one was truly bizarre. One afternoon, a man got on the bus with two chickens, one under each arm, but when he reached into his pocket to retrieve his bus fare, one of the chickens got loose and everyone on the bus suddenly went crazy trying to catch it. The loudly clucking violently flapping chicken repeatedly went airborne, once coming down on the bus driver's face, and pooping-out a huge milky multicolored blob on his white uniform shirt and his black tie.

The nasty blob of poop caused the uniformed bus driver to curse and claw the air, trying to snatch the elusive chicken, yet the agile bird was far too fast for him. The clucking flapping, rather skinny, chicken was extremely nimble, and the chase was

humorously exciting. Before then, I never realized a chicken could move that fast. It was the agile chicken against everyone on the bus. Half the time, the chicken was running and dodging about under the bus seats, and the other half, it was flapping and airborne, while raucously clucking. The burly driver was screaming about the chicken shitting on his new shirt and tie, and that he was going to kill it, causing everyone on the bus to die laughing. The little man, who'd gotten on the bus with the two chickens, was still holding the one chicken, and profusely apologizing to the driver. The apology seemed to only further anger the driver, and that too caused everyone to laugh. The spirited feathery creature dashed along one overhead luggage rack, then again it jumped out over the aisle, zooming down under seats, where it zig-zagged between the people's feet, causing a woman to scream and then laugh uncontrollably. The driver seemed to want to hit the skinny little man, still holding the one chicken, but knew he lacked the justification, so he just bellowed various colorful curse words at the fleeing bird.

After a couple dozen failed attempts to catch the chicken, cheers went up and people clapped, when the bird was finally snagged, by a lithe bright-eyed

young Indian girl. With all the cheering and clapping, you'd have thought she'd won Olympic gold. Breathing heavily, the child proudly beamed. Mexicans did so love to laugh and seemed to enjoy life, more than most Americans. When you're poor, a laugh is worth so much more, and it's so much more likely to be genuine. Poor people rarely express haughty cutting laughter. Back then, before the drug cartels, most of the Mexicans were a jovial people, indeed. While they're still a somewhat jovial lot, they're not nearly as content as they used to be. Being poor is one thing, and being destitute and living under-the-gun, is quite another. In Mexico, the Mexican people have to contend with the cartels, and in the United States they're hunted by *ICE*, ergo they have no true sanctuary. Nevertheless, about three quarters of those arrested by *ICE* have had criminal convictions.

Late one night on a city bus, two big drunks were engaged in a fierce fist fight in the bus aisle. It was something about who owned a bicycle. The ridiculous part of the argument was that the bike had been taken, and neither man even knew where it was. Some men just like to fight, always looking for an excuse. The absurd fight was enjoyable, but brief.

It failed to go the distance, for once one man clearly gained the upper hand, several of the laughing male passengers, as well as the bus driver, stopped the fight. The apparent winner was congratulated by all on board. Both fighters were content to end the fight. No one thought of calling the cops, since the police were generally viewed as being much too dangerous and unpredictable, whereas the fight was comparatively insignificant. Short of a bloody murder, Mexicans didn't call the cops.

However, there was one bizarre bus-event, which hugely topped all others. It was both tragic yet humorous, and happened when I was traveling across town to get to the nicer beaches, which generally had the more attractive women. At one stop, a rather tall gaunt looking young male schizophrenic boarded the bus. The lanky unkept man was the closest thing to a homeless person, I ever saw in Acapulco. Glaring at the bus driver, he declared that he wasn't going to pay the fare. It was uttered as a threat, and it was clear that the bus driver knew it was best to just allow the schizophrenic to get on, rather than insisting on the meager fare. Such common sense is now fast disappearing. More and more people insist on following rules. Rules that are often made to

benefit the government and the rich, rather than the country's citizens. With tiny lightning quick black eyes, tightly jammed-up against either side of a hawk-like, narrow Mediterranean nose... *Indian eyes with a European nose*, the schizophrenic carefully surveyed the bus's interior, yet he didn't look at anyone on board, while every passenger gaped at the poor dirty schizophrenic.

The space between his ever vigilant eyes looked to be less than a half inch. *With eyes that close together, he's got to have poor depth perception.* The schizophrenic's beady onyx eyes jumped like a pair of synchronized black beetles, to attend to his impressive sunburned nose, as well as to examine something beyond the bus ceiling. As yet, the ill kept young man had done nothing untoward. He was obviously a tragic mentally ill young man, who was fidgety, shirtless, and displaying a dirty set of protruding ribs, with a dark blue cross tattooed on the right side of his chest. His long emaciated arms hung loosely at his sides, as if he didn't own them. *This guy needs a bath and a meal.* He only wore a pair of filthy stained long tan cotton trousers, which were clearly too baggy and too long for him, and a pair of well worn leather sandals, one of which was broken.

The seat of his pants, for some unpleasant reason, was dark, stiff, and shiny. The smell said it all. Clearly, he had gone for more than a minute, without a bath, and those pants appeared to have never been washed. The broken sandal strap caused the sandal to do a little swiveling motion with each step, requiring that the poor young man constantly keep track of it, flipping his foot around with each step, as he ambled down the bus aisle, in search of a vacant seat. *This guy needs help!*

Everyone on the bus tried their best to politely ignore his less than pleasant scent. As he passed me, it was like someone had thrown a dead skunk on the bus. The man sat in a seat, across the aisle, but two rows further back, directly behind a fairly large, somewhat severe-looking matron, who possessed a stern, self-righteous, if not down right condescending, gaze. As he'd passed the woman, she first wrinkled, then elevated, her nose, while turning her head slightly away from him, and lowering her eyelids, thereby letting the schizophrenic know that she was not pleased with him. In stark contrast to his appearance and odor, she was the epitome of cleanliness, neatness, and arrogance, a short, stocky, and fairly muscular female. The schizophrenic and

the matron were a study in contrast. *Those two people, each suffer with their own form of insanity.*

Thinking back, the matron now reminds me of a strong, rather stringent, if not mean, *Mrs. Doubtfire*. When the pitiable schizophrenic plopped-down in the seat directly behind her, she had a fairly disdainful smirk firmly affixed to her face, accompanied by widely flared pair of nostrils and pinched lips, making it easy to see the many deep vertical lines, etched between the her upper lip and her nose, so I figured she was an avid smoker, and that it was likely well past the time for her next smoke. She was clearly not a happy camper; seemingly angry, and not just with the schizophrenic, but probably with the world. People that hate themselves tend to be that way. As it would soon turn-out, the woman was a regular ticking time-bomb, just praying for a reason to detonate. The fuse was burning.

The hyper-vigilante insane fellow caught me studying the matron, and smiled, as if to say that he too had noted her disdain. Conspiratorially, I smiled back. For some reason, I've always felt a small amount of camaraderie with schizophrenics. It was the least I could do for a man, who was north of desperate. He suddenly possessed a wild look, while

having a rather detailed and apparently frightful rapid-fire conversation with some imaginary entity, who I believe was Jesus, since he kept using his name, while gazing upward. After a few moments, his voice changed, and his imaginary dialogue became more of an argument with Jesus, no longer a civil discourse. The unclean man was claiming that Jesus had never been fair with him. Moreover, the schizophrenic mentioned that he didn't appreciate Jesus's tone of voice. None of his discussion was being lost on the Catholic bus passengers, and back then only about 99.99 percent of Mexico was Catholic. The whites of his eyes would emphatically flash at certain points, during his delusional conversation. The argument with Jesus abruptly ended, then he began to chuckle, then suddenly his head tilted back and a huge smile spread across his greasy face, as if Jesus had just told him the universal punchline.

What was to follow was a completely unorthodox and unforeseeable deed. It was so bizarre, that it remains the only time, in my sixty-five years, that I've witnessed anything like it, and never have I heard of such. The schizophrenic's babbling served to irritate the overly stern and impeccably clean,

somewhat muscular, matron. She was sitting bolt upright, clearly fuming, no doubt anxiously anticipating the bus arriving at her stop, so she could get away from the worrisome smelly schizophrenic, sitting directly behind her. Most likely, the fact that the man had said unkind things to Jesus hadn't help with the matron's attitude toward him.

While a fit of temper can mean a person has been wronged, just as often, it indicates they're lying, or don't know themselves.

When Baboon's Fly by Bill

Raeomy

Periodically, I stole stealthy glances at the grimy bedraggled insane fellow. All but one of the schizophrenics I've known, and I've now known quite a few, were harmless folks. Later, I would work in a lab, where we studied nerve agents. The lab was covertly housed inside a schizophrenic ward of a large public hospital, so I got to know many of the patients. For some reason, the schizophrenics seemed to enjoy my company, and I can usually find ways to enjoy theirs; although, I indirectly killed one of them.

Each person has value, but with some it takes a little more searching, whereas finding flaws is always easy; something any fool can do, and insecure people invariably enjoy doing such.

Generally, with the schizophrenics I've known, I played along with, and partially patronized, their delusions, but only enough to pay homage to their fears, so that I don't embarrass them, and don't become a person of suspicion (an adversary) in their delusions; still, I try not to confirm too many of their delusions, for fear of amplifying their paranoia. I certainly don't want to reinforce their fears, since fear is stressful, and stress makes schizophrenics more psychotic. In fact, I generally look for a means by which to attenuate their worrisome concerns. All the while, I grab opportunities to discuss more neutral (not associated with their delusions) non-stressful topics. Usually, this makes them comfortable, since it brings them a bit closer to reality, and gets their mind off their delusions. For example, if the schizophrenic believes that the *CIA* is actually run by aliens, who constantly try to spy on them, I keep that fact in mind, with each situation I encounter, when in their company, so if we're walking down the street at night, heading to a

convenience store, and far down the road, I see a house light flickering, or maybe I hear a transformer buzzing. I know damn well that the schizophrenic is going to assume that such occurrences are deliberate efforts but the aliens to spy on, harm, or kill them; especially if they're a bit psychotic that day. So, I'll simply ignore those things, say something to draw their attention to me and not the flickering light or the buzzing transformer, then I quickly take a turn, and another route to the store, while I might bring-up what I had for lunch that day to avoid the schizophrenic jumping to the wrong conclusion about my taking another route.

This is my own home-grown unprofessional attempt at psycho-friendship, and that way, we (the schizophrenic and I) can better enjoy each other's company, with less paranoia. Still, no amount of talking, professional or unprofessional, will 'cure' a bonafide schizophrenic, even though there are a couple of unused cures. For the rest of their life, they will receive psychotropic drugs for their mental illness, and for the rest of their life, they will fund the pharmaceutical companies. They will have periods of time where they appear relatively normal, and then will have periods where they are obviously

insane, much as the guy on the bus. While indeed there are dangerous schizophrenics, they tend to be something of a rarity. The truly dangerous people are the psychopaths, and rarely are they also schizophrenic, but since most people can't seem to understand schizophrenia, and the psychopaths are extremely deceiving, people tend to fear the harmless schizophrenic, and they don't easily notice the truly dangerous psychopath. I've only known one psychopathic schizophrenic, but fortunately, he was a coward and mentally slow, and so easy to intimidate. Take my word for it, there are times, when genuine intimidation is the best way to roll.

Schizophrenics' auditory hallucinations and their corresponding delusions allow them to typically converse with such entities as: aliens, various intelligence agencies (*CIA, FBI, NSA, GRU, ICPO, ICE*, etc.), Jesus, God, other entities in the Bible, e.g., Moses, Mary, or Satan, as well as with their dead relatives, and sometimes the spirits of famous historical figures, e.g., Lincoln, Caesar, Napoleon, Einstein, Hitler, Tesla, Roosevelt, Marie Antoinette, Martin Luther, etc. If the schizophrenic is a muslim, their delusions and hallucinations involve angels, Mohammed, and various others contained in the

Koran. If the schizophrenic is Hindu, their fears are usually filled with Hindu gods and characters in the Vedas, their holy book. The schizophrenics of various cultures usually possess the same type of delusions and hallucinations, only with their particular relatives, historical figures, and cultural/religious icons, i.e., Nana-Buluku, Buddha, Mohamed, Allah, Shiva, Mahadeva, Pashupati, Nataraja, Vishwanath, Mohamed, Shaitan, etc., but whomever or whatever the conscious and subconscious neuronal confabulations, it is usually represents some entity or person of great significance. Schizophrenics don't tend to have tedious simplistic delusions, but rather lean toward the resplendent... delusions of grandeur; those things that they consider to have great import, and to varying degrees have terrified them at various times.

Delusion-induced paranoia is the hobgoblin of the schizophrenia.

A Time For Memories by E. Moray Williams

Whatever fear the schizophrenic is supposed to dream away, they instead experience during their

hallucinations (auditory or visual), and so their conscious mind is exposed to the irrational fears of their subconscious mind, and that usually feels/seems 'real' to them. The reason these hallucinations seem real, is that most people don't have a part to their brain, designed to differentiate between actual reality, and the reality created by their hallucinations. Thank God, I have such a part, probably owing to the fact that I've been hallucinating as long as I can remember; hence, I look forward to my hallucinations. I've only had enjoyable ones, with one brief exception. The exception only lasted a few seconds, and I quickly realized it wasn't real... one out of thousands. Because schizophrenics believe they can directly communicate with such 'important' figures, they often feel that they play a major role in the world/universe. The hallucinations (auditory and/or visual) begin, when the *locus coeruleus* fires off in the brainstem, while the person is awake. Normally that group of neurons fires off to initiate normal dreams, and then we often dream about/away things we fear, or things we have some degree of anxiety about, and the dreams about those fears and anxieties allow those 'fearful/anxiety' neurons/circuits, to fire, and to thereby release, and reduce, their neurotransmitter

stores, ergo the dreamer later awakens with reduced the fears and anxieties. But schizophrenics often go with little sleep, so their dream circuitry builds-up tremendous amounts of said neurotransmitter. They don't have the luxury of dreaming and reducing their bothersome neurotransmitter stores, at least until the *locus coeruleus* fires-off and the hallucinations begin. This can also account for *PTSD* flashbacks. The stress causes a cortisol release, which reduces sleep and eventually sets-up the *locus coeruleus* to fire in the awake state, or to violently fire-off during sleep.

All my life, I've had these flashbacks, these dreams, nightmares, daymares, like visions, where I relive certain plays. Only the bad plays. I see them over and over, as if somebody's rewinding a tape and forcing me to watch.

by Colin Kaepernick

Everyone, except for my Dad, has something they fear. With enough fear/stress/pain, the neurons of the *locus coeruleus*, may finally discharge in the awake state, then violently stimulate the medial geniculate bodies of the brain, which it turn overly stimulate subconscious areas in the hippocampi, where auditory memories associated with the person's fears are located, which then intensely activate neurons of the temporal lobes, thereby

creating realistically powerful voices (historical figures, religious figures, dead family members, CIA agents, aliens, etc.), which are in essence their auditory hallucinations.

When I had lain awake a little awhile, those extraordinary voices with which silence teems, began to make themselves audible. The closet whispered, the fireplace sighed, the little washing-stand ticked, and one guitar-string played occasionally in the chest of drawers.

Great Expectations by Charles Dickens

Schizophrenia is simply a medical condition, an imbalance in neurochemistry, nothing mysterious, except for the fact that science has allowed it to remain a mystery to most of the world, so the schizophrenics keep buying those so-so meds.

The realistically sounding voices in effect produce the delusions, since the voices are from scary important persons or entities, which the schizophrenic fears. While the voices can be terrifying, they nonetheless lend an air of self-importance. If the *locus coeruleus* fires more strongly, it can also stimulate the lateral geniculate bodies, which then in turn indirectly stimulate the cells of

the visual cortex (occipital lobes), so that the schizophrenic may see their hallucinations/fears.

Years ago, when living in Boulder Colorado, I once knew a handful of schizophrenics. One thought himself to be Jesus reborn. Another schizophrenic was convinced he himself was Moses. One afternoon, I was sitting on the porch in front of my apartment building, talking with Jesus, when by sheer happenstance, Moses came strolling down the sidewalk. When I introduced them to each other, by their respective delusional names, each instinctively knew the other was a fraud, so the two quickly commenced to fighting. Moses beat the crap out of Jesus, straddling his prone body, and repeatedly pommeling Jesus's face. I pulled Moses off of Jesus, but Jesus took advantage of my help, to then attack Moses, only to sustain a second beating, after I was forced to let go of Moses. Jesus finally managed to break free and ran away.

Neither one was a skilled fighter; their punches clearly lacked impact. In a way, the two guys reminded me of the major religions (Islam, Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, etc.), the two schizophrenics possessed the desire to be the 'genuine representatives' of God, and so hated the

other impostor. There was no hope for any middle ground, with those two. Perhaps in that respect, every religion is to some degree an impostor, and there own form of insanity. So many Hindus know that very Muslim is completely delusional and visa versa. Christians know that Jesus is the son of God. Muslims know had Mohammed is God's son, and that Jesus was just a prophet. Early brain washing is usually, but not always, insurmountable. Faith (brainwashing) generally supersedes logic and intelligence. Mess with someone 'faith' (brainwashing) and they'll pity you, professing that they're worried about your afterlife; but if you start to make too much sense, the believer may grow to hate you, perchance even enough to kill you, thinking their belief justifies the killing of the ill informed nonbeliever.

Oh yes, a person may change to another type of Christianity, or change from one type of Islam to another, but few people completely dump their religion all together. Each type of Christian or Muslim knows that their type is the correct type. Once the brain has become a compendium of countless religious circuits, any hope, for honest thought about the existence of God, is typically

forever lost, since truth is only what the brain says it is. Consequently, it's practically impossible to understand anything other than in terms of the individual's neural circuitry, which obviously forms the totality of every person's reality... just nerve cells creating circuits, and in essence, your entire universe. What else could there possibly be, since every thought and feeling is nothing more than your brain cells firing? Just try having a thought, a belief, an idea, a feeling, etc., without using any brain cells. It's so hard to do. How do you create a brain outside your own brain? Nevertheless, you can create a brain within a brain, just ask any person with Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD), or Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID). If one personality believes Jesus is the son of God, and another personality believes that Mohammed is the son of God, does the person get to heaven, even though one personality must be wrong? Perhaps, both religions just consider the person to be possessed by a demon.

From where I sat, across the aisle, on the rickety Acapulco bus, I could see that the vexed matron's clothes were extremely neat, well pressed, and spotlessly clean. A small gold cross hung around her fairly muscular neck. Her hair was in a symmetrically

perfect dark brown braid, with a few strands of gray woven in. The thick braid was carefully wrapped around and affixed to the crown of her head, large enough to run from pate to the occiput. The woman sat in a strict posture; nose elevated, and she constantly stared straight ahead, with a disdainful, 'don't mess with me,' expression plastered on her harsh large boned face, and her veiny heavy hands were folded in her lap. A large purse was on the seat, pressed against her left hip, with its strap around and behind the crook of her left elbow. The schizophrenic took gleeful note of the matron's haughty aloofness. I marveled at the difference between the two people, the young unwashed hallucinating skinny schizophrenic, and the older snobbish pristinely clean, strongly built, matron.

After the bus traveled a couple of blocks, the grinning schizophrenic silently stood-up behind the austere matron. With his right hand he held onto the luggage rack above, then with his left hand he quietly unzipped his filthy loose-fitting trousers, and gently pulled-out and draped his rather lengthy uncircumcised flaccid Johnson across the top of the matron's left shoulder. Several people on the crowded bus watched in shock. The impressive veiny

male organ was laid-out upon the left shoulder of her sheer well laundered white linen blouse. To say the least, the sight was more than slightly bizarre. It was not the sort of thing one might see everyday.

Needless-to-say, I was humorously stunned, and struggled to keep myself from laughing, anxiously waiting to see how the matron would react. *Did he really do that? Holy shit!* A few seconds ticked-off, while I anxiously awaited the matron's response. The schizophrenic just stood in place, full of mischief and sporting a huge ear-to-ear grin, while waiting for her reaction. He obviously wanted to shock her! Just then, the grinning young man glanced upward; no doubt receiving another mysterious unforeseen communication from some important person or deity, maybe it was Jesus, Elvis Presley, Vicente Fernandez, or Emiliano Zapata Salazar. Still, the schizophrenic didn't make a sound. He just glanced up and seemed to be intently listening.

With the schizophrenic's lengthy penis, laying on her port shoulder, an inquisitive look slowly molded itself upon the matron's face. *She feels it on her shoulder!* Her eyes widened and the orbs rotated to her left, yet her head refused to swivel. Slowly she reached up across the front of her body with her

right hand to investigate the puzzling weight on her left shoulder. Twice her finger-tips gently tapped the flaccid one-eyed monster. This caused me to think about the fact that a shark will often bump its prey, before attacking.

The matron had evidently touched a penis before, for not a second did it take her mind to process and correctly identify the entity as a flaccid male organ. Without looking at it, she suddenly inhaled, as her entire face flushed red and contorted into an expression of rage. This reaction pleased the schizophrenic so much, that he began to laugh out loud, at having shocked the arrogant matron. His laughter also caused more of the bus passengers to turn in their seats, to see what was happening. His mistake was that, during his glee, he'd left his penis draped across her sturdy shoulder. This oversight was clearly owing to his ongoing auditory hallucination. At close to the speed of light, the schizophrenic went from smiling and laughing to screaming bloody murder, and believe me, when I tell you that no one can scream quite like a hysterical hallucinating schizophrenic, suffering with acute genital pain. His ear-splitting shriek sent a shock-wave through the bus, if not the surrounding blocks.

From the intensity of his scream, I half expected the bus windows to be blown-out. Everyone on the bus instantly turned to look at the schizophrenic. With her right hand, the affronted matron had swiftly placed a deadly vice grip on the fast shriveling drum stick. As I got to my feet to better scrutinize the bizarre situation and the vicious grip, it appeared as if she'd also managed to insert two of her fingers past the zipper, snagging one of the homeless man's meatballs, in her grasp. *That's got to hurt!* The schizophrenic apparently wore no underwear, and probably hadn't bathed in a decade.

The woman's beefy, and most likely well callused hand, had just lent new meaning to that popular custom, known as the 'hand job.' Judging from the muscularity of the matron's arms, I assumed that she'd been washing clothes and scrubbing floors, since she been a small child. Her grip probably could exert more pressure than the jaws of a great white. Her robust forearms reminded me of *Popeye's*, minus the famous anchor tattoo. The only thing which could have been worse, was if she'd been Edward Scissorhands. *That poor man is going to need a hospital.* Without relaxing her vice grip, the tenacious matron turned to her left and sprang from her seat, to face

the screaming psychotic. While still crushing one of his stugots and his lengthy mojo in her right hand, with her left hand, the matron forcefully wheeled her hefty purse, dangerously adorned with a large shiny brass buckle. Except for the fact that she was holding onto a man's manhood, and swinging a massive purse, she appeared not too dissimilar from a medieval knight holding an enemy by his throat, while wheeling a battle-ax. *Perhaps, she's the descendant of some ancient Mayan warrior princess; maybe K'abel.* At this point, all the passengers were focused on the highly unusual scene, the driver had stopped the bus, stood, turned, and was staring with his mouth open, as if he was trying to determine exactly what was happening.

The poor deranged man was using both his hands desperately attempting to free his reproductive equipment from the bone-crushing squeeze, thus leaving his head fully unprotected from the savage blows, being delivered by the purse with its hurtful metal buckle, as well as by the matron's substantial left fist. Sometimes the buckle hit him, sometimes her fist. All the while, the panicking schizophrenic, using his nervous hyperactive spindly fingers, was unsuccessful at releasing the indomitable grip on his

egg and bratwurst. Throughout this vicious attack, his ear spitting high pitched wail never stopped. *God, he's loud!*

Over and over, the mammoth buckle and her sturdy left fist smashed the pathetic schizophrenic square in his screaming face, while her right hand continued to crush his nether regions. Perhaps, it was because the woman had her hand on his genitals, or simply because she was a woman and he a man, no one moved. Passengers, who had not actually seen the progression of events, leading up to the bludgeoning, were at a complete loss to understand how the curmudgeonly matron had gotten a grip on the man's private parts.

The schizophrenic continued screaming, but in his substantial pain, he lost his footing, and slipped, perhaps because of his broken sandal. His feet slipped forward into the aisle, and he fell backwards, onto the floor of the aisle. Up until that point, the situation was somewhat funny, but then things escalated and went over the top. As he fell, the matron refused to release her distressing hold on his privates, nor did she stop delivering those vicious blows with her colossal purse and fist, ergo as he fell, the matron was pulled-over on top of him, and

ended-up straddling his thin thighs, while she continued her merciless grip and never stopped pummeling his face, but the purse was too big to be effectively swung in the narrow aisle, so she released it, and only used her left fist. She had become the judge, the jury, and very nearly the executioner. The insanity plea, being vocalized by the passengers, wasn't working on the matron.

“Let him alone. The man is just crazy! Have mercy on him! Leave him alone! Stop! He can't help himself! Leave him be!” The people yelled.

The schizophrenic's nose began pouring blood and his lower lip was split and swollen several times normal size. Blood issued forth from his head, where the buckle had deeply lacerated his scalp. He was screaming for help and she was screaming a few choice words of her own. The miserable man then switched tactics, one hand tried to protect his face, while the other hand worked to free his goods. The new tactic also failed. To his credit, not once did he strike the crazed woman. Worried about the survival of the schizophrenic, I came out of my seat.

To keep the homeless man from being battered into eternal peace, another passenger and I pulled the matron off. I took hold of the arm with the

deadly pocketbook, and allowed another fellow passenger the privilege of prying her vice-like grip from the poor man's goods. The freed testicle had swollen its twice normal size. Like wounded animals, the genitals involuntarily withdrew, back through the open zipper. The angry matron was violently shaking. *She's the insane one, here.* Blood from her battered victim face was all over her white linen blouse.

The bus driver came back to help settle things. When he asked what had happened, the matron refused to answer. She merely brushed herself off, shouldered her purse-strap, and marched off the bus, and straight into a nearby store, where she apparently phoned the police. She came back outside and announced that the authorities were coming, which worried everyone on the bus, including me. Mexican police were such a crapshoot. The driver looked at me for an explanation, and I just shrugged my shoulders, and sat back down. My Spanish wasn't nearly good enough to begin to explain the calamitous fiasco. The schizophrenic stood-up holding his painful crotch, and once again entered into a loud argument with Jesus. He blamed the woman's attack on Jesus and said that the woman

was his demon. Jesus had known that the schizophrenic was just joking, and had decided to be mean to him, commanding the demon woman to attack him. The schizophrenic had looked at the bus ceiling and had yelled that explanation at Jesus.

“You may have everyone fooled, but not me, Jesus! Start behaving like the son of God, and stop hurting me! Putting that demon on me is shameful. Shame on you, Jesus!”

Of course, that last sentence really disturbed the Catholics. Against the bus driver’s demand, the schizophrenic refused to exit the bus, and the driver was afraid to touch him, and not just because of potential violence, but because of his unsavory odor and complete lack of hygiene. As mentioned his pants were beyond dirty. After a while, the police came to collect the poor schizophrenic, who was still engaged in an intense dialogue, with the son of God. No one volunteered to zip-up his fly. Just like the driver, the police didn’t want to touch him. *I wonder what Jesus would do, here... a miracle healing?* In those days in Mexico, no one was going to give him any form of medical help... no meds for his schizophrenia, and not so much as an aspirin for his pain. He was all alone with his own demons. If he’d

had some money, the schizophrenic could have bought the pain medicine at any pharmacy. Instead, he was most likely taken straight to jail. Since the schizophrenic was speaking ill of Jesus, the cops were none too gentle with him, with no less than two covert quick punches to the back of his skull.

“You don’t talk to Jesus like that, you smelly shitty fish! You crazy asshole! Get in the car! Keeping talking like that and you’re going to hell, for sure!” One cop screamed, just before shoving him into the backseat of the police car. *The people in the jail aren’t going to be kind.*

In 1975 and 1976, the mentally ill in Mexico could be seen drifting about nearly everywhere, often engaged in auditory hallucinations, with the corresponding conversations. It was pretty much the same in the United States. South of the border, the insane were usually just avoided by the citizens, not medically treated, unless of course they had a rich family. For most countries, schizophrenia affects one to three percent of the population. Psychiatric medications were not available to the poor, in those days. Years later, I’d pick-up my quill and poorly scribble a master’s thesis, entitled *The Biochemistry of Schizophrenia and Depression*. After reading thousands

of research studies, I pieced together a little theory, which I believe still holds water. Its sort of like the Dopamine Hypothesis of schizophrenia, but it explains how the dopamine, and other neurotransmitters, go out of balance, to create schizophrenia, with its: hallucinations, delusions, insomnia, etc, as well as the thesis suggests how to put them back in balance.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dopamine_hypothesis_of_schizophrenia

It goes into how stress stimulates the *zona fasciculata* of the adrenal cortex, and the resultant cortisol release, causes the liver to manufacture too much tryptophan pyrrolase, which causes a drop in available blood tryptophan levels, so there's not enough tryptophan to make adequate 5-HT in the brain, needed to attain normal amounts of sleep and dreaming. Not enough sleep sets the victim up for hallucinations and delusions... schizophrenia. Since the *locus coeruleus*, doesn't get to fire during sleep, in a normal circadian fashion, it stores-up excessive amounts of its neurotransmitter, so it eventually fires during the awake state, but since it hasn't fired for so

long and has so much stored-up neurotransmitter, it fires with extreme intensity; hence, the corresponding hallucinations/dreams/delusions, tend to be powerful and therefore fully believable... a fearful reality comes to life.

The resultant conclusion of the paper's speculation/hypothesis was that both schizophrenia and manic depression can be effectively treated with the cheap drug, allopurinol, named Aloprim. The drug is commonly prescribed for gout at 300 milligrams, once a day, oral. Aloprim may work more effectively for mental illness, if taken with a little tryptophan, and some B vitamins. But, taking the tryptophan by itself, isn't nearly adequate, since the stress-induced cortisol will quickly order the liver to covert it into tryptophan pyrrolase.

On the other hand, these illnesses also might be better treated by surgical removal of a certain amount/portion of the *zona fasciculata*, the aforementioned part of the adrenal cortex which manufactures too much of the stress hormone, cortisol. In schizophrenics and manic depressives that area of the adrenal cortex is usually enlarged, and as such, produces too much cortisol, which may well be the true genesis of those two psychiatric pathologies;

so another treatment idea might be to use cortisol suppressing drugs: ketoconazole, mitotane (Lysodren), and metyrapone (Metopirone). Many schizophrenics have enlarged adrenal medullas, and such people therefore are capable of also producing excessive amounts of adrenaline, compounding their behavioral issues.

With prolonged stress, the adrenal glands, which sit on top of the kidneys, may hypertrophy (enlarge), and thereby increase their production of certain hormones, i.e., cortisol and adrenaline, etc. This enlarging of the two adrenal glands would act to worsen the person's mental health state, largely due to the associated increase in cortisol. Still, the world prefers a certain amount of mystique concerning mental illness, rather than realizing it's simply a matter of unbalanced biochemistry, often with a genetic basis or predisposition. Larger adrenals can have advantages for survival, but if they get too large, be it from repeated exposure to stress (combat stress, abuse stress, etc.), or a genetic predisposition, or both, they can unhinge the person's mental stability. The psychiatric medications may temporarily help, but don't address the root cause, which is the enlarged *zona fasciculata* of the adrenal

cortex. Perhaps the surgical use of a fiber optic could be used to carefully burn-out a portion of the pathological hypertrophied *zona fasciculata* might be the best solution, one that doesn't require the patient to take drugs everyday.

Correspondingly, soldiers in prolonged combat, often experience adrenal enlargement, hence the subsequent post traumatic stress disorder. *PTSD* may simply be a product of bad memories coupled with enlarged adrenals, so those glands make too much cortisol and adrenaline, ergo the brain goes out of balance, producing things like: fears, anxiety, insomnia, nightmares, hallucinations, etc. The more the *PTSD* victim revisits those stressful memories, by talking with his or her war buddies or just thinking about them while alone, the longer the adrenal glands will remain enlarged, or the adrenals may even become larger still, even though the soldier is no longer in country. Revisiting the memories and the associated cortisol leads to manic depression, and later with ensuing hallucinations to schizophrenia. It's a fact that stress enlarges the adrenal glands, and when it comes to stress, combat and combat related memories can be fairly hefty ones.

[https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/
pubmed/1586274](https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/1586274)

Again, people suffering with schizophrenia and manic depression may have a genetic propensity for adrenal enlargement, their glands can be larger than normal to begin with, and their adrenals may more readily enlarge in response to stress; hence, they release excess cortisol and adrenaline, during stressful circumstances. In fact, what is considered not to be stressful by most (normal) people, may be extremely stressful for the schizophrenic. More cortisol means the liver uses-up greater amounts of blood tryptophan, by manufacturing excess amounts of tryptophan pyrrolase (later involved in production of NAD +), and so there's less tryptophan to cross the blood brain barrier and enter the brain. Since there's less tryptophan going into the neurons of the brain, coupled with the fact that 5-HT is only made from tryptophan, then brain 5-HT levels drop, which reduces sleep and dream time. Still, the neurons which initiate dreams, the *locus coeruleus*, continue synthesizing their neurotransmitters, so when they finally fire, the victim sustains mind blowing hallucinations, instead of just dreaming while awake.

5-HT also modulates dopamine levels, ergo with the reduction in 5-HT, dopamine levels are allowed to climb unchecked (the aforementioned dopamine hypothesis), so in a few days, the largely dopaminergic *locus coeruleus* (LC), which hasn't been allowed to fire properly, because of the paucity of sleep (owing to the reduced 5-HT), then fires-off during the awake state, ergo the hallucinations (overly intense dreams while awake) begin, which create the delusions, and the corresponding weird behavior.

The parts of the hippocampus, where unpleasant subconscious memories are located (hidden away), are stimulated during the overly intense firing of the LC, ergo the individual is forced to confront their worst subconscious fears (paranoid delusions), while in the awake state. How excess cortisol causes the psychiatric pathology is better explained in the poorly written aforementioned master's thesis. Extreme youthful impatience just didn't have what it took to spend time editing that thesis; I was too busy searching through the medical/biochemical truths, looking for physiological/behavioral correlations, and trying to create answers; probing for solutions, rather than taking the time to carefully select my

words for a clear concise explanation; much like this disorganized book. I love to think but hate to write.

Two years after finishing my Ph.D., I received an audience with a prominent psychiatrist and administrator in the *American Medicine Association*, to explain my neurophysiological theory about depression and schizophrenia,. The *AMA* has one of the largest political lobbying budgets, hiring attorneys by the train load. To say the least, its positions have often been controversial. In the 30s, the organization tried to prohibit members from working in the Health Management Organizations, which grew-up during the depression. They adopted an attitude that the mentally ill just weren't worth it. Consequently, the insane often wandered the streets, or were locked away by their family, whenever their family could afford it, and frequently those of unsound mind suffered with various physical maladies, usually without receiving effective medical treatment; again, because they weren't considered to be worth it. Sometimes the stress of the physical maladies of the mentally ill is what was causing the schizophrenia. Painful tooth decay can be a big causative factor. Needless to say, many of the treatments for insanity were the essence of insanity

itself: hydrotherapy (slightly beneficial), lobotomy, methanol convulsion therapy, insulin shock therapy, artificial fever therapy, various degrees of electroshock therapy, being purposely infected with malaria, etc.

The *AMA* campaigned against Medicare in the 50s and 60s, this involved ‘Operation Coffee Cup,’ supported by Ronald Reagan. The association remained opposed to any legislation that could result in National Health Care, such as the United States National Health Care Act. In the 90s, the *AMA* worked to defeat the health care reform, advanced by Hillary Clinton. The *AMA* is all about getting your dollar, and not much about protecting your health. If a pandemic strikes the planet the US will probably do rather poorly, at least compared to other modern countries. Vaccines will likely come from overseas labs. The ideas will imitate from there, and as they go public, the US labs and big pharma will be forced to manufacture. If you keep reading, you’ll soon see that your health is the least of the *AMA*’s concerns, and I’m not talking about the individual practicing doctors, but those who have ascended into the upper echelons of the self-serving administration. In nearly every institution, it’s the administrators, who are the

biggest hinderance to its' progress. If it were left-up to the CEOs of the big pharmaceutical companies, the leaders of the *AMA* and the *FDA*, there'd never be a new cure for any disease. The only way that there will ever be new cures is if there is a public outcry, and the ignorant populace doesn't fall for the lies that big pharma is earnestly working on those cures. Cures put them out of business.

After I finished with my one hour explanation about the biochemistry of schizophrenia and depression, the famous *AMA* administrator/psychiatrist said that I couldn't possibly be right, since it would mean that literally every gout patient, who was receiving allopurinol, would have no manic depression or schizophrenia. Being prepared for the *AMA* administrator's negative proclamation, I pulled from my briefcase a thick stack of computer paper, a computer search of thousands of gout patients, who had been treated by numerous hospitals across the United States. Each of those gout patients had been taking allopurinol. The search had cross-matched the gout patients with said mental illnesses, and indeed, none of those patients, who were receiving the dirt cheap allopurinol, were suffering with manic depression or schizophrenia! When the *AMA*

administrator realized the financial implications for psychiatric medicine, he frowned hard, and spoke.

“I’ll have to study this computer search and get back with you, Joey. Thanks for the presentation. I’ve got an appointment, right now, and need to get going. Thanks for the thought provoking stuff.”

Allopurinol blocks the synthesis of tryptophan pyrrolase in the liver, so that tryptophan remains high the blood, so 5-HT levels remain normal in the brainstem, allowing for more sleep, lower brain dopamine, and no inappropriate firing of the *locus coeruleus*, so no delusion-producing hallucinations, be they auditory or visual. Over time, the adrenals might shrink back to a more normal size, if the stressors can be removed, and the patient is taught not to constantly think about them. On the other hand, those patients, who use their memories to regularly relive the various stressors of their past, will more than likely be unable to have their adrenals return to a normal size. The point being, that relaxation techniques may be helpful in recovering from such mental illnesses. People with a genetic propensity for these mental illnesses may be born with the ability to quickly hypertrophy their adrenals. Consequently, using drugs to reduce the

production of cortisol or surgically removing limited portions of the over active adrenal (the zona fasciculata) may be the best treatment option.

Administrators, especially *AMA*/hospital administrators, rarely if ever, are seekers of knowledge or medical truths, but rather they're usually want-a-be controllers of people, and promoters of their own pathetic careers, foolishly believing that being an administrator gives them some form of real power, and all because they lack any real cognitive/creative abilities, and just enough intelligence to figure-out how to create misery in people, who are creative. Generally, they feel that most people are like them in their desire for control and power, and so they feel justified in their sad manipulative behavior. This is not to say that all administrators are like that, just about ninety percent of those, I've meant.

One of the foremost jobs of an administrator is to manage employees, so it might stand to reason, that being an administrator might be appealing to people, who enjoy the idea of controlling people. Especially, if the people they control are capable and talented. Such administrators suffer under the delusion that the more talented the people, who they manage, the

more capable they themselves are, its sort of just one more irritating form of passive aggression. Never have I understood how people can be so self-deluding, that they equate controlling others, with being accomplished themselves. In the administrator's mind, the Dalai Lama has nothing on them! Or, they simply see him as someone, who is good at controlling others.

For just a second, consider how much money the AMA and the pharmaceutical companies might lose, if schizophrenia, bipolar depression, and depression were controlled by taking a cheap drug allopurinol (\$12 to \$20 per month), or by a simple surgery to correct an imbalance of the adrenal cortex (oblation of part of the *zona fasciculata*). The latter would put a serious dent in their pocketbook, since it would be an effective cure... no more need for long discussions with a shrink, and no more expensive drugs.

<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC4078140/>

A truly concerned medical professional might have at least said that the results were worth

investigating, but since he was first and foremost an *AMA* administrator, and a doctor (psychiatrist) second, he never got back with me. Needless to say, he didn't like the idea of curing a huge percentage of his patients. It's bad for business! Since we both worked in the same hospital, he did his level best to avoid me. No money oriented person, in their right mind, would want to deprive the *AMA* and big Pharma of the immense profits garnered by those mental illnesses. About \$115 billion is spent annually on mental health and the majority of that bundle goes to depression, bipolar depression, and schizophrenia, but more importantly there's that minor issue of massive amounts of human misery, generated by those illnesses... misery versus money.

In 2002, the total US cost of schizophrenia alone was estimated to be around \$62.7 billion. (*The Economic Burden of Schizophrenia in the United States in 2002, J Clinical Psychiatry. 2005 Sep; 66(9): 1122-1129.*) If by some miracle, you could convert the suffering into dollars, no doubt the cost might be many times that amount. What would you pay to remain *compos mentis*, or sane? You couldn't pay me enough to lose my mind. How about you?

Often we take sanity for granted, and so never have an accurate appreciation of schizophrenia. How could we?

Dr. W.A. Morey

Oddly enough, that aforementioned *AMA* administrator was the head of the department of psychiatry, at the hospital where I worked. The man was so high-up in the *AMA*, that you might say he was administratively the top shrink in the United States, and perhaps even the eastern (or maybe it was western) regional head of the *AMA*. Not only is mental illness a huge money-maker for the *AMA*, but as mentioned, also for the pharmaceutical companies, which produce and sell all those temporarily, and marginally, effective psychopharmaceuticals. Lord knows, those psych meds are also loaded with profitable side effects. Which require more medical costs. Moreover, the patient has to keep coming back to the doctor, because either their brain accommodates to the drug, or their liver metabolizes the drug, too well. And don't forget that the mentally ill are more apt to commit crimes, hence there's profits in the judicial sectors, as well as the prison systems. We might as well take full

advantage of the mentally ill, right?

While capitalism may cause certain medical groups to financially excel, on some level we all inherently realize that medicine should be driven solely by the desire to heal and preserve the quality of life, not by the almighty dollar. Awake-up America! If medicine is governed by money, and administrators are motivated by greed, instead of the desire to heal, cures will be avoided like the plague, for in effect, cures have the undesirable side effect of eliminating all those big profits. Think how much money would be lost if we cured: arthritis, cancer, mental illness, *AIDS*, herpes, diabetes, Alzheimers, heart disease, etc.

Mental illness directly and indirectly provides a lot of folks with employment: psychiatrists, psychologist, psychiatric nurses, various types of councilors, intake specialists, patient care specialists, attendants, janitors, drug reps, various pharmaceutical employees, secretaries, useless administrators, overly nosey social workers, clerks, pharmacists, pharma techs, ambulance crews, police, corrections officers, etc. The latter couple of groups may seem implausible, but you might be surprised just how many people suffering from schizophrenia,

manic depression, or depression, have marked criminal records, largely owing to said illnesses. This is especially true if the victim is poor, and/or mentally slow. Such folks are such easy targets for a merciless cop. Before they are properly diagnosed, they often will involve themselves in various forms of illegal behavior. For example, disturbed people are more apt to try to self medicate, with illegal drugs, which may result in their arrest. If stopped by a cop for any reason, they may be too evasive, impulsive, or reactive; hence, an arrest is made. Some of the mentally ill become addicts, which means even more illegal activity, to support their habit, which means more money is to be made off the US taxpayers: prisons, police, *DEA*, government sponsored drug treatment centers, urine and other lab testing, pharmaceutical companies (especially for opiate based narcotics, adderall, benzodiazepines, and soma), etc. Oddly enough, in the long run, these drugs may not only worsen, but often they cause mental illness.

While administrators are the ass-kissing puppets of big business, they're almost always on the low end of the creativity spectrum, with so-so IQ scores, while displaying little in the way of humanity. Perhaps,

God created administrators to make astrologists and shaman's look good, but while those groups are far less than honest, at least they're somewhat creative. Administrators commonly love power more than life. It is almost as if their imaginations are so poorly developed, that they can't begin to empathize, with the needs or suffering of others.

I've nothing but contempt for medical administrators and pharmaceutical companies, who put the dollar first, discourage cures, and overly pedal addictive wares. Why shouldn't the boards of companies, which knowingly manufacture excessive amounts of addictive drugs, face criminal charges, not just fines?

In Search of Health, by Dr. A.W. Yerom

Please allow me to share a story about a less than exemplary medical administrator. A long time ago in my younger post-doc days, I spent time working to try to establish a research foundation for the study of *Sudden Infant Death Syndrome (SIDS)* in the beautiful state of Colorado. If you want to see something breathtaking, drive up canyon drive toward Netherland. It's just to the west of Boulder. *SIDS*

seems to be a catch-all label for various conditions, which can claim the life of an infant; consequently, many different fatal conditions, may fall under the label *SIDS*; things involving cardiac conditions, brain chemistry, toxicology, developmental issues, etc. The senior scientist I was working with, Dr. James (Jim) B. Barley, a fine and highly intelligent man, had developed what seemed to be a workable hypothesis for one of the causative factors of *SIDS*. The tragic enormity of the syndrome includes not only the death of the infant, but often the destruction of the associated family unit. The parents suffer prolonged profound depression, especially the mother, and so often a divorce ensues. The divorce may have something to do with the fact that each of them constantly reminds the other of dead infant. Since such memories generally last for life, as does maternal instinct, the unfortunate mother, typically never fully recovers, usually sustaining a lifetime of periodic depression. Suicide is not unheard of. The dynamic behind the sad divorce may also be that the female consciously or unconsciously senses its time to find a different mate, a genetically different partner; perchance, one where the offspring of their union is more likely to survive. The wisdom of genetically-based mate selection may be beyond

discernment for various folks. Of course, there must be a myriad of psychological and physiological reasons people select a mate; some of great subtlety, others far from subtle, which may or may not be adequately portrayed on the pages of *Facebook*, or within the descriptors of various popular dating sites. The selection may last for one night or for a lifetime. Factors might include things as: pheromonal molecules, neuroendocrine and behavioral issues, which are beyond the capabilities of the world's best psychiatrists, psychologist, and marriage councilors, the tenor of a voice, interests, body shapes and sizes, etc. After all, each of those supposed professionals generally knows very little about things such as: pheromonal signals, neuroendocrine behavior, or how genetics operate to influence behavior, e.g., histones opening and closing certain regions of the DNA, and the cascade of reactions each new protein initiates.

Once on a high and windy hill,
In the morning mist, two lovers kissed,
And the world stood still.

Love is a many splendored thing
It's the April rose that only grows in the early spring

Love is nature's way of giving a reason to be living
The golden crown that makes a man a king

Once on a high and windy hill
In the morning mist, two lovers kissed
And the world stood still

Then your fingers touched my silent heart
And taught it how to sing
Yes, true love's a many splendored thing

from the song, *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing*
music by Sammy Fain; lyrics by Paul Francis
Webster

If I recall correctly, Jim's theory about the principle causative factor in *SIDS* was that stress, during the pregnancy (of course the type, amount, and duration of stress may vary with each woman, and the effect may vary with each pregnancy) could cause the pregnant woman's pituitary gland to produce excessive amounts of beta-endorphin (an endogenous {made in the body} morphine-like protein), which then acts to somewhat sedate the fetus, reducing its activity in the womb, and reducing its heart rate. With enough maternal stress, and the increased maternal production of beta-endorphin, the fetus's heart might actually stop (due to inhibition of

neuron which comprise the fetal *Nucleus Tractus Solitarius (NTS)* {the part of the brainstem controlling/ stimulating the heart contractions}), and so, the fetus passes away *in utero*. Whether this actually happens depends on the amount of beta-endorphin the mother produces, as well as the number of beta-endorphin receptors on the nerve cells of the fetus's *NTS*. Such an *in utero* death might be similar to the fetus receiving a morphine overdose in the womb, for indeed, too much morphine also shuts-off the *Nucleus Tractus Solitarius* in adults, as well. Morphine binds to the same brain receptors as does beta-endorphin, as does any opiate-based narcotic. Consequently, beta-endorphin and morphine have almost identical effects, except that beta-endorphin is much stronger than morphine or heroin. This maternal stress-induced condition may account for some percentage of the stillbirths, yet certainly stillbirths may occur for other reasons, as well. One thing, which is certain, is that physiology doesn't lack for complexity.

If I recall correctly, Jim's theory about one of the causes of *SIDS* contended that the stressed-out mother's produced excessive amounts of beta-endorphin, thereby preventing the fetal brain and

pituitary from being able to synthesize its own requisite enzymes to make its own beta-endorphin. In other words, the fetus is not able to make its own natural levels of beta-endorphin. If mom is manufacturing excessive amounts of beta-endorphin due to stress, then the fetus's ability to make its own beta-endorphin is suppressed. Moreover, the fetus's ability to synthesize the beta-endorphin receptors is suppressed.

But then, at some point after it's born, the child's brain and pituitary, *utero forsa*, rebound in said abilities, beginning to manufacture the endogenous morphine-like substance, as well as the beta-endorphin receptors. But, like many suppressed biochemical systems, once the child's ability to make beta-endorphin and its receptors rebounds, and the child's production might be abnormally large. As a result, the baby depresses the activity of nerve cells of its own *Nucleus Tractus Solitarius*. The excessive beta-endorphin and beta-endorphin receptors shuts-down the baby's cardiac output and respiration. Consequently, it succumbs to its own endogenous overdose, which all started because mom being stressed-out, during the pregnancy. Physiologically the baby passes away in a similar manner as does a

junkie overdose.

A baby is something you carry inside you for nine months, in your arms for three years, and in your heart until the day you die.

Mary Mason

The baby's heart stops beating, and it stops breathing, and so it experiences a peaceful death. In a way, the child simply turns-off, and is probably feeling great as it dies, because the beta-endorphin provides something better than a morphine-like high. Most likely, as deaths go, it's an enjoyable one, completely painless, without: discomfort, worry, or fear. Not only that, but the death was probably filled with an immense feeling of pleasure, which endorphin receptors are all over the pleasurable parts of the brain: medial prefrontal cortex, parts of the amygdala, the nucleus accumbens, ventral pallidum, central gray, etc. The innocent infant dies in a euphoric state, without the any of the guilt life can bring.

With a morphine overdose in an adult, the morphine binds to the very same beta-endorphin receptors on neurons of the *Nucleus Tractus Solitarius*.

The morphine, or heroin, or oxycodone, or codeine, or percocet, or lortab, or opium, etc. addict may die by virtually the same method. It seemed incongruous to me that innocent infants and criminal adult narcotic addicts might be dying in such a similar manner. While certainly there are other causes for *SIDS*, that particular hypothesis held promise in at least explaining a certain portion of the *SIDS* cases. Sorry about this medical background, but it was needed to finish my story, unless of course, you already knew these things.

Getting back to my story about an evil greedy medical administrator; the hospital administrator, where Jim and I worked had agreed, that if we were able to raise any money for the establishment of the proposed *SIDS* research foundation, they (the hospital administration) would generously forgo their usual overhead costs. Normally, the hospital demanded forty percent of any monies (donations, grants, awards, etc.) raised for research, carried-out within the walls of the hospital. Consequently, the hospital's not charging its usual forty percent overhead was a huge benefit, indeed. In effect, it would mean that forty percent more research could be accomplished to help save the unfortunate *SIDS*

infants. Forgoing the overhead costs, also looked good to possible benefactors, since all of their donations would be used only for the research. The real reason that the hospital wasn't charging its usual forty percent was that, since none of us were experienced fundraisers, they didn't honestly think we'd raise any significant amount of money. How wrong they were. They figured, that at best we might secure a small *NIHH* grant for \$10K to \$50K. By forgoing their forty percent, they'd look magnanimous, if any publicity was generated by the *SIDS* foundation, and such positive press would help the hospital to attract their own big benefactors.

All of the participating docs and research scientists had agreed not to ask that their salaries be augmented by the monies raised for the proposed *SIDS* foundation. In effect, we'd all be working for free, trying to uncover one of the causes of *SIDS*, and possibly develop a more effective treatment, or better yet, a cure for that one particular etiology (cause) of *SIDS*, like monitoring the pregnant mom's stress hormones to better protect the fetus, or the use of the drug, naloxone, to bring back infants, who had just died. Naloxone (an opiate antagonist) displaces the beta-endorphin from the nerve cell receptors on the

nucleus tractus solitarius, so it's no longer suppressed, by the excessive beta-endorphin, ergo the heart beat and respiration can continue, allowing the infant to return to the land of the living.

Those old quotes about pampering the pregnant female, though born of intuition, may actually have scientific merit.

The Time to Change by Murray E. Oleword

One afternoon, I'd gone to the house of a fellow, who was selling a pair of old snow skis. Returning to my apartment with the skis, I was passing the airport, driving the same old junky *Ford Maverick*, I taken to Mexico. That's when I recalled that the richest man in the world owned an office complex, near the runway. In an attempt to raise money for the *SIDS* foundation, and acting on a spur-of-the-moment brain fart, I drove to the office complex. The wealthy man was a well-known philanthropic Arab named, Mr. Abon Komogi. Some of his massive wealth had been used to build approximately one-quarter of the city of Boulder, Colorado. Lacking an appointment, and without even knowing if the

wealthy man would be there, I drove to the office complex. I hadn't a clue, which building in the complex was his. I stopped to query a small group of folks about building was Mr. Komogi's, and which floor his office was on. Per their instructions, I got on the elevator, pressed the button, and ascended. When the elevator doors opened, I stepped out into an elaborate marbled reception area, facing a truly gorgeous sexy, impeccably well dressed, blond receptionist.

“May I help you, sir?” She cheerfully inquired.
God, what a beauty!

“I'm Dr. Joey Bone, a local scientist at the hospital, just trying to raise a little money for the *Colorado Sudden Infant Death Syndrome Research Foundation*, and so I was hoping to be able to speak with Mr. Komogi. I'm afraid I don't have an appointment... just happened to be in the area, and dropped-by on a whim. Sorry, I know I should have phoned, first. Still, might there be anyway, that I could possibly speak with him?” *And, can I have your phone number? There's no ring on her finger.* As fate would have it, at that very instant, Mr. Komogi just happened to come out of a nearby office. He walked through the lobby, and so the beautiful receptionist

simply called-out to him.

“Mr. Komogi there is a scientist here, a Dr. Joey Bone, who wishes to speak with you... something about research for infants.” She sweetly announced. *How easy was that!*

Abon Komogi stopped walking, turned, and looked my way, then smiled and walked over, to shake my hand. It was a smooth friendly well orchestrated handshake, not hurried, and matched my grip perfectly, in strength and timing. He was a short man with dark hair, dressed in a beautifully tailored black suit. *This guy is accustomed to dealing with folks.* He displayed a lighter skin tone, than the usual weather-beaten darker Arabs, portrayed by Hollywood. Arabs referred to Mr. Komogi as being white, but they didn't mean his skin tone, *per se*. Often when an Arab says a person is white, they mean that he is good, with a pure, clean, faultless sense of integrity; not that he has white skin. Abon possessed a warm, outgoing, relaxed manner. The richest man in the world seemed like a fairly easy-going highly intelligent man. His standout phenotypic characteristic was his large cranium. He gestured to a pair of leather chairs in the lobby. After we were seated he spoke.

“How may I help you, doctor?” He smiled.

I can't believe, I'm sitting here with the richest man in the world! I'd wrongly assumed that extremely rich and important people were virtually impossible to approach so casually, yet here I was, talking to the richest man in the world, with untold power, and without having even called for an appointment! Moreover, he had just asked me how he could help me! *Holy shit!* Meeting the world's richest man was so easy; it was as if I'd just dropped in on my next-door neighbor, to borrow the preverbal cup of sugar; nevertheless, when it's all said and done, people are simply people. The fact that I wasn't prepared with a formal presentation, may have actually worked in my favor. The man was genuine, and unassuming. I decided to op for honesty. Nothing about him was fake or contrived. It wasn't but six years before, that I had been dealing drugs in Mexico City, as supplied by the three kings of Tepito, and then, there I was, then dealing with the world's richest man, trying to raise money for hapless infants. *It's funny how quickly my life has changed.* One day I'm a lowly drug dealer, in Mexico City, and now, I'm trying to help babies to survive in Colorado; I've changed so much.

For the next few minutes, I matter-of-factly and

succinctly, discussed what *SIDS* was, mentioned the two involved hospitals, named some of the participating doctors and research scientists, described the types of studies being considered, so as to better understand the causative factors of *SIDS*, ideas to develop effective treatments, or in some cases, to even find a cure for certain types of *SIDS*. The wealthiest man in the world was indeed a tolerant listener. His subsequent questions were surprisingly perceptive, especially since we were discussing some fairly arcane aspects of neuroendocrinology. *This guy is definitely different.* There I was speaking with a man, who had his own 707 airliner. The interior of the plane was fitted-out in white leather, with solid gold fixtures, and was staffed by a number of breathtaking beauties. His yacht looked like the Titanic, only it was faster, more sea worthy, equipped with all the modern electronics, and of course the ship was far more luxurious.

Proudly, I made mention of the fact that the foremost hospital participating in the project, where the bulk of the research was proposed to be conducted, had generously agreed not to charge their usual forty percent overhead, and that the physicians

and scientists would not be taking salaries from money raised. I assured him that if he decided to donate all the money would go straight to, and only to, the research to help the babies! These altruistic facts clearly impressed Mr. Komogi. The facts that we were working for free, and that the hospital was not taking money for overhead, seemed to markedly impress the rich man. After about a fifteen minute off-the-cuff discourse, he held up a hand to stop me, and turned to his comely blond receptionist.

“Please ask Larry to come here, Debbie.” He instructed the receptionist, and she nodded and picked up the phone.

Mr. Komogi was from Saudi Arabia, born in the birthplace of Mohammad, and rumored at the time to be worth around fifty-billion dollars. Of all things, he supposedly had a grandpa, who was a jew. Early in the 1980s, \$50B was a massive sum, indeed! In today’s money, it might be worth roughly \$500 billion... half a trillion dollars! Some of the magazines alleged that Mr. Komogi was an immensely successful international arms dealer, as well as an oil tycoon. I didn’t ask him how he’d gotten rich, but I wanted to. A minute later, Larry stepped into the lobby, walked-up over. I got to my

feet and Larry and I shook hands, as Mr. Komogi introduced us to each other.

“This research sounds wonderful. I am deeply moved with the work your group intends to pursue, to help infants, and for free. I also like the fact that your fine hospital has freely donated its support. Most American hospitals are primarily concerned with making money, not people’s health. Doctors in your country are more focused on money, than they are in most other countries. I travel in many countries of the world, and political heads and doctors feel that you Americans, at best, have only a moderately effective health care system, yet it is the most expensive. America’s health care cost your citizens more, than does any other country on earth, but it’s only second rate. So the fact that the hospital has seen fit not to charge their overhead is unusually impressive. So, I am going to see what I can do for your foundation. I’m always interested in humane causes, and nothing is more innocent than an infant. My assistant, Larry Mark, will accompany you to review your research facilities and to meet some of your research people, then he’ll report back to me. Larry is a good man, and my eyes and ears for many things.”

Mr. Komogi then gave Larry a brief rundown on our discussion, and ordered him to accompany me back to the university hospital to checkout the people and facilities. In my wildest of dreams, I never imagined that five minutes after meeting the richest man in the world, the wealthy and sophisticated Larry Mark, dressed in what appeared to be a Dormeuil suit, and soft black leather Italian shoes, would be climbing into my old beat-up unwashed *Ford Maverick*. My car's passenger floor was littered with fast food bags, hamburger wrappers, and empty coke cans. *Why didn't I clean my car, before coming here?* As Larry was kicking the litter to one side, to make room for his feet, I was grabbing handfuls of trash and tossing it over the front seat, into the back, while apologizing, and saying that I hoped that the garbage didn't mess-up his nice shoes and pants cuffs. Normally, I cleaned out my car once a week, and that wasn't supposed to be until the next day. Although, I might have forgotten to clean it the previous week.

“All this trash in your car probably means that you've got better things to do than clean-up your car, and that you're probably mentally stable. You're clearly not obsessive.” *What a nice thing to say!*

Indeed, military school had grossly failed to persuade me to be a neat well organized person. Larry and I drove to the hospital, where I walked him around, from lab to lab, introducing him to the participating scientists and doctors, who luckily just happened to be available. Each presentations was casual and off the cuff, but each went remarkably well, especially since no one was expecting a representative of the world's richest man. Larry seemed to be okay with, if not prefer, the informal approach. The scientists, as always, were happy to discuss their ideas and research, and Larry could sense their earnest enthusiasm.

Normally, I would have had to give the other scientists a heads-up on such visits, so they could be prepared, with some boring dog and pony show; but as it was, things were moving quickly, and it would have been foolish of me to try to slow them down. The researchers all seemed shocked, if not stunned, when they found out, who Larry represented. Typically, they'd say something like, "You're serious?" After briefly speaking with about half a dozen foundation members, Larry said he'd seen enough and placed a call to Mr. Komogi, using one of the free courtesy phones, hanging on the wall in the

hospital hallway. There were no cellphones, back then.

Life is serious partially because it's so terribly unique, and partially because you only get one.

Dr. A.W. Yerom

Larry spoke with the multibillionaire for less than a minute, put his hand over the receiver, turned to me, and asked if five million dollars would be enough. *Holy shit Batman is this guy kidding me?* It was a huge gift! The five million was a lot more in those days, roughly what fifty-million would be, today. Needless to say, I was totally blown away, and repeatedly thanked Mr. Komogi and Larry.

An account was set-up, for Mr. Komogi to deposit the funds into, and for the *SIDS* foundation to later withdraw funds for research. All the accounting would be directed to, and supervised by a foundation appointee, as well as someone on Larry Mark's staff. Briefly, I wrote down all the names and numbers of the proposed foundation's accounting people, who would help to manage the funds, and handed the paper to Larry. In those days, everyone memorized

everyone's phone numbers. There wasn't cellphone memory to keep track of all the phone numbers. Larry provided me the name and number of his contact people. Except for the actual transfer of funds, it was a done deal. While Larry had been using the restroom, in the hospital's lobby, I cleaned out the garbage from my car, then rode Mr. Mark back to his office by the airport.

As mentioned, this is a story about an evil administrator, but you needed to first know this stuff about the world's richest man donating the \$5M, to appreciate how evil that administrator truly was. To make an already long story shorter, the next week, when the hospital's admin office got wind of the forthcoming \$5M windfall, the head administrator, who was also the dean of the medical school, immediately had a 180 degree change of heart, and became completely heartless. Suddenly, he, the head administrator, demanded the forty percent overhead... \$2 million! The man just simply decided to break his word! Considering what I'd told Mr. Komogi and Mr. Mark about the hospital not charging their usual forty percent overhead, this dishonest reversal cast me in a rather bad light, and made me look like I'd lied.

A couple of low level hospital administrators dropped by my office, to tell me that after taking a hard look at the hospital's books, they wanted me to explain to Mr. Komogi that things had changed, that there were unforeseen financial circumstances, making it necessary for the hospital to collect the usual forty percent overhead. Of course, that was utter bullshit! They told me that they felt sure that Mr. Komogi would understand. However, in my mind, there was no way that I was going to speak with the generous Mr. Komogi, and explain to him that forty percent of his money was not going to be going to used to support the research to help infants, but rather, it was destined to be used at the whim of some greedy self-centered hospital administrator, the dean of the medical school.

As stated, the head administrator's decision meant that two million of the five million dollars would not be going to help dying infants, as I had originally promised Mr Komogi. Instead, the two million dollars would be going into the administrator's pet projects, and of course, it would go a long way toward polishing-up his shiny gold star, to better aline him for the much sought-after position of president of the university, and the

university owned hospital. The university president's salary, was larger than that of the presidency of the United States. Universities are first and foremost money-making institutions, and somewhere farther down the road, they have a minor concern about quality education, or research to help humankind. In the world of medical science, you don't want to push those frontiers too far back, because big corporations (hospitals and pharmaceutical companies) might lose their precious profits.

The hospital expected me to negotiate this 'minor modification,' with Mr. Komogi. *Those stupid greedy bastards have lost their fucking minds, if hey think I'm going to do that! The three kings wouldn't do such shit!* As mentioned, I was a young Ph.D., working on my post-doc, and far from being accustomed to dealing with self-serving lying administrators, and their insatiable desire for power. The hospital administrator's sudden rapacious reversal really lit my fuse. Indirectly, the administrator had wanted to turn me into a liar, and while I may have been one of the best liar's going, I had not lied to, nor would I lie to, Mr. Komogi. So, I did the only thing I could think to do. Metaphorically, I didn't check my air speed or altitude, but just reached for the ejection handle and

pulled hard.

Rather than thoughtfully discussing the situation with my peers, and determining the best way to proceed, I simply elected to call Mr. Komogi, without the slightest preparation or forethought. Admittedly, in those days, anger ruled my youthful mind.

Politely, I thanked Mr. Komogi for his generous donation, and requested that he not proceed with the transfer of funds, then I laid-out out the cold hard truth... that the hospital's head administrator, who was also the dean of the medical school, wanted to be the president of the university, and had a clear problem with self-interest, that he obviously cared more about his career, than he cared about the lives of infants. Lastly, I apologized for wasting his and Mr. Mark's time.

Mr. Komogi remained overly relaxed about my revelation. He actually chuckled and told me that such things were common, agreed to not to transfer the funds, and thanked me for informing him about the situation. He closed the conversation, telling me to drop-by his office sometime, and he'd take me to lunch. Thinking back, I should have dropped-by, but I never did. It was tempting, the idea of getting to know him, but honestly I didn't want anything to get

in the way of my learning more science. In those days, I was all about spending my free time in the medical library. Mr. Komogi was into money and I was devoted to science. Looking back, we may have had more in common, than I realized. To the best of my knowledge, Mr. Komogi never again donated money to that hospital, and no one from the hospital approached him. Foolishly, I even told the hospital staff exactly what I'd said to Mr. Komogi, and what he'd said to me in return. No doubt, that got back to the dean.

Later that week, still angry about the loss of the funds, I decided to visit the dean. Storming right past his secretary, I found the duplicitous administrator seated behind his extra large mahogany desk. He initially came off angry, almost violent. He pretended to be livid that I had dared to walk unannounced, without an appointment, into his blessed *sanctum sanctorum*. At first, he cut me off to criticize me for having called Mr. Komogi, and returning the five million dollars, then he ordered me to immediately leave his office. When he finished his pathetic bluff of a tirade, I still stood my ground, and for a three count I stared he down, then as a minor threat I stepped toward him, halving the distance between

us. My stepping forward in his direction stiffened the highly intelligent, overly greedy administrator. It was obvious he didn't have the slightest clue about how to deal with a physical confrontation.

He then realized that I didn't intend to leave, until I'd had my say. He also knew, that if he continued with his loud infantile behavior, things might escalate. If the police got involved, and things ended-up in court, the dean and the hospital would look like shit. The stepping forward was indeed meant to be a threat. I was angry, barely under control, and needing to vent. Right then, I was feeling way too physical to fit in with the professional medical world. First, I described what I'd told the billionaire, about him (the dean), then continued on.

“When I first came to work at this hospital, I held you in such high esteem. After all, you're the dean of one of the top ten medical schools in the nation. Who wouldn't be impressed? But now, I've gotten to know you, and I realize that you are just one more greedy fucking little political administrator! Your hunger for power, and thorough lack of forethought, may have done serious harm to the progress of medicine. You've placed your political ambitions ahead of those

of dying infants, and grieving families! Jesus man, how can you possibly justify such behavior? How do you live with yourself. Shit man, I don't have a conscience, but I couldn't have done what you did. The proposed research projects were designed to determine ways to save infants! That was our focus, our only reason to try to procure those funds. We were all being truly noble, and so were you. The foundation could have done some real good. The odds of our getting such money again are next to zero. You sacked all that for your childish aspirations, for your selfish desire to put a little white feather in your precious administrative bonnet. You're an idiot and one day, you'll realize it! You wanted to look good to the university, bringing in all that money, so you just trashed your promise. Shame on you, you worthless bastard." Right then, that was as professional as I could manage.

Having finished my little speech, I awaited another long three count for the dean's reply, but he just silently blinked. This reminded me of the school principle, I was forced to confront about soaping the school windows, when I was a kid in Spain. He too was an administrator, and just sat there blinking. *Worthless administrators!* After the momentary

silence, I turned and walked out of the dean's office, just as I'd done with the school principal. And just like that time in Spain, I had not thought beyond the confrontation, and didn't know if there'd be consequences. I kept waiting for the other shoe to drop, but as the months passed, the dean never said or did anything to me, for telling the billionaire to not transfer the funds and for my brash words in the dean's office. I never had a clue as to what effect, if any, I had on the power-hungry fool. However, generally massive egos have a real knack at overlooking their shortcomings. To my surprise, I sustained no repercussions; at least, none that I realized.

Whenever I saw the dean walking the halls of the hospital, he'd ignore me. I did likewise, though it was awkward. For a while, my anger persisted, and I'd fight this little battle in my head. The socialized parts of my brain clashing with the more phylogenetically primitive pieces of gray matter. Administrators rarely ever seem to appreciate the harm they inflict on those they like to imagine that they're actually helping in the name of the institution.

I live in the Managerial Age, in a world of "Admin." The greatest evil is not now done in those sordid "dens of crime" that Dickens loved to paint. It is not done even in concentration camps and labour camps. In those we see its final result. But it is conceived and ordered (moved, seconded, carried, and minuted) in clean, carpeted, warmed and well-lighted offices, by quiet men with white collars and cut fingernails and smooth-shaven cheeks who do not need to raise their voices. Hence, naturally enough, my symbol for Hell is something like the bureaucracy of a police state or the office of a thoroughly nasty business concern.

by C.S. Lewis, [The Screwtape Letters](#) (in the preface of the book)

Yes, far too many administrators are masters of self-delusion, but most just don't care that they're evil. As a rule, they crave subservience, which they like to call loyalty, rather than facilitating the growth and creativity of their fellow employees. They assume that such subservience means that the person, which they are managing, sees the wisdom of their (the administrator's) guidance. The administrators' inability to succeed in other avenues, automatically predisposes them to want to overrule the more insightful decisions of their workers.

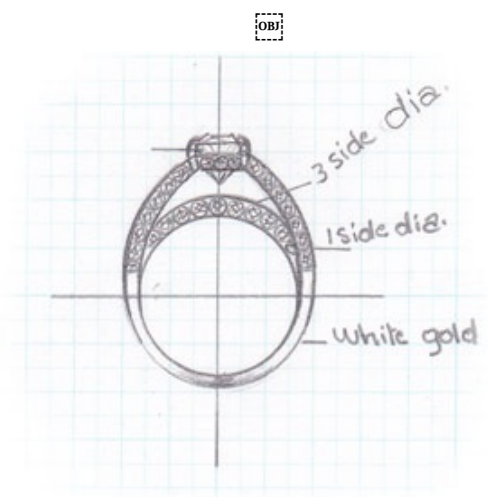
If you're an administrator reading this, there's a fair chance, I've just described you to a T, and most likely, because of your insufferable ego, and near limitless lack of self-awareness, you won't believe what I've written, regardless of its veracity, or maybe you do believe it, but you simply don't give a damn. Generally, administrators are incapable of realizing the quality of those working for them, for often it takes the genius in one person to recognize, or to awaken, it in another. That's why the old joke about the expert living at least fifty miles away works so well.

The definition of an expert is a person, who knows a lot about something, but lives at least fifty miles away.

O.G. Blackwell, MD

If for an hour, a group of administrators sat in a causal meeting with Albert Einstein, but not knowing who he was, they'd probably come away, convinced that Albert was just your friendly, mildly clever, but slightly weird guy, and never remotely sense the extraordinary brilliance of the man. Einstein would most likely leave the meeting with a splitting

headache, and looking for a bar.



GOING LEGIT

In the brilliant light of a cloudless cerulean blue sky, the Pacific water sparkled and shimmered, like a magnificent living deep azure jewel set on a long

curving warm white virgin beach. Acapulco bay is shaped a bit like a tilting mushroom, pushing into the land. The beveled cap of the mushroom projects eastward into the land, whereas the base or stem of said mushroom formed the opening out into the deep blue waters of the vast mysterious pacific ocean. The invaginated mushroom formed a lovely protected harbor, which in early times, had been Spain and Mexico's gateway to the distant dark orient. It was all about trade, back then.

The area was first settled by the Nahuas, considered by many experts to be the first indigenous peoples of ancient Mexico, who may have even predated the ancient Aztecs. The little man in the Chapultepec Museum had mentioned them, claiming that the Nahuas are descendants of the ancient Northern Chinese/Mongols, who thousands of years ago had traversed the once frozen Bering Straits, from Siberia into what is now roughly the location of Wales, Alaska. Through the centuries, they migrated south, all the way down to the tip of South America, the Terra del Fuego. Some peoples dislike staying put, and are born with a wander's spirit, which makes evolutionary sense for many reasons. I suspect that such genes are found in a certain percentage of

the homeless. Like the Aztecs, many of the Nahuas were later cruelly conquered and enslaved by the merciless Spaniards. Allegedly in 1521, the Spaniard Francisco Chico established Santa Lucia, later renamed Acapulco. The early, Santa Lucia represented a way-station of trade, between the mysterious Far East and renaissance Europe. The word Acapulco is an early Aztec word, meaning 'place of large canes,' so named for the various types of exotic bamboo, which yet thrives, throughout the region. Some of the massively thick bamboos possess an odd bluish cast. At least they did, when I was there.

The once famous Manila sailing galleons, that once docked there, were 2,500 ton vessels, which sailed out from, and returned to, the port of Acapulco, bravely making the round-trip Pacific voyages once or twice a year. (Nimitz-class aircraft carriers have a displacement well over 100,000 tons.) Those ancient ships visited various ports in the orient: China, Siam (the Ayutthaya Kingdom), Indonesia (partly colonized by the Portuguese, the Dutch, the British, and the Turks of the Ottoman Empire), but most commonly, the huge galleons visited the Philippine Islands. The Philippine city of

Manila, Mexico City, and Madrid were the global cities of trade in those days, the commercial networks extending across both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

These long voyages began in 1565, and continued for 250 years, up until 1815, bringing luxury goods to the Spanish royalty, various forms of wealth, and a greater cultural awareness. The shipments were pretty much one sided, sense the Chinese Mandarins felt that they didn't need anything from the rest of the world. After all, they had the best material (namely silk), the best exotic foods, amazing incenses, and the tastiest teas. Consequently, they tended not to trade goods for goods, but primarily they wanted silver bullion, in the form of coin. China would accept the Spanish silver pieces of eight; then, using iron and copper embossing/chiseling stamps, they'd use a hammer to pound Chinese symbols into the soft silver, thereby converting the coin into Chinese currency, without having to mint a new coin. It was a smart, cost-saving, idea. The Spanish merchants wanted goods like: ginseng, furs, sandalwood, becde-de-mer (sea slugs {a delicacy}), shark fins (supposedly, an aphrodisiac for men), the very popular silk (China

almost had a monopoly on silk.), and certain kinds of bird nests (used to make soup). The bird (a type of swift) nest may well be the most expensive animal food product ever to be sold. Even now, it can go for \$2000 to \$5000 per kilogram. The bird's saliva acts as a glue to hold the nest together, and is thought to be rich in nutrients and so good for general health. Women often claim that it is beneficial for their skin. Apparently there is some scientific evidence to support those claims.

<http://hellonests.com/english/helpful-info/health-benefits-of-edible-birds-nest.html>

For the ancient Spanish, cultural awareness was not something to be genuinely appreciated, but rather it was something to be exploited to better allow them to conquer. At that time, Spain was the greatest power on earth, much as the United States is now. Spain used their power to plunder, much as the United States does now. In 1975-1976, when I was in Acapulco, the air was pure and the waters crystal clear. Looking down from the cliff tops, I could see fish deep underwater. Hopefully, that's still the case, but considering the darker nature of various self-

indulgent corporate entities, as well as the city's own immense growth, I have my doubts. When I was there, I also saw no evidence of marked crime. Extortion rings are now known to operate in the area, demanding roughly 15 percent from the earnings of local businesses and street vendors. Many of the extortionists wear two hats, legal and illegal. Perhaps, the extortionist donate a portion of their take to the Beltane-Leyva organization/cartel, who now controls the Acapulco region. As stated before, the only way to break the Mexican cartels is for the US military to cross the border, and for the world to adopt the C-DAD program (see the last chapter of this book). The use of the US military to take down the drug cartels would be the first time they were used for a just cause since WWII and Korea.

In those days, the people of Acapulco tended to largely be sweet and loving. The air temperature never changed much, hovering around an ideal seventy to seventy-two degrees. The nights were slightly cooler. The gentle winds tended to come in from the Pacific. As a result, my four-dollar-per-day motel room was quite comfortable, without the need for a heater or air conditioner. The refreshing rains were generally light and brief; probably, due to the

fact that Acapulco is only about seventeen degrees north of the equator. However, Acapulco was a paradise in more ways than its splendid climate. There were: beautiful women, scenic beaches, clear blue waters, friendly peoples, fantastic seafood, great clubs (one in particular, which was built in the shape of a dome), etc.

On the advice of one of my friendly Italian drug buyers in MC, as well as an alluring alcoholic Latin American airline stewardess, whom I'd meant one evening at a local noisy cantina, I decided to go visit Acapulco's famed *Prince Hotel*. Until then, I'd avoided going to the place, because it was exclusively for the rich, the 'jet-set,' as they used to be called, and so I wasn't sure how I'd fit-in. Located behind the magnificent hotel were three large tiered swimming pools, with one pool spilling into the next. Buried pipes and pumps would run the water through a filter and return the fresh water to the upper pool. The lowest of the three swimming pools was closest to the beach. In one pool, I could swim-down underwater, and emerge inside a well-stocked underwater bar, made completely of large roundish brown and gray stones, complete with smooth stone bar stools. The stones reminded me of the fireplace at

the pigeon shooting club in southern Spain. The stools were barely underwater, so when seated, I was about belly-button deep. After drinking at the underwater bar, I'd just take a deep breath, slide off the stool, and swim down and through an underwater opening, and back up to the pool's surface. Just imagine the liability that your average hotel owner would now face with such a luxury, as the underwater bar. While lawsuits have changed many thing for the better, frivolous suits have certainly changed many things for the worse.

Fresh air was constantly pumped into the underwater cavernous bar, and so bubbles were constantly breaking the surface of the pool. Most of the bar hounds were rich Americans, and because I was plainly an American, the bar and pool staff automatically deferred to me, wrongly assuming I was one of the wealthy hotel guest. The young women vacationing at *The Prince*, conveniently assumed the same. Many women are routinely attracted to money, or the allusion of money. Money will make some women overlook a plethora of glaring faults in a man. At times, I've heard a woman talking about how great some rich man is, but when I asked the woman what's great about him, they're

often hard pressed to mention anything significant, except of course his money. Or they'll say, 'he's obviously a success,' again, referencing only the money. Moreover, they'll be quick to justify any wrongdoing the man commits, simply because of his wealth. Greed, like so many emotions, can temporarily shut-down logic. The price of greed are the injuries others are forced to sustain.

My bet is that the allure of Trump's wealth is what will help him garner some of the female vote. Women, who love highly flawed men of wealth, will often say things such as,

“Sure he's overweight, he works so much, that there's no time for him to go to the gym or run.”

“He can't help but be an angry person, when you think about all the crazy people, he must have to deal with in the rude cut-throat business world. Besides, to be a success, you've got to be pushy. It's only natural, Joey! Give the guy a break. He's entitled to piss-off a few people, now and then. It's no big deal!”

Yet, most women remain blind to their own motives. Their comments might be slightly different for the very same man, but minus the money.

“That fat loud mouth bastard is not the kind of man, I’d ever want.”

“He’s the most inconsiderate yo-yo I’ve ever seen. Who would want someone like that? Who would want such a pushy arrogant asshole?”

The enormous elegant hotel possessed a tasteful lobby, fashionable dining areas, a stylish well stocked bar, a gym with workout instructors and massage rooms, a lady’s salon, and a dancing area, adjacent to another bar, with a live band. There was also a huge breakfast room. It was easy to see that no poor people stayed there, except for some of the employees. *The Prince* is the same hotel in which the famous aviator, inventor, drug addict, playboy, and corporate tycoon, Howard Hoggs often stayed, and supposedly died, in.

Hogg’s death started a virtual avalanche of rumors, concerning questions like: how did he die, which drugs he may have been addicted to, what type or types of mental illness did he suffer with, did he really pee in laboratory bell-jars and store the urine-filled jars in his closet, why did he do that, exactly where in the hotel did he die, how many women did he bed, and of course, the big one... to whom did the dead Hoggs leave his massive fortune?

Never was there a more contested will, at his supposed death... yes, supposed.

Still, never did I believe a word about Howard's dying, and I still remain firmly convinced his supposed death was a complete ruse, simply a giant lie to cover his war profiteering, etc., and probably a few other things. Howard probably faked his death, since because of the famous Watergate fiasco, it was fast becoming clear that he was indirectly making a killing off killing lots of people in Vietnam. It was fairly obvious that Nixon, like the former presidents, was keeping us in a war, which killed three million Vietnamese and about 54,000 Americans, just so the military industries could make ungodly amounts of moolah.

Hoggs, who owned *Hoggs Helicopter*, had been paying big dollars to help get Nixon re-elected. Hoggs no doubt wanted the profitable war to continue, and Nixon was his puppet. The thousands of war protesters had been complaining about an unjust war, one that was only being fought to help the ultra-rich corporations, manufacturing the lethal and non-lethal accouterments of war, and other corporations which were building Vietnam's infrastructure: roads, bridges, ports, sewage systems,

hospitals, telecommunications, etc. A very large percentage of America's young people realized that the Vietnam War was a fraudulent criminal war; nothing more than corporations getting rich off lots of killing. Do you know of a better reason? Do you honestly think those groups of men with AK-47 actually defeated the US military? Many of those corporations were much larger than *Hoggs Helicopter*. But Hoggs owned several other corporations; all of which could have benefitted from having a president in your pocket. It was the check found in the Watergate burglar's pocket, which implicated Hoggs, so he faked his death, since America's protesting youth were just about to wake-up the rest of the country to what was going on, about killing for profit... oceans of blood for vaults of cash.

For me, there was too much indirect/ circumstantial evidence which indicated that Hoggs death was staged to avoid public contempt. Howard's death may have been the closest the world will ever come to seeing first hand, that war is instrumented for massive financial gain. My maternal Grandpa always said that he could bury anyone with enough circumstantial evidence. After all, juries are only human. Perhaps to avoid public exposé, Howard

Hoggs faked his death, and arranged his own burial. Since the infamous Howard H. (helicopter) Hoggs was born in 1905, he's likely now dead. Supposedly, his body is buried at Glenwood Cemetery in Houston, Texas. Has anyone has ever thought of exhuming the body, and comparing the DNA, with his other surviving relatives?

<https://www.celebfamily.com/business/howard-hughes-family.html>

It's just a hunch, that Howard was the one, who had provided the money, for that historic cashiers check, found in the pocket of one of the *Watergate* burglars. The check was made-out to the Nixon campaign. The cashiers check was purchased by Mr. Dahlberg, the midwestern head of fund-raising for the Nixon reelection campaign! He was a WWII ace, and claimed to have been approached by a friend named Dwayne Andreas, who was responsible for the success of the Archer Daniels Midland Company. He supposedly asked Dahlberg to make the check for him, because he (Andreas) didn't want his friend, Democratic Senator Hubert H. Humphrey to find out about the contribution. Dahlberg supposedly converted the funds into the cashiers check, with his

(Dahlberg's) name on it. Certainly, it could have happened that way, but it seems a little far fetched. Moreover, there is some evidence that the funds for that Boca Raton cashier's check came from a bank in Mexico City! In addition, there were other checks from the MC bank, to the bank in Boca Raton, which then found their way into Nixon's reelection campaign pocket. Rumor had it that there was a \$25,000 check arriving every week to Nixon's '72 campaign! The only person, who had an account in that MC bank, which was large enough to be writing a \$25K each week, was Mr. Howard Hogs.

Remember, those five men were discovered at 2:30 am, inside the *Democratic National Committee* headquarters, trying to bug it. They'd been spotted by a young black security guard, and were arrested for the break-in, on June 17, 1972. They were Virgilio González (a simple locksmith), Bernard Barker (*CIA*), James McCord (*CIA* and *FBI*), Eugenio Martínez (*CIA*), and Frank Sturgis (*CIA*). Four of the five burglars worked for the *CIA*. Their two handlers, were E. Howard Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy, who were Nixon campaign aides. If the *CIA* was heavily affiliated with those greedy war industries, they might want to make doubly sure that the Democrats would lose, so the highly profitable war would

continue. Frequently, former military and *CIA* employees retire to go work for major corporations in the military industrial complex (MIC), and visa versa. Who would ever suspected that?

War...the greatest and bloodiest generator of corporate profit.

A Time to Take Aim by Will Moraey

Some people speculate that many of the civilian military corporations are owned by the *CIA*, several of which are corporations in the MIC. It might be that *CIA* owned and operated corporations are slowly replacing the military, and that one day, the military will simply maintained for show and industrial purposes. Those five men (the Watergate burglars) were charged with attempted burglary and attempted interception of telephone and other types of illegal communications (wiretapping, etc.). All but the lock picker were former *CIA* employees. Do you think that there's any possibility that the *CIA/NSA* still work on behalf of the Republican party, trying to sabotage the Democratic party? If so, wouldn't such doings be grounds for a charge of treason? Just prior to the

1960 Presidential election, Nixon's image was smudged, when the press revealed that his brother, Donald Nixon, had received \$205,000 from Mr. Hoggs. The Watergate scandal produced the indictment of 69 people, with 48 being found guilty, many of which were top Nixon officials! Imagine that? As we all know, eventually President Nixon had to step down from office! The president was canned! The only president ever to resign, in the history of the nation. But why would Hoggs, whose aircraft company made helicopters, want to get Nixon reelected? It sure wasn't just because they were both good buddies and both Republicans. The material objective was to keep the bloody and profitable war rolling along, so Hoggs could keep selling countless helicopters, and so many other mega corporations, who were supplying war goods, could keep getting rich, which you, the taxpayer, paid for. War materials don't tend to be cheap, with a substantial mark-up from the manufacturing cost. All those aircraft needed regular maintenance and parts, and many had to be replaced, having been shot down. So many helicopters had to fly into hot LZs.

When Hoggs supposedly died, my understanding was that it was only L. Patrick Grayson, then the

director of the *FBI*, who identified the body, after it was flown back to the United States from Acapulco. It seems like he was supposed to have used Hogg's fingerprints to make the ID. How hard would it be for the head of the FBI to say, "The prints are a match." Bare-in-mind, Director Grayson had been hand appointed by President Nixon, whose campaign was the likely recipient of the aforementioned Watergate burglar checks, perhaps coming from Hogg. For some strange reason, Grayson resigned his position, as head of the *FBI*, when the Nixon scandal broke. Wonder why? Perhaps, someone had figured-out the cover-up and had sent an anonymous letter to Grayson, detailing the facts, and threatening to give those facts to the *Washington Post*, unless Grayson resigned. I would have loved seeing his face, reading that letter, if indeed there was such a letter. Anyone, who surmised the possibility of Grayson doing that, could have written the letter.

So asking Grayson to verify Hogg's body might have been a bit like, asking the fox to guard the hen house... crooks covering for crooks... Some people may have assumed that on superficial analysis, W. Mark Felter, Grayson's number two (associate director of the *FBI*), had helped to fake Hogg's death.

If you think that is far fetched, Felter was eventually revealed to be the infamous Deep Larynx, leaking info to Woodward and Bernstein, the famous *Washington Post* reporters. Often, I've wondered if Woodward and Bernstein knew about the connection between Hoggs and Nixon, between the sale of helicopters and Nixon keeping us in a bloody war. Never mind the 54,000 dead Americans and the millions of dead Vietnamese, not to mentioned all the crippled and wounded on both sides. What better way to nail your less-than-honest boss, than through an anonymous letter, and by leaking a certain percentage of the info to the *Washington Post*. You may be wondering why I'm making such an issue over these nebulous fictional speculations.

It's because that tiny cover-up is probably the closest that the American public will ever come to seeing first hand how the military industrial complex controls our government, kills our young men for money, kills countless innocent foreign peoples for money, and doesn't even tell you thanks, when you pay for all that killing, with your tax dollars. The mighty MIC is all into slaughter and maiming for profit, pure and simple. I realize that's hard to believe. Sometimes, I don't believe it myself.

The people, I spoke with at *The Prince Hotel*, who'd seen the body (supposedly Hoggs) being carried out, had told me that the body was that of a frail short brown skinned Mexican man, who looked to be part Mayan. Later reports, generated in the US, by two men, who may have been on the plane, when Hoggs was flown back, would claim Hoggs died on the plane. While partying at the underwater pool bar one night, I bumped into the inebriated sheriff of Acapulco. He loudly shouted that there was no way that such a small body could have been that of the famous tall light skinned Howard Hoggs. He then laughed loudly. The sheriff was eyeballing a gorgeous American blond, wearing a turquoise bikini, which was struggling to manage its job, so I knew better than to pursue the conversation. She was the daughter of an American oil executive, and traveled the globe, with a dozen different passports, all of them legal.

“Stupid gringos will believe that the world is flat, if your American *FBI* says so, and I can't even get my wife to believe I'm faithful. Ha. ha...” The sheriff laughingly stated, then winked at the young shapely blond, and she smiled and arched her back, blinding both the sheriff and me.

Later, the hotel manager, and several of the hotel's staff, would corroborate what the sheriff had said. I still wonder how they'd gotten the little brown man's body. *Wonder if they killed the guy or just stole him out of the morgue?* Perhaps, the body came from a local funeral home, where it was scheduled to be cremated, or buried in a closed-casket. I suppose, if Hoggs faked his death, obtaining a body was a fairly simple task. When you're super rich, you can often do the seemingly impossible.

<http://www.vhpa.org/heliloss.pdf>

The war in Vietnam had been making some ridiculous amounts of money for Howard's helicopter company. While Hoggs didn't make the famous Huey, the company made many of the other helicopters, and Hoggs owned roughly a dozen other corporations; all of which could have benefited from Presidential influence keeping the US in the war. Perhaps by keeping Nixon in office, Hoggs got to keep selling and resupplying the helicopters for the continuing war, so Hoggs got extremely rich off of killing American and Vietnamese soldiers... lots of money for lots of death. Nixon only had to guarantee

that the war would continue, and for that guarantee Hoggs might have paid his election campaign to the tune of \$25,000 per week; a tidy sum, especially back then!

War materials cost plenty: bombs, artillery, bullets, uniforms, food, rifles, aircraft, ships, road building, communications, medicine, missiles, helmets, boots, MREs, grenades, rockets, mortars, tanks, aircraft, trucks, coffins, bodybags, embalming fluids, fuels, radios, rockets, radar, artillery, mines, torpedoes, canteens, knives, scopes, submarines, aircraft carriers, pistols, etc. Is there ever a just reason for war? Of course, the main reason might be all the aggressive pieces of gray matter which desperately need a vicarious outlet, and the areas of the brain which account for greed. I think it's a normal thing for each man to have some portion of his brain enjoy the idea of killing, but for far too many that aggressive region is too large and overactive, perchance only church and the police keep said gray matter in check, ergo maybe the next best that is living vicariously through the US military. In 2016 dollars, the Vietnam War cost roughly \$1.2 trillion, then consider the minor fact that the North Vietnamese won the war, yet nothing

bad came of it. We lost the war, and the result was... no difference! After losing the war, no dominoes fell! Communism didn't suddenly takeover the world, and Vietnam is still just a poor little third world country, now filled with countless maimed and crippled people, millions of marked and unmarked graves, and their countryside is filled with metal shards from bomb and artillery fragments, spent bullets, shell casings, as well as unexploded ordinance: bomb, mines, and artillery.

As stated, the communists didn't suddenly take over the planet, but just imagine how many thousands of those expensive helicopters were used and/or destroyed in the Vietnam war, but don't bother to think about the dead GIs, or the dead Vietnamese, or how bad the country's infrastructure was trashed. About 12,000 helicopters served in the Vietnam War, and helicopters were cheap compared to the jets. Twelve thousand helicopters cost about \$56 billion, but that doesn't cover all the parts, which were regularly replaced, even if they didn't need replacing. Think about what a B-52 cost, roughly \$9M to \$54M, depending on the model, but many other types of aircraft were used and lost in Vietnam. The jungles of Vietnam are littered with

thousands of downed aircraft. It bares repeating that Vietnam cost the US about \$1.2 trillion in today's money, and all that expense for no apparent reason, other than the war companies got to become super rich off your taxes. Think what could have been done for US education or medical care with that amount of money. The war manufacturing corporations are really the only entities who truly win when there's war, not the opponents. Why is it that the citizens never realize that their politicians always lie, when it comes to why we have such a dire need to kill so many people... blood for profit, and certain pieces of gray matter getting to pleasurable fire?

If Howard Hogs had been linked to Nixon's Watergate crimes, because of that suspicious cashier's check, being found in the Watergate burglar's pocket, it was likely to become apparent to the American public, that an American president and an ultra rich military industrialist were in effect cahoots killing GIs and Vietnamese, just so the helicopters could keep getting blown out of the sky, so Hogs and many other industrialists like him could become wealthy from war. Since the protesters were already raising sand about unjust need for that war, wonder what would have happened if that tidbit had

surfaced? Please keep in mind that Hoggs's profits from the Vietnam war were nothing compared to other larger corporations.

For that war-generated wealth, Hoggs was funding Nixon's campaign, and then some. All Nixon had to do was to keep the war going, and to make sure that the military budget didn't get reduced. The US troops in Vietnam would take hill after hill, but then give each hill back, just a few days later. At night, strike fighters and bombers would bomb coordinates in the jungle, where only vegetation would be blown-up. Does that make sense to you? Men on both sides would give their lives for some stupid hill, only to leave and give it up, a few days later! Does that make sense to you? It does if the war is only being fought to make money for the war industries. Our bombers weren't allowed to bomb Hanoi, and the US had a self-imposed prohibition zone for the city of Haiphong. However, US bombers dropped bombs in the Vietnam jungle at night, mandating the need for the manufacture and purchase of more bombs.

Some things never change, but just switch locations on the earth, i.e., Iran and Afghanistan; there we drop bombs and fire countless artillery

rounds at night onto empty desert, or into vacant mountains. We also make countless drone strikes in many other countries on questionable targets. When the hellfire missiles do hit a real target, often more innocents die than bad guys, thereby ensuring the creation of more terrorists, and therefore more business for the MIC. The more people, who hate America, the more weapons need to be made, and the larger the military budget, and the less money available for medicine and education.

The military industrial complex, their minions/partners in the intelligence communities, and their well paid lobbyists certainly see the advantages of killing lots of people. Everyday citizens, don't understand that corporate profits are far more important than people's lives. The average American falls for the deadly political lies, which deceitful puppet politicians contrive. Everyone, but a few idiots, know that no one ever wanted a war as bad as did George Bush. Now, drone strikes are likely to be creating more terrorists, than they're killing them, but the MIC thrives on that fact, since more terrorists, obviously means more weapons and more profits. The drones cost millions and every hellfire missile is \$115,000. The Global Hawk drone costs

about \$120 million, and an F-35A Lightning II Strike Fighter aircraft is \$89 million. The old Predator drone is only about \$5 million. Every moment of every day there are at least 500 military drones in the air, doing their thing. Talk about big brother!

My bet was that Hoggs faked his death, with President Nixon's and Director Grayson's help, to avoid public exposure. Such exposure might result in actual prosecution. But just imagine the public outrage if Hogg's and Nixon's true motives for war came to light... killing on a grand scale for grand money! Almost everyone, who wasn't in the military, and under age thirty, knew that the war was a scam, just like Iraq and Afghanistan are, now.

It's a rather long story and I won't bore you with it here, but if you're not too busy, you might just checkout who got the famous Hoggs' fortune in Wikipedia. The fight over the will (there was more than one) was a huge mess and then some; you might even say it was absurd. So absurd, that it diverted public attention away from the nature of Howard's actual phony death, which was probably one giant piss-poor attempt at a cover-up. Could it actually have been that a tiny dead Mexican man, was falsely verified by the head of the *FBI*, as being the wealthy

Hoggs. Since when do we need the Director of the *FBI*, to personally checkout someone's fingerprints, and yet no crime had been committed? Just a rich guy had supposedly died. So why the head of the *FBI*? Something tells me that Hoggs actually passed away years later, on St. Barths, and not on a flight from Acapulco to Houston, Texas.

The portion of the city closest to *The Prince Hotel* and the main beach was beautifully configured to cater to wealthy tourists. The stores there were cleaner, with uniformed employees, the structures were more modern, with better decorations, and they were larger and more spacious. The bars and dance clubs were also more exquisite. The rest of the city was pretty much like most other Mexican cities... poor. This was as the cab drivers had described that first night at the bus station. This poor versus rich sectioning of the city gave me an idea. As mentioned, the stores most frequented by the tourists had elevated their prices substantially, simply due to their proximity to *The Prince Hotel*, the main beach, and so had a few other hi-end hotels, bars, clubs, and restaurants, all within the same wealthy section of the city.

The more humble and less profitable Acapulco

shops, in the poorer areas of the city, sold their goods at substantially reduced prices, usually around a quarter the price, yet much of their merchandise was comparable, if not identical, to the wares being sold in the more modern affluent stores. Furthermore, the poorer stores often contained the unique Indian-made items: jewelry, shoes, boots, clothes, purses, belts, etc., which were popular with some of the visiting Americans. Many of the endogenous Indian products were similar to those produced produced by the Indians in the American southwest, but some were uniquely different, with the more expensive pieces containing silver, gold, and emeralds. Most of the emeralds came from Columbia, in the mountain ranges of the Andes. There were three mining regions that the little shops got their emeralds from: Muzo, Chivor, and Coscuez. I've heard that those mining regions are now owned by the Colombian government. Governments always take... be it weed, emeralds, people's freedom, the lives of foreigners, etc. Make no mistake, there is no government, which is actually of the people, by the people, and for the people, but it sure sounds good.

While adhering to the words of the United States constitution, our government has managed to allow

slavery, Jim Crow, and the evolution of a racially biased legal system; misused taxpayer money to fund illegitimate wars, allowing the military industries to become wealthy beyond measure, while killing millions; cut funding to education, resulting in a largely ignorant populace; allowed monopolies to flourish and thereby destroy healthy competition; and, created inferior medical and pharmaceutical systems, which at the same time are the world's most expensive.

We The People by Bill Morse Wamsley

These poorer Acapulco businesses were only a mile or two out of the tourist zone, but as a result, they failed to benefit from the wealthy tourist dollars. It was almost as if Acapulco was two separate cities: one smaller and very rich, and the other larger, but far poorer. Very likely, it's still somewhat that way. Around the world, many tourist destinations, are so configured. One part of the city being clean and modern, designed for the rich tourists, and the rest is for the poorer inhabitants, many of whom work in the tourist area, for very low pay. It's sort of like the people, who clean the cabins, and wait the tables on cruise ships, who live in cramped smelly quarters in the belly of the ship,

working for low pay, and tips.

The wealthy tourists of Acapulco were not too keen on venturing into the poorer sections of town, even though there was no significant problem with crime. The cartels didn't exist, then. By-in-large, most of Mexico was reasonably safe. In fact, while cocaine was available, the cartels were just barely getting started in Columbia, and Pablo Escobar had just flying his first plane from Columbia to Panama. Perhaps, the first thing to resemble a Mexican cartel, was the tin warehouse in Tepito, run by the three black kings. Recently, my daughter and I went on a Caribbean cruise, which docked at the coastal city of Progreso, in southern Mexico. We disembarked to take a bus ride to visit some ancient pyramids.

Periodically, the bus would pass Mexican police, who were all carrying high powered fully automatic weapons with extended ammo magazines. Most of Mexico is now relatively unsafe for tourists, and is run by various drug cartels. If you were to now live in those areas, the trick would be to blend-in and appear poor. Now, the Mexican police are controlled by the politicians and street gangs, who both pay homage to the cartels. The cartels seem to be winning the war on drugs, but there's a simple way

to win the war, the idea is enclosed in the later chapter entitled, 'Ending the Drug Problem,' in roughly the last forty pages of this book. It may be hard to believe, but it's the American government, that literally keeps the drug cartels rolling in dough. Stopping America's addictive drug problem is fairly simple. If you don't believe me, just read that chapter.

As the first step of my business plan, I walked to a men's clothing store in one of the poorer areas of Acapulco, purchased two well-made short sleeve white shirts, two pair of fashionable light weight tan cotton slacks, a pair of dark brown soft leather loafers, with a matching belt, then topped-off my buying spree with a small bottle of bay rum. Sorry to say, I've never been too concerned about sartorial issues. For that matter, success is something that's never really interested me. Mostly, I've just wanted to avoid boredom, read, think, and raise my child, before taking that inevitable eternal dirt nap.

Leaving the new pants at the store to be tailored, I went to a stationery store, which also sold odiferous exotic animals, so I could only remain in the store for a few minutes. There, I ordered a small box of business cards, purchased a rather expensive leather-

bound address book, and left it to have the name of my phony Washington DC-based business, stenciled on the front in bold gold letters. Before going back to my room to grab a shower and visit a new club, I stopped by a street barber, a Mayan dwarf, who reminded me of Foxy at the YMCA. He too was a very formal type of fellow. The haircut was performed with me sitting in a plain wooden straight-backed chair, outside on the sidewalk. The barber didn't use electric clippers, but instead, a pair of scissors, a comb, a basin of water, the shaving mug with the cake soap insert, the soft application brush, and an old fashioned straight razor, which he sharpened on a leather strop, attached to the back of the simple chair; all for twenty-five cents, that included a ten cent tip. The barber took his work seriously, and did an outstanding job, without my receiving a nick. Later that evening at the bus station, I spoke with several cab drivers to secure the use of their transportation services for the next Thursday morning, mentioning that if all went well, the planned event could become a regular once-a-week gig for all of us, and that hopefully it might involve a fair number of attractive rich women.

The following day was a Tuesday, I picked up my

newly tailored pants, business cards, and gold stenciled address book. Sporting my new hair cut, and decked-out in some of my new garments, while smelling of bay rum, I hired a cab. For a few hours that day, the driver and I traveled around the poorer parts of the city, locating, and striking deals with the proprietors of four jewelry stores, two women's shoe and purse stores (leather stores), and finally a well-run bar and grill, not too far outside the expensive tourist zone, where the cabbie and I ate a late lunch.

The quaint bar and restaurant was located in an ideal setting, close to the water, where the shore was smooth gray rock, and hard gray cliffs, unlike the sand of the main beaches, and the eating place was surrounded by huge clumps of the previously mentioned big beautiful bluish-green bamboo, for which Acapulco was named. Off to one side of the patio was a high rocky cliff, which ran beneath the surface. The water at the base of the cliff was deep and clear, and so the cliff could be seen continuing far below the surface. Large somewhat slow moving gray fish could be seen milling around the cliff face. The air was usually cool and fresh at the little eatery, and later I'd learn that relatively few people ate there, although it was one of the most scenic places

in Acapulco, with sumptuous food, and a full bar... best kept secret... a pearl for a find. Having brought several more maps from the bus station, I'd drawn-in the routes to those businesses and numbered the stops of my proposed tour. I gave one such map to each taxi driver, in case they got separated, during the tour. Such precautions were necessary then, since there was no GPS, no cell phones, and even pay-phones were then fairly scarce, in Mexico.

The phony business cards, said that I owned the parent tourist company in Washington DC, and had started the daughter business, in Acapulco, ergo the business cards provided me with the allusion of being an international businessman. The store proprietors and cabdrivers believed the lie. I told each storeowner that I would like to be able to consider his fine store as a potential stop on my prospective women's shopping expeditions. Not too surprisingly, each of them, assumed that they'd have to pay me a bribe to get the tourists brought into their store. Each owner would usually pull the corners of their mouth back, then raise their brows and skeptically ask, "How much?" That's when I shocked them, by not asking for money.

"Well, señor, that would of course depend on

how much business my tour service brings to you, and unquestionably it will bring you plenty, every Thursday.” With that first sentence, I’d usually raise my right hand and rub my thumb and fingers together... the universal sign for money.

“You and I will get rich together, just as my business has done in the capital of the United States. I’m not a greedy man, and I could not possibly ask a fine businessman, such as yourself, to pay in advance for something of no proven value, so first permit me to prove my value to you. I will bring you rich tourist ladies, eager to buy your goods. What I am suggesting is a simple ten percent cent of what the tourist ladies spend, and since you control the prices, and you will know when I’m bringing the rich tourist ladies, you essentially have nothing to lose, and everything to gain. I’ll be bringing them to your store each Thursday, so on Wednesday night just raise your prices that modest ten percent or maybe more, just as long as your prices are below those of the expensive stores near to the beach. If you agree to this arrangement, I’ll need to be paid in cash, and so I will later return that same day to collect my money. While my customers are buying things in your store, I’ll carry my notebook and keep track of what they

purchase and how much they pay. This is the same arrangement I now have with the stores in Washington DC.”

“Those stores close to *The Prince Hotel* and the main beach, charge almost four times what you do, for the same items, and they are selling much more than you are. Its time you benefit from the tourist dollar, as well. Try-out my tourist service, and if it doesn’t work for you, you’ve loss absolutely nothing. If you are honest and fair with me, I will continue to bring you business... the rich tourists. If you don’t pay me my share, I can always find another store for my rich clients. If you want to stop our arrangement, all you have to do is not pay me one time, and we’re finished. I won’t even ask for that day’s money, but I won’t bring any more tourists, either. You run no risk, doing business with me.”

If the shop owner looked interested, which they all did, I then sincerely tried to make friends, usually by taking them to lunch at the aforementioned restaurant by the cliff. Always trying to point-out the best aspects of their shop, I’d then gently mention one or two of the less than desirable traits, in hopes that they’d improve their store’s appearance: painting, carpeting, washing windows, cleaning,

fixing-up the restroom, clothes and grooming of the clerks, and as they made more money, purchasing higher quality items for sale.

“My company has recently come to magnificent Acapulco and established an exclusive five year agreement with *The Prince Hotel* to promote tours for their wealthy guests.”

Of course, that agreement was a lie. Oddly enough no one ever questioned the lie, and seemingly not one person doubted my words. Indeed, it pays to be an excellent liar.

“I know that rich tourists can be a lot of trouble, often wanting special attention, but I also know that they may spend money more freely, especially those residing at the *Prince Hotel*. There is no contract to bind you to me, or me to you. Our agreement will simply be done with a gentleman’s handshake. I trust you and you trust me. Again, if you wish to cancel our agreement, you have but not to pay me, or short change me for what I’m owed, and then we’re finished... our relationship will be over. But I am sure that won’t happen, when you see how your profits climb. So... what do you say, señor?” At that point, I’d extend my hand, and none of the storeowners failed to shake it.

Visions of sugar plums and dollars danced in our heads. Without provocation, most of the storeowners came to provide music in their stores, and I recommended they not play mariachi music, suggesting soft classical or romantic music. As time later passed, the owners brought in a few more comfortable chairs, and started serving wine, chocolates, and/or some simple finger foods; all designed to loosen up the tourists and put them in a buying mood. Needless-to-say, the music, wine, and nibbles worked. Most women enjoy such. None of the high priced stores, near *The Prince Hotel* and main beach, provided these minor amenities. After establishing the arrangements with the stores and the restaurant, all that remained was for me to actually go to *The Prince Hotel* and procure the tourists, and that would be the most stressful part of my plan.

The day after the cabbie had taken me around to the six stores and the restaurant, it was Wednesday. That day, I spent hours writing and rehearsing my speech, to be presented the next Thursday morning at *The Prince*. Over and over, I practiced the presentation, till it was polished.

Hanging-out at the beach and pool area of *The Prince Hotel* is what had clued me into the fact that

Thursday was generally the hotel's most boring, do-nothing, day. That Wednesday night, I hung-out at the hotel pools, and talked-up my business, which I'd be offering the following morning, but I did it in such a manner, to suggest I worked for *The Prince*, like a public relations guy. I was just paving the way for my speech, the next morning.

So, with my six stores and my picturesque restaurant-bar at the ready, Thursday morning, decked-out in my new clothes and armed with my new phony business cards, I rode in the front seat of the lead cab, with three cabs following. All four drivers had been briefed on my plan. They had taken pains to wash and clean-up the inside of their cabs, and they also dressed better. I'd tried to select the most congenial of the available taxi drivers, those who seemed most likely to be polite, and appealing to the females. I'd gotten to know the cabbies fairly well, since the bus station, was close to my rented room, and is where the cabbies hangout.

The established order for visiting the stores had been arranged so that each store was progressively better than the last. Never once had I thought about talking to the management at *The Prince Hotel*, to get their permission. Intuitively, I knew the answer

would have been negative; too much liability, and too many palms would have had to be greased, and I wasn't sure exactly how to go about doing that. I planned to approach the hotel's general manger, after I'd established my business as being successful entertainment for their guests.

On the business card, I unambiguously named the fledgling business *Visitas (Tours) Acapulco*, using a local post office box number for the address. I used the name of Jose Valens. The card also contained a phony parent company name, *Capital Gold Tours*, with a completely contrived address in Washington, DC, on 14th and 'T' Street, where I'd seen the man knifed in the gas station, during the aforementioned Martin Luther King riots. I used my correct first name on the card, but changed it to its Spanish equivalent, Jose, and adopted the fictitious last name of Valens. The last name certainly worked in Mexico. Speaking with Mexicans, I'd introduce myself as Jose, telling them that I was Mexican American, born and raised in Alexandria, Virginia, next to the nation's capital, and that both my parents had been born in Durango, Mexico.

At the first meeting with the store owners, I had copied down all their names and phone numbers for

future contact in my new fancy leather-bound address book, with *Visitas Acapulco* stenciled in gold on the front. I also used the notebook to record tourist client purchases. The shop owners were fairly accurate and true to their word. They paid in cash, on time, and roughly the correct amount. If they were only off a few bucks, I just ignored it, unless it happened twice, then I'd point it out. In effect, my once a week excursion, quadrupled their businesses!

It was just two minutes before nine a.m., when the four taxis parked along the curb of the long drive in front of the spectacular *Prince Hotel*. Many of the visitors to *The Prince* tended to eat a late breakfast. The cabbie's patiently waited out front, while I hurriedly walked in to perform my well rehearsed song and dance. Stepping into the expansive dining-room, a large group of wealthy tourists were just finishing up breakfast, and facing the do-nothing Thursday. Positioning myself in the very center of the room, I surveyed the area to make sure that no managerial staff was present, and I did my best to look as if I was an employee of *The Prince*.

Ninety percent of the diners were Americans, so of course, I made my announcement in English, while adding a slight Spanish accent, and with a couple of

well known Spanish phrases stirred-in. To begin with, I tapped the edge of a spoon onto an abandoned water glass, took a deep breath, and smiled gaining everyone's attention. Continually turning to face everyone in the huge room, I slowly and deliberately delivered my well practiced sales pitch.

“Excuse me, my honored guests. May I please have your attention for just a few moments? Sorry for interrupting your breakfast. Let me first say how happy we are to have you fine people, as guests here at the world famous *Prince Hotel*. I am Señor Joey Valens, and will be looking forward to being your shopping guide, today. This morning, we are offering a special treat just for our female guests, who enjoy shopping. *That only includes 99% of these ladies.*”

This line was delivered in such a way as to impart the impression that I worked for *The Prince Hotel*, and I do believe that even the waiters, waitresses, and cooks believed it to be true. Everyone's attention was focused on me. At least no one had frowned, or had tried to stop my presentation, so I continued.

“Our fair city of Acapulco boast some truly exceptional jewelries, filled with magnificent

sparkling items, crafted from the finest gold and silver, and adorned with various beautiful precious and semi-precious jewels, mined from remote parts of Central and South America. Some of these items are highly unique. Moreover, Acapulco has some of the finest leather shops filled with beautifully crafted, women's shoes, wallets, purses, gloves, and other fine items made from many types of supple leather. Our tour will be visiting six of these fine shops, and this all-day excursion is only available to you fine ladies, currently staying here at *The Prince*. This morning, in about one half hour, at exactly 9:30, {at this point I checked my watch} our special tour will be departing from our front driveway, to visit these wonderful out-of-the-way stores of Acapulco." It was plain to see that many of the women were interested.

"These exquisite stores are a little more out of the way, but as such, have preferable prices, and magnificent merchandise. We will have four cabs out front, waiting to transport those ladies, who wish to partake in this fun-filled shopping adventure. The cost of this enjoyable tour is but a nominal fee of twenty dollars cash, to be paid to me, upon entering the vehicle. In the middle of this tour, we'll be

stopping at an enchanting gourmet (a slight lie) bar and restaurant right by the water, where you will have about one hour to purchase lunch and drinks, and then it's off again for more shopping. After a total of six shops, we will return here, well in advance of the dinner hour. Little time will actually be spent riding in the cabs, since the shops are all within the city limits."

"My drivers and I will be waiting for you, directly in front of the hotel in the main driveway. The tour will be first-come-first-serve, and we only have enough transportation for nineteen customers, so if you are interested, please do not delay. Thank you, ladies. I do hope I'll be seeing you outside. Again, the cost of our tour is only twenty dollars cash, and we pull-out at 9:30 on the dot. Thank you."

With a smile and a dramatic bow, I exited the room and went out to the waiting cabs. Before, leaving the dining area, I noticed that several of the women were already leaving their tables. Standing by the lead cab, I was terrified that at any moment the police or hotel security were going to show-up to arrest me, but fortunately, no officials came.

We packed nineteen eager women into the four cabs, and turned away about a dozen disappointed

ladies. *I need to add a few more cabs, next week.* The young male cab drivers were thrilled to be in a cab packed with women. There's little doubt that rich women use the best lotions and soaps, and wear the finest perfumes. The store owners had all been notified to expect the tour, and each owner had been given a rough time for our arrival, give or take fifteen minutes. The tour went like clockwork. I'd instructed the cabbies not to play mariachi music on their cab radios.

Newton's fourth law of motion is that women are powerfully attracted to jewelry, shoes, and purses, most especially on days where they have little else to do. Maybe it's some arcane genetic allele, located on both the X chromosomes. To bring happiness to so many women, and to be paid for it, was a dream job. I felt like Acapulco's shopping pimp. To visit the six stores and the restaurant required about seven hours.

On the days, when I brought the tourists to the stores, the prices had been raised, anywhere from twenty to one hundred percent, so evidently my modest ten percent cash profit wasn't a burden on the store owners. With those price increases, so grew my ten percent share. Moreover, every Thursday, the price labels were in dollars, instead of pesos. Over

time, these Thursday tourist visits resulted in a higher quality of product, appearing on the store shelves, and showcases of those stores. Several owners employed an extra clerk to work the Thursday tour. As time passed, the jewelry stores went from selling items between five dollars and three hundred dollars, up to items ranging from twenty dollars to three thousand dollars. Of course, the fact that the merchandise had been upgraded, also increased my profits. The store owners frequently gave me gifts.

The aforementioned restaurant-bar was situated on the waterfront on the opposite shore of Acapulco Bay from *The Prince*. As with the six stores, the owner of the bar and restaurant had agreed to pay me ten percent of the ladies' tabs. Running the once-a-week tour in Acapulco was almost as profitable as drug dealing on the streets of Mexico City, but it was certainly less risky, and with the ladies, it was infinitely more fun.

The alluring scenic restaurant was a serious money maker, especially since many of the women were major alcoholics, and I got ten percent of their food and bar tab. The owner of the restaurant had new menus printed-up, just for my Thursday

customers. He had inflated the food costs by half, and had doubled the booze prices. How I loved inflation, since it nicely supplemented my ten percent commission. The restaurant was also a great place to take a date in the evening.

We normally had the ladies back to *The Prince* around four thirty to five, so they had plenty of time to get ready for their evening meal. Once we dropped the ladies off, I'd pay the cabbies, then take one cab around to the stores and the restaurant to collect my profits. As mentioned, I had recorded the day's sales in my logbook, and returning to each shop, and the restaurant, where I'd compare notes with the owners. Once paid, I ripped-out the pages, and disposed of them, since Mexico had strict income tax laws.

The cab drivers all showed-up smiling from ear to ear for the Thursday tours. They were freshly showered and shaved, and wearing better clothes, so I paid them double, plus I gave them the occasional joint. The beautiful and fragrant women, always made the cabbies eager to work the Thursday tour. All the time that I ran the tours, I never had a cabbie fail to show, or to show-up late, nor did any quit. They were all extremely dependable. In general, I'd say that your average Mexican has a far stronger

work ethic, than does your average American. The tourist women frequently tipped the drivers. I did have a little trouble with the drivers hitting on the younger blonds, but I told them that if they hooked-up it had to be on their time, and not on the tour day, and luckily none of the women ever complained to the hotel.

Mexican males, more often than not, have a thing for blonds. In a way, the driver's flirtations seemed to add something to the tour. As mentioned, I only did this once a week, owing to the fact that on the other days the hotel, had several outings of its own: cliff divers, scuba-diving trips, fishing trips, and visits to nearby towns and beaches, etc. My business was making good money, ergo my buried bank, just outside my motel room, continued to grow; always making money deposits in the cover of darkness. I had given the cab drivers the impression that I had a prearranged exclusive agreement with the hotel management, to lend myself some creditability, and to keep the cabbies from thinking that they could do the same, and simply cut into my lucrative business.

The evening after the first tour, I stayed at *The Prince* to find and tip the general manager fifty dollars, and I continued to do so each Thursday. That

first day, we had a couple drinks together, and he, like the sheriff at the hotel pool, told me about the small Mexican body, which had been carried out of the hotel, in place of Howard Hogg. That first meeting with the hotel manager was largely another of my scripted conversations. Luckily, he was pleased, not only because of the weekly fifty dollars, but because the little tour made some of the rich female tourists happy, on what was normally the hotel's boring Thursdays. Even though, I was making good money, I still stayed in the same cheap four-dollar-a day motel. One thing which surprised me was that the women I dated, seemed to enjoy my cheap lodging. Never under estimate the attraction of a dumpy rented room. But frankly sex on a straw-filled mattress wasn't as good as on a regular mattress.

Fortunately, after my third week of living there, the motel gave me a legitimate mattress and box-springs, but still, no frame. With the money I'd made in MC and Acapulco, I could easily have moved into a better place, or bought a little house, but I liked the idea of living poor, and saving money, like the old Jewish commander had taught me, when I was eleven years old, in Spain. With my dope money

from Mexico City and my Acapulco tourist business earnings, I was amassing more than a tidy sum. With a bit of careful internet perusal, I'll bet one could easily locate various cities in the world, where such a taxi-tourist-business could still be made to work.

Even today, being far from rich, but no longer too poor, I enjoy making people think that I am penniless, purchasing second-hand books, buying used clothes from thrift stores and flea markets, driving a small low-priced and easy to maintain car, and telling my friends and acquaintances how I wished I could afford nicer things, as most of them can. Besides, it makes them feel good. In America, as in many modern countries, the value of a person is too often measured by their finances. The only reason I have a better house is for my child's sake, and I spend too much money on her clothes. Adolescent girls do so love new clothes. At least she doesn't care about jewelry.

Due to Montezuma's Revenge, I missed one of the Thursday taxi tours. The cab drivers and store owners really complained, but as agreed, they only got paid if a sale was made, and as mentioned, we had no written contract. Everyone had told me not to drink the local water, yet I foolishly made the

mistake of thinking that since I had been there so long, I was safe to drink it. Thank God the local pharmacy carried paregoric, with no script required. Until 1970, the drug could be purchased in the United States at any drugstore without a prescription, and this was in accordance with federal law. It was often on the same aisle as was *Pepto-Bismol*. Since diarrhea is such a common ailment, the doctors and pharmaceutical companies were missing-out on making lots of money, so the profit-driven *FDA* turned paregoric into a prescription only drug, and the price was jacked way-up. That way, both the *AMA* (added doctor's visit and tests), and of course, big Pharma made more money. There's a good chance that the same thing is going to happen one day to dextromethorphan, currently found in many over-the-counter cough syrups and pills, since it's an effective cough suppressant, and therefore cutting into the profit of the pharmaceutical cough medicines. The process of taking dextromethorphan off the market will be making the users register their name of birthday, and then the *FDA* will say that the coincidence of user names or birthdays indicates addiction.

The ever frequent need to vacant my bowels

forced me to memorize the locations of a fair number of bathrooms around the city; for the most part, I just laid in my room, read another Hermann Hesse novel, sipped water, and ate cheese and salty crackers. The novel seemed to imply that menial labor could be as satisfying as academia; basically, it boiled down to the fact that different cerebrums, preferred different professions. Imagine that! Looking back, as a young adult, I think I over estimated the significance of Hesse's works.

The knowledgeable dapper little man, the world famous archeologist, in the Chapultepec museum had awoken something in me. I started thinking that I may need to apply myself to become something of worth, and by worth, I wasn't thinking about money. The post alcohol withdrawals had left me not caring about doing something significant with my life, but that was slowly changing. I was glad to be out of the dope business and making money semi-legally, on my own initiative. Because my business was not registered in Mexico, and I wasn't paying taxes, and didn't even know how to go about doing such things, I'm fairly certain my business was less than legal. I never bothered to look-into getting a business license, for there was the possibility that I'd face

back taxes and other legal violations, and the Mexican government was notorious for such doings. There was no point in kicking a sleeping dog. Even talking to an attorney to discuss the idea of a registered business seemed too risky, since I been told that frequently Mexican attorneys didn't respect the attorney-client privilege, and liked to see Americans put in the slammer. That way, the attorney would 'come to their rescue,' to bleed the victim and their family of money. So, I chose to continue to operate illegally. I thought about going back to Tepito, and asking the three kings to contact Juan, Antonio, Guillermo the counterfeiters, to gin-up (forge) the necessary licensing for me, but I never did, not wanting to risk Rosa locating me and showing-up in Acapulco. The most worrisome aspect of my tour business was that it was extremely visible, with many people being aware of it: the taxi drivers, the staff at *The Prince Hotel*, the various business owners and their staff (the six shops and the restaurant), and my many tourist customers. I'd lied to all those people, telling them that my tour business was registered in the United States and Mexico. The illegality of my business continually worried me. Often, when I'd return to my room at night, I'd expect the police to come knocking on my

door, but as luck would have it, they never did. The lie held.

During my six off days, I generally hung-out at the beach to meet women and swim. In the evenings, I'd take my dates somewhere, such as: a club, a moonlit walk on the beach, swimming at *The Prince*, to dinner, a movie if the girl was Mexican, etc. Unlike Rosa, most of the local girls were usually kind, selfless, trustworthy, and fairly sincere. Moreover, they didn't hate Jews, like Rosa. Many were gorgeous sensual women, and they usually knew the best places to go to have fun. Generally, they were more family oriented, than the out-of-town tourists girls.

On two occasions, girls invited me to have dinner with their families, which frightened me, for it usually meant that marriage was being considered, especially in Mexico, with its' plummeting economy. As mentioned, I wasn't made for that antiquated social convention. Fool me once, shame on you... Solely because of the taxi-tourist business, I was perceived as a successful American business man, a ruse I wasn't at all comfortable with, but I suppose it was better than being thought of as a drug dealer. After meeting many of the local inhabitants, I had

the information I needed, if I'd wanted to start-up the dope-selling business, again. However, I was done with the illegal drug trade, and as mentioned, it felt good about making a semi-honest living.

Nevertheless, I kept up with a few potential Acapulco drug contacts, just in case. It was like keeping a fallback plan, in case things with the tour business fell-through. Even so, I never used those drug contacts.

What I liked about the tourist ladies, who were mostly Americans or South Americans, is that they were wilder, principally because they knew they'd be gone in a few days... *what happens in Acapulco stays in...* The normal male brain (Some hairy women can be that way, as well.) is definitely made to play the field. Perhaps, the concept of monogamy is something that was created by women, old men, a monk, and various religious entities, trying desperately to control the masses. Maybe it was thought-up by someone, who hated their life, and wanted everyone else to hate their's.

Possibly the old Mormons had it right, with polygamy, but there again, they still included marriage in the deal. Many anthropologists believe that polygamy has existed throughout human history.

In 2003, *New Scientist* magazine proposed the possibility that, until about 10,000 years ago, most children were sired by comparatively few men. For example, a group of geneticists at *Trinity College Dublin* headed-up by Professor Dan Bradley reported that as many as 3 million men worldwide may be descendants of an Irish warlord, the Irish “High King” at Tara, the ancient center of Ireland from A.D. 379 to A.D. 405. Brigham Young, who some call the Moses of Mormonism, had 55 wives, but I doubt Moses got that kind of action. Brigham founded Salt Lake City, and was president of the Mormon church from 1847 to 1877. In 1877 he died, but even back in 1902 the *New York Times* stated that Young had 1000 descendants. It’s quite likely, that millions of Americans now possess some of his DNA. Moreover, all the males, who are direct male descendants, have Brigham’s same Y chromosome, and his SRY gene. Because males are generally more aggressive than females, and male hormones are often thought to be the cause of this, and so the SRY gene is often thought of as a contributor to such behavior.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/
Descendants_of_Brigham_Young](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Descendants_of_Brigham_Young)

But if you're ever seriously considering adopting Mormonism as your favorite crutch, you might first take the time to read Fawn McKay Brodie's (1915-1981) book, *No Man Knows My History: The Life of Joseph Smith*. The 1945 publication was the first important non-hagiographic (non-ass-kissing) biography of Joseph Smith, the founder of the *Latter Day Saints* religion, Mormonism. Most everything else, written by Mormons is as you'd expect, highly flattering of Joseph. That tome continues to be published to this day. If you want to know what Joseph Smith may have been about, read it, and you'll probably move on to find some other delusional religion, but for your sanity's sake, try to avoid the urge, and only search for truth, even if you were raised to 'believe,' or you've had some major life crisis, or you're looking for some psychological support, or you're just in need of some group acceptance. Instead of looking for some Hocus Pocus, be it: Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, sorcery, magic, occult, voodoo, shamanism, witchcraft, killing, making money, etc, try giving science a chance. For many people, understanding religion is relatively simple, and science is complex. Consequently, most lazy people opt for the easiest Holy Hocus Pocus.

I'm sure that each devout Mormon is absolutely certain Brodie's book is pure balderdash. If there is a God, maybe people should consider finding him or her on their own terms, and forget about following an organized religion. Too often, these religious texts are filled with oodles of truth and behavioral wisdom, to make those deep-rooted lies, and the organization's obsession with money, less noticeable. If you stir-in one lie, in with a thousand profound truths, and bast it with gobs of sweet wisdom, the lie goes down easier, or if you do spot it, you may find yourself rationalizing it, or even believing that it's a good or holy things... slavery, gays burning forever, marriage forever, thou shall not kill, the condoning rape, women are subservient, etc. Try thinking for yourself, rather than relying on what's been drummed into you. Faith is not just giving-up the right to think, or giving into the fear of burning forever, or the desire to live in paradise, or having friends because you joined a group, etc.

For example, does it honestly seem plausible that you could burn forever? Does it seem reasonable that an entity, which could create the entire Universe, would do such a ridiculous thing, as make someone burn suffer forever? Perhaps people should simply

try to be good, and not worry so much about whether there is an afterlife. Give yourself some credit, and think for yourself! In a way, you die every night, when you go to sleep, so why is it that not waking-up is so bad? DNA configures the brain to fear death. At times, I think that religions are just so much folklore, imaginatively thought-out, and carefully blended with rather obvious truths. Believing a religion is an inculcation of other people's fears, loves, needs, hopes, memories, what they think is truth, and their dreams... mush trying to control other mush.

Considering: how religions can brainwash, the vast array of problems which life can serve-up, how guilt can weigh heavy, how lonely some people can get, a religion can become appealing. Join a church, mosque, temple, or synagogue, and you may be rewarded with instant companionship, comfort, freedom from guilt, and slight control of your demons. You've got someone to discuss your problems with, and to spend time with. Where loneliness may be peace of mind for some, it is misery for others. Religion gives you guidance, when there's a fair chance that honest reason could do the same. With religion, you also get to believe that you

have something to look forward to, after you die, but that idea is likely just a pipe dream. The only reasons that you think there's a heaven is because some people imagined such and wrote it on their scroll, and those scrolls were selected by a group of old men to be included in a stack of other scrolls, which they named the Bible, and they deemed it holy. Still, I can just hear all the believers screaming, "Yeah, but what if it is true?" What kind of question is that? Asking the question is like saying you, yourself, don't honestly believe.

There is no greater pleasure than relief from
unrelenting pain. No pain greater than
madness. Nothing
more maddening than unpardonable guilt.

M.A. O'Wrey

With religion, you can often be forgiven of your guilt, and then you realize that if you sin again, you still will be forgiven, and get through the pearly gates. Sins are to be expected, and ultimately forgiven. In that respect, bad behavior is 'somewhat' condoned by religion. Of course, each religion will

tell you that is not true, but it is. But possibly you don't need religion to be released from guilt. If you are truly regretful for something you've done, and have done the best you can to make-up for it, and you've stopped doing whatever it was, that can just as easily cause the guilt to cease; in essence, you've forgiven yourself. Being forgiven, to some degree, may actually have to be earned, rather than just saying a few prayers with some beads in your hand, or in a confessional, or by praying to some imaginary deity. Imagine that! To commit the same wrong deed over and over, could well mean you don't really care, and that you feel no genuine guilt, hence no forgiveness, unless God is an idiot. I'm sure there may well be a few exceptions to this simple reasoning, but damn few, regardless of what a minister, priest, rabbi, or mullah might have to say. The creator of the Universe probably isn't that stupid, even if it feels good for you to think so.

There seems to be six main reasons for believing in God. One reason is being raised (programed) in a religion(s), and that's a big one. A second reason the obvious big one; the idea of an afterlife, so death, the big unknown, becomes less scary. A person's brain is born to fear death, and they are forced to live every

day of their life, knowing that no matter what they do, death will still come one day. This second reason also by default includes avoiding the corresponding fear of the horrible pain induced by the eternal lake of fire. After all, fear of pain, and death are manifest in almost everyone's DNA-engendered brain circuitry, designed to insure survival and promote procreation. A third motive for believing is the need to be able to deal with various profound crises, e.g., death in the family, drug/alcohol addiction, severe illness, mental health issues, other major stressors, dealing with various disabilities, etc. Many, if not most, addicts turn to religion to fight addiction, and it often works since the 'belief in an all powerful helper,' allows them to overcome the fear of succumbing to their cravings, since it makes them feel that they're not 'alone' in their struggle. This 'crisis help' is probably the most common reason for the 'sudden religious conversion,' the unanticipated believer. These are the folks, who are most prone to push their religion on others, since their belief is born out of desperation, and they are desperate to prove their belief is real. A fourth cause for belief is the need to be released from some sickening unpardonable guilt. This escape is usually accomplished by prayer, or confessing to a priest,

mullah minister, rabbi, paster, etc. Yet another reason for belief may be to avoid loneliness. Join a church, temple, mosque, or synagogue and suddenly you've got friends. Perchance even a prospective mate. A sixth reason, may be the rarest reason, and could be the most legitimate, in that it may be an unselfish form of belief. Simply put, it's an intuitive understanding that there is a God, which is not based on years of programing, not in response to the fear of death or burning in the fiery lake, not to cope with some huge crisis, not the need to be released from unpardonable guilt, and not to avoid loneliness or to acquire love and/or acceptance. It's just a deep intuitive/insightful understanding. You might want to call that, 'faith,' or a feeling, but it's not, for faith is blind, and feelings are but sensations. If you don't understand this, then you may belong to one of the other above groups, and very likely, you are not a true believer... only a self-deceiver, but I'm just spitballing things, here.

Religious sales people, often called missionaries, lean heavily on certain selling points. They throw-out phrases like: *don't you want to go to heaven... the reason that your life is so lonely is... you're unhappy because... our church is like a family... with God and*

prayer there isn't any problem which can't be fixed... the reason that you're always in trouble is because... God is a forgiving God... your life is purposeless without God... hell is not just your life on earth... if you were to die today, where would you go... a man without faith is... the glory of heaven can be your's, if only you'd believe... you're never alone if you have..., etc.

Once you join, though it's usually not overly stated, then comes the hints for you to get out your checkbook. Perhaps, if ministers were true believers they'd live at the same economic level that Jesus did. The average annual salary of the American rabbi is \$140K, the average christian priest, minister, or pastor is around \$100K to \$120K, whereas the Islamic Iman only makes \$30K. Though I am by no means a muslim, I still must admit that last monetary statistic does impress!

For those, who were raised in some type of organized religion (Presbyterian, Scientologists, Buddhist, Catholic, Baptist, Jewish, Pentecostal, Episcopal, Sunni, Shia, Kharjite, Methodist, Hindu, etc.) they've usually learned to look at things in terms of their religious education. This is simply because the only way we can 'look' at something is in terms of what's already stored in our brains, our

existing memories, and the brain always looks for confirmation of what it's previously believed, and that can only happen by matching-up the incoming info with existing memories. Information, coming into the brain's two hippocampi (the brain's two memory banks), is automatically, and in various ways, associated with existing cell circuits, which are in effect the person's stored religious memories (and other things associated with religion). When the brain has lots of stored religious-related circuits, every new input more easily finds a way to match-up with, or connect-up with, existing memories, acting to verify and substantiate the individual's beliefs. On the other hand, new information which does not agree with preexisting religious circuitry can just be deemed 'wrong.' Those inputs go into the 'discard pile,' , or the 'irritating pile.' And don't forget, many 'belief' circuits are linked-up with emotional parts of the brain, due to the associated things like, fear of death, fear of burning, need for companionship/friendship/love, freedom from guilt, etc.

Consequently, any information which contradicts a person's belief can produce a less than friendly reaction, a rebound emotion, the opposite of which the belief provides. Perhaps, people who are 'open-minded' may simply be people, who have the brain

circuitry, which allows them to not require that each new piece of incoming information matches-up (agrees with) their existing circuitry/memories.

How is it that certain religious folks can kill so many people, and feel justified in doing so? At least, our government does it for money, and isn't totally self deluded about it. They simply invent lies, which they realize are complete bullshit. Besides, who doesn't enjoy living in a rich country, at the expense of lots of dead foreigners, but only a few thousand dead Americans? And don't forget the intelligence agencies and the military industries that rake in unimaginable amounts of cash.

Will The Real Terrorist Please Standup? by A. W. Lomrey

New information does not have to match-up with existing memories, nor does it have to make a person feel good. In some respects, this state may seem unnatural. In some cases, open-minded people are more likely to reject large amounts of their existing memories/concepts, if those older memories do not appear to fit with new, yet more reasonable,

information. Closed minded people, when confronted with new contradictory information, may become irritated, or angry, and frequently begin to raise the volume of their voice, or start to interrupt the person, who is supplying the fresh divergent information. These are likely the folks, who shouldn't serve on a jury. Imagine its the 1950s in an Alabama courtroom, and a black murder defendant is being papered with countless amounts of circumstantial evidence, yet there's only one small irrefutable piece of evidence, which makes it virtually impossible for the defendant to have done the deed. The all white jury may find it impossible to follow that simple logic, and justice be hanged.

Too often justice is the rare exception.

Don't Bat An Eye by Willerd A. Mawoy

Persons who've been raised within a religion, who may have: attended lots of religious services, prayed a bunch of prayers, sung a lot of hymns, repeatedly read their religious text, associated with lots of like-minded people, undoubtedly is likely to have stored a vast number of 'belief' oriented

memories. Consequently, each new little incoming piece of information is directly or indirectly associated with countless religious memories, ideas, concepts, sayings, quotes, prayers, chants, songs, etc. Every time a new piece of information enters a religiously programmed (stuffed full of Godly memories) brain, that new piece of information undergoes a neurological juxtaposition with the many existing 'religious' memories. The unfamiliar piece is compared and contrasted with all those memories, until it finds adequate associations. If enough associations are made it likely seems correct and comforting, and may be deemed acceptable, ergo it becomes part of the person's reality, further buttressing their beliefs. If it doesn't make acceptable associations, it is viewed as bogus, and usually rejected, even if it smacks of truth. If it isn't rejected, that person's reality, may begin to fall into question, and starts to stimulate the more unpleasant emotional parts of the brain. Yes, the real problem arises when the person gets a new piece of information that contradicts their many existing memories, and that piece of information is irrefutable. This situation may cause the person's entire reality to begin to look as if it's not genuine, so parts of their memory banks (their hippocampi)

begin to stimulate emotional groups in the amygdala. Consequently, the person may become: angry, depressed, frustrated, suicidal, etc., and perhaps even switch to another religion, or yell at, or hit, or kill, or just dissociate from the bearer of said information.

For many people, their religion seems to explain everything, and becomes their touchstone, their very essence. The simple fact is that the only thing any of us have to make judgement calls about such big questions, is our highly fallible three pounds of gray mush. And, the only way the mush can judge anything is by comparing it with existing memories and ideas. Perhaps, only a brain devoted to questioning one's reality is able to overturn religious (and other forms of) programming, or one's need to believe (the above six reasons). And of course, that's when the religious person usually screams, 'faith,' as if the word itself means something, as if it carries some genuine significance. On the other hand, I do enjoy intuitive thought which is verifiable. Most believers view their holy book as simply 'the authority,' and that it's not to be questioned or doubted. Some people viewed *Mein Kampf* in the same manner. Maybe with four or five pounds of gray mush, instead of our pitiful three, reality might

be clearer. On the other hand, it might just be all the more confusing.

Atheists often see things the same way. Scientific information and like-minded people are constantly cramming the atheist's hippocampi with countless memories, so when an idea comes-in, which can't be answered or doesn't quite fit, it's simply rejected. The best example of this 'religious...non-religious' impasse, which I know of, is the unanswerable question, "Where did the big bang, the universe, and all it's matter come from?" The religious person yells, "God!" The atheist screams back that just because you can't answer the question of where everything comes from, doesn't mean there is a God. For me, the religious person's answer is just too simple and inventive, and religions have just too much man-made fantasy stirred-into the 'Holy' texts. It's nice, but a bit like Santa Clause, with a few horror stories thrown-in. Yet, the atheist's answer fails to admit the fact that the lack of explanation doesn't mean there can't be some unknown force. Here again, when there's just a shit load of memories, then any new fact can either be made to fit, or simply be rejected. Some people can maintain the information in a neurological neutral zone for later consideration.

Again, with religious zealots everything must seem to verify their belief. Muslims, Presbyterians, Atheists, Baptists, Scientologists, Buddhists, Hindus, Catholics, etc., They must see things in terms of what is already in their head. How could it be otherwise? As stated, since religions are filled with an abundance of good and wise teachings, it makes it all the more difficult for the believer to question their belief.

Psychologically, the true believer rarely escapes belonging to his or her religion, unless it is to shift laterally to a different, but usually similar, belief. In the minds of these 'shifters,' they usually think that they have made a colossal change. For example, a lot of folks, who were raised Catholic or Episcopal, may switch to Baptist, Presbyterian, or Methodist, or the 'really radical' ones claim that they only believe in the Good Book and call themselves nondenominational. You might call this switching of denominations, or becoming nondenominational, the 'Christian Shuffle.' The same thing happens with the Muslims and the Jews. In a few cases, what might actually be happening with the Christian Shuffle, at least in a few cases, is that the believer has begun to doubt their belief, yet they just might be too afraid (of their family and friend's opinions, or of hell itself)

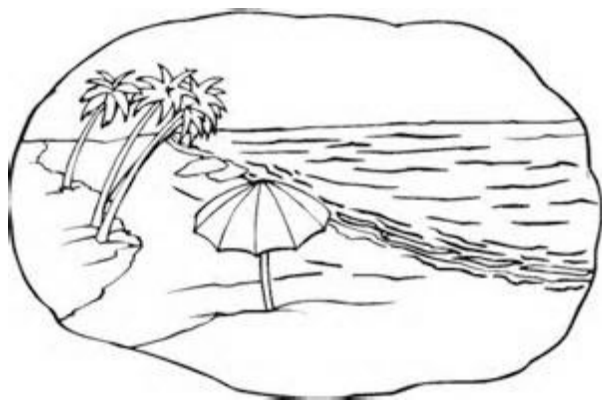
to admit it, so by consciously or unconsciously blaming their doubt on their denomination, and switching to a new one, they feel that they've successfully dealt with their doubt, and are still a 'good believer,' and still going to heaven, and avoiding the lake of fire. As stated, there are various Muslim sects, where members also do the 'Muslim Shuffle,' but much less often, because the brain washing is usually far more severe, with there being several regular pray sections each and every day. As added reinforcement, a self-admitted doubter can suddenly find themselves facing a death sentence, in certain Islamic sects. Neighbors and even family members have been known to kill a fellow muslim, who's abandon his or her denomination within Islam; so again, the Muslim Shuffle is less frequent. Jews are more free to switch to different sects, except they might be flogged by self guilt.

Nevertheless, the people, who do the religious shuffle, often truly believe they have seen the light and have made a huge change, by joining a divergent sect. This shuffling of belief allows the person to maintain a large percentage of their memories as still being valid, and to assume that they have only found a modicum of untruth in their first religion, but still

possess plenty of valid memories, which match-up in the second religion, so their reality yet stands, largely unchallenged, and at the same time, they feel that they are more open minded.

Of course, there are many other less Godly religions: sports, heavy metal music, rock and roll, adrenaline, hot sex, money, running, over eating, various drugs, alcohol, etc. With these non-organized religions, people also shuffle between them. We are all shufflers of one kind or another. In general, people don't wish to trash the majority of their memories, and compromise their personal reality. This is basically owing to the fact that everyone has their own three pounds of gray mush, and its all they have to make their judgements with, so if it is confronted by too much contradictory data, the computer may fail to provide the ego (just a small portion of the gray mush) a comfortably dependable reality.

[OBJ]



WAYNE AND MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

It was an idyllic warm cloudless robin's egg blue afternoon. Deeply inhaling through my nose, the air smelled clean, only scented with salt brine, while the back of my head was nestled inside the depression of a well worn, and completely deflated black and white soccer ball. The ocean and sand had cleaned ball and it had probably washed-up on the shore, during the night. *Maybe this ball was once kicked into the ocean by Oleg Blokhin.* Almost asleep, and stretched-out on a green, white, and red beach towel, the warm sand was soothing my muscles, as I sunned on a magnificent section of Acapulco beach. Without a care in the world, other than my one day a week

job, and with no clear picture of where my life was headed. *I'm happy living like this, but I don't count for much, but so what?* The tourist business, living in the my four-dollar-a-day room, reading books, and partying, was all I really needed... no lofty goals, no kids, no professional job, no intellectual interests, just living life, till there was none. To this day, I wonder what kind of life I'd had if I'd just stayed there and found a way to make my business legal. After a while, I got over heated, and so I headed for the Pacific for a cooling dip.

Having just come out of the surf, I laid back down on my towel and soccer ball and my eyes soon began to close, again I was enjoying my body absorbing the warmth of the sunlight, and the tranquilizing deep heat from the sand below the towel, while I slowly breathed in and out. *This is paradise!* Without a care in the world, my mind was clear and focused only on relaxation, and maybe later bird-dogging some stunning woman, for indeed, that area of beach was a target rich environment.

My blissful Elysian milieu was rudely interrupted, when I heard the sounds of someone moaning and cursing under their breath, coming closer. Opening my eyes, lifting by head from its

soccer pillow, I turned and sat-up to see a rather nondescript man, in a baggy blue bathing suit, staggering across the sand only thirty feet away, headed toward the water. He'd apparently had come from somewhere behind me, and looked to be about five foot ten, of ordinary build, and roughly forty-eight years of age. He was struggling; his gate was notably spasmodic, and his arms and legs moved in a discordant fashion. He obviously had some form of ataxia; lacking in normal coordination. Ataxia can be caused by several things, and none of them are vaguely good.

Abruptly, the poor stranger stumbled, pitching headlong, down into the sand, successfully turning his face, just before impact. He then shakily rose to his unsteady hands and knees, swiveled his head, and with sand still stuck to his cheek and forehead, he glared at me. It was an unfriendly sneer, making it clear he was angry, and not enjoying the fact that I'd witnessed his fall. There we were, both in the same blessed glorious environment, yet while I felt like I was in paradise, the stranger was clearly in hell. With a contemptuous snarl he loudly spoke.

"I bet you think I'm drunk. Don't you?" He angrily posed this question, but then his disgruntled

features gradually melted as his upper lip and nares began to settle back into place, and then he deeply inhaled, followed by a rather forceful exhalation, causing his lips to loudly vibrate.

Since his hands were covered in sand, he used his right forearm to brush the sand from his face and head. Initially, I perceived him as being an asshole. It seems that the psychiatric community may have now given assholes an actual psychobabble diagnostic designation. The ‘asshole’ diagnosis may be what is called, *borderline personality disorder (BPD)*, at least that’s what a psychiatrist friend of mine once told me, yet there’s nothing borderline about the condition. These are frequently rude people, who think it’s okay that they’re rude, because they’re just being themselves. They generally feel sorry for themselves, because they often end-up lonely. They fear abandonment but deserve to be abandoned. Whatever goes wrong in their pitiful lives is rarely their fault. Often, I’ve wondered what it would be like if everyone had *BPD*. Many psychiatrists and psychologists currently refuse to treat people with *BPD*, partly because such people are often unpleasant jerks, and they’re usually too difficult to be treated successfully. Though it’s nice to think there is some

good reason why a person is an asshole, I feel that more often than not, to a large degree, its a matter of genetic alleles, creating the ugly requisite brain tissue. It's my unprofessional opinion that *BPD* is somewhat genetic. Certain others in the family sometimes seem to be so afflicted. If so, you might correctly assume that some people are natural born assholes. That might be a good book title.

Those with *borderline personality disorder* may be the bad seeds of the family, where others of the family may be good and caring folks, and always trying to make the irksome bad seed become something better; but, it's often just a huge waste of everyone's time. I've often wondered about what the *BPD* peoples' role is, in the grand scheme of things. Probably many of them are destined to become tiresome administrators.

Maybe people with *borderline personality disorder* exist simply as a valid excuse for murder, and so the killers can feel good about being killers. Because of people with *BPD*, I suspect that many murder victims actually deserved what they got. My maternal Grandpa, the rather famous criminal defense attorney, used to often say that people should be thanking some of his murderous defendants, for their

public service.

Judging from his accent, the clumsy irate man on his hands and knees was an American. The sandy stranger then reinitiated his hard challenging stare, widening his eyes, as if demanding a response, as if he were trying to provoke me. *This angry bastard is just itching for a fight, but he's too fucked-up!* One minute, there I was enjoying the magnificent Acapulco beach, then next moment, I was being confronted by a jackass.

There was more than a little frustration roaming around in the man's features. In short order, I found out the guy was a remarkable man, who'd simply fallen on hard times, and deeply resented his fate. He was not actually suffering with *BPD*. Nonetheless, he was an ego manic, but with many positive traits. At first, I started to just get-up and walk away, but figured that he was acting rude, just because he wanted to run me off, so in defiance, I stayed and answered him calmly, as if his rudeness had not the slightest effect. In response to his question about my thinking he was drunk, I smoothly answered.

“No, I don't think you're drunk, but I do think you have something medically wrong with you... those jerky movements... the way you fell.”

“Well, you’re wrong... because I am drunk! But, you’re also right, because I do have something medically wrong with me. I’ve got fucking *MS* (multiple sclerosis), and I’m still in the process of recovering from my last attack. All my life, I tried hard to succeed... did good in school... worked hard...married the perfect wife, and now, for all my efforts, my body has gone to shit, and I’m screwed. Just when my wife and I thought about having a kid, this disease hits me. These fucking *MS* attacks turn me into a God damn clumsy invalid, and sometimes I’m a lot worse than what you’re looking at right now. Buddy, you and I are a millions miles apart! You look like you haven’t got a fucking care in the world...just laying there in the sun, with the back of your head resting in that punctured old soccer ball.” He spoke.

The man uttered the last sentence with a lot less fury. Later, I’d realize that he and I were indeed a million miles apart. He was a hard working highly moral man, but he also was a harshly aggressive ego-maniac, and I was none of the latter; at least, I hope not. He was sick and I was healthy. He was a right-wing conservative, in every sense of the word, and I more of a liberal. He was law abiding, and I was

anything but.

Back then, I knew practically nothing about his disease, multiple sclerosis. Only that it was something to do with the nervous system. Intuitively, I didn't think the booze would help with his attacks, or his recovery. Since he definitely appeared crippled, yet also appeared to be unaccompanied, I wondered how he'd gotten down to the beach, but looking around, I didn't see anyone with him. I wanted to ask him how he, a crippled man, had gotten to the beach, and why would an American with severe *MS* be alone on a beach in Acapulco? But obviously, the question might have further humiliated him, so I held my tongue.

“Are you able to go swimming with *MS*?” I asked; after all, the stranger had looked to be headed toward the water, and suicide did cross my mind.

“Probably... I'm not too sure, anymore. I was just going to wade around a little in the swallows. Hell, if I did drown it might be for the best. My wife would have it a lot easier, without my cranky ass around. I'm a full fledge prick, especially when I'm drunk. But, sometimes being drunk is the only way I can handle this damn *MS*. Frankly, when I'm like this, my life isn't worth living. I wouldn't wish this shit on

Hitler, if he was still alive!” He laughed at his dark humor, and was clearly a couple of tent-pegs shy of being a happy camper. Then, his face caved-in, like a man standing in front of a firing squad, without a blindfold... no tears but sad resignation. *He’s really miserable!*

He made me remember my own suicidal depression, after stopping alcohol, fourteen years ago, when I was barely shy of twelve. The poor guy was desperate, just as I’d been. That stark realization made me walk over and sit in the sand, about four feet to his right, gaze at the sand, and just wait for him to get his shit together to speak. After struggling to get into a seated posture, he brushed most of the sand off his face, arms, and legs. He said his name was Wayne; and though he’d come there to swim, instead we just sat on the sand, enjoyed the sun, the cool breeze, and talked. Wayne rattled-on like the preverbal broken record, and smelled like that sour combination of sweat and alcohol. It was one of those rare occasions, where a highly gifted individual, who’s hit a watershed moment, regurgitates his words of regret. He was holding nothing back, describing his life, the good parts, but mostly the misery. Wayne just opened a verbal vein

and words bled forth. Most likely, the reason he'd selected me was that I was a complete stranger, who spoke english.

In distressing thoroughness, Wayne first told me about the crippling disease, and when he seemed to have reached the end of his sad saga, he started over again, but this time he started further back, during his carefree teenage years, when he was in the picture of health, and before he had committed himself to the work-a-day world. Wayne had been a high school football running-back, a three stripe black belt in karate, as well as an 880 track and field guy. Competition should have been his middle name. He'd been president of his fraternity at Stanford, married one of his professor's daughters, and divorced the 'spoiled bitch (his words),' five years later. He majored in business, and graduated *phi beta kappa*, then completed an MBA at *Harvard Business School*. While attending, he'd earned his private pilot's license, and continued to receive his multiengine rating. Because of his *MS*, he'd just sold his Beechcraft Baron 56-TC, a modern (at the time), twin engine piston driven aircraft.

Once out of school, Wayne joined the Air Force, but just out of flight school, he had a landing gear

failure. The plane went off the runway, and flipped, partially detaching his right retina, thereby ending his military flying career. Having left the military, he started selling aircraft for *Cessna*, and later got a better offer from a larger aircraft company, which sold commercial, and military aircraft. He excelled at his job, and his career had been nothing short of meteoric. At some point in his sales career, he moved into management, married his second, and then current, wife. Wayne had met her during an international business conference in Mexico City. He was five years into his marriage, when the disease struck. The alcohol that day on the beach had loosened Wayne's tongue enough for him to describe, in painstaking detail, how difficult the disease had made it for he and his wife to be intimate. At that time in my life, it was something I'd never heard another man talk about. Men in those days were unlikely to admit to having any type of sexual problems. Consequently, I was taken aback, and didn't quite know what to say, so I'd only nodded my head and listened. *He seems suicidal.* Wayne definitely hated his situation, but it seemed that the situation had more than bested him psychologically, at least that day.

Wayne and his wife, who was fifteen years his junior, had always been careful to avoid pregnancy, and from how he addressed this, I suspected that it was largely Wayne's idea. Often, men who are still trying to ascend the corporate ladder perceive kids as only a hindrance. Though later, about the time that Wayne could see early retirement would be coming, and he and his wife began considering having kids, but then along came the debilitating illness. Wayne was vexed, and feeling cheated out of a good life... a highly intelligent hard working man, who had been rewarded with torment. He'd assumed that one day he'd have a son, with whom he'd share his interests. But, the bloody disease had obliterated that dream. The *MS* had blindsided him like an undetected AIM-9 sidewinder, nailing his six... Wayne's words.

He emphasized how important it was for a salesman to make a good appearance, and the disease had deprived him of that. He said that professional selling was a blend of truth and deceit, which required a solid force of will to properly blend them into a believable and desirable presentation, but because of the illness, he lacked the wherewithal to practice the ancient art. Wayne said there was no way he could build trust with his customers, when he

couldn't trust his own body. His descriptions of the art of selling, simply sounded like what I was good at... lying. They sounded like canned phrases he'd heard at *Harvard Business School*.

There are worse things in life than death. Have you ever spent an evening with an insurance salesman?

Woody Allen

He never knew when an *MS* attack was going to strike, and so the aircraft company could no longer depend on him. Once he had gotten on to discussing the psychophysiological problems associated with the disease, Wayne spilled them out, like gallons of toxic bile. Though he'd completed over ninety percent of the years he needed for retirement, the company had only given him, half of what he'd have gotten had he made it all the way to retirement, and he'd had to engage an attorney just to get that fifty percent. I'd later learn that his wife's family was extremely rich.

"*MS* brings a man down, Joey. It seems like my life's not worth anything! You got any idea what that's like to work so hard for years to build a life,

and then it all just suddenly goes down the shitter?”
He asked.

I can kind of relate with my alcohol withdrawals, but I've never been a high performer like Wayne. I admired his accomplishments, and his frankness, but not his conceit and ego. The problem with egomaniacs is they think that their arrogance is actually appealing. His complaining made me think that perhaps my four years of alcohol-induced suicidal depression may not have been as bad as what he was then experiencing. As he'd shouted his last sentence and simultaneously threw a handful of sand in the direction of the water. Yet, even with all the complaining and drunkenness, it was easy to tell Wayne was the owner of a brilliant mind; a man with a mind designed to conquer the world, or at least to conquer something big, who'd been brought to his knees by an invisible disease, with cataclysmic effects, not to mention that he only had one good eye, due to that plane crash.

He was a gifted man, who was accustomed to controlling his destiny, whose life had spiraled out of control, but as he was, he couldn't have been a decent dad. One more genius, who had waited to the last few years to have a child, who would never

contribute his seed to the future masses of humanity... DNA destined for extinction. *Wayne will live off the memories of his past, until he dies.* As far as he was concerned, his presence in his family tree would remain a broken branch. Too often, brilliant folks spend their lives doing brilliant things, without leaving behind a few brilliant chromosomes.

And so at times, it seems the average IQ of the planet must be destined to plummet, since highly intelligent people, generally wait to have children, and rarely have more than one or two. Of course this is not always the case just more often than not. They carefully consider such things as: available time to spend with the kids, job stability, financial resources, reliability of the relationship, living abode, neighborhood schools, ability of the mate to be a proficient parent, etc. Correspondingly, people on the slow side tend not to worry about whether or not they are prepared to properly raise a child and tend to have too many. In the last few years the average IQ of the United States has dropped from 100 down to 98, and continued to drop. While all that precautionary thinking may indeed be prudent, such intelligence may frequently overlook the spontaneity of love, and the joy of children. What's more

disturbing than the IQ drop, is the behavior of students these days. Schools are becoming like zoos, where generally the underprivileged students and their parents behave as if they should be permitted special privilege. The schools are afraid of frivolous lawsuits. Suggestions about how to improve this situation at in the outline at the end of the last book in this series.

Often, bright people wait so long, they miss the opportunity. The wife drifts past her thirty-fifth birthday, and so the intelligent couple becomes concerned about birth defects and complications. The husband loses sexual interest in being with the same women, every day. I for one, feel it is probably true that the smarter people, have fewer kids, per capita. Intelligent people's record of procreation competes poorly with statistics and demographics. While children, who are brought up in more nurturing circumstances may academically and socially flourish, they also are denied the disagreeable pressures of a poor life, which imparts certain strengths. All this makes one wonder where humanity is going.

When it comes to having sex, many less intelligent folks, those on the left side of the bell

curve, may merely contemplate their current state of sexual arousal. If they're horny, that may be all that's important. Perhaps, the slow horny guy thinks, "My penis is erect, and if she gets pregnant it's God's will, anyway. Besides, it feels too great to ignore!" And then there's the vapid woman who thinks, "I am so hot for that fine man, and I think he's drunk enough, to get in bed, and get knocked-up, and I'll have him hooked for life. Thank you, Jesus!"

Who do you think is more likely to diligently use birth control/condoms, the bright person or the less than bright person? If you've nothing better to do one day, look-up fertility and intelligence in Wikipedia. And while you're thinking about such things, who is more likely to use abortion services? My bet is that if the US somehow bans abortion, it would drastically lower the average IQ of the United States. Certainly some brilliant women, have availed themselves of an abortion, but by the same token, my bet is that the vast majority of abortions are performed on women who are far less than mentally gifted. That's food for thought for those political conservatives, who are pro-life... talk about steeping in your own trap... a real interesting catch 22. You can bet that the last things that most left wingers

want is more poor people, who tend to vote as democrats.

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/
Fertility_and_intelligence](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fertility_and_intelligence)

It might tell you that there exists an inverse correlation between intelligence and horniness (sex drive). The smarter the person, the less all around horny they tend to be. Sure, there are exceptions, but nevertheless the inverse relationship may be real for at least two standard deviations. Perhaps most smart people tend to be more attentive to other things, besides sex. On the other hand, the survival rates of the offspring are directly correlated with IQ, so the overall net outcome is unclear; nonetheless, the hornier mentally slower people tend to produce greater numbers of children. Another correlation is income and educational attainment, which also directly correlate with IQ, and so those variables may also inversely correlate with fertility rates. Well known studies by James Flynn and [Ulric Neisser](#) seem to show that we're smarter than our Grandparents. Since the turn of this century (20th to 21st), I fear things have begun to reverse. When I

was young, intelligent couples liked big families. Generally speaking, that is slowing, if not ending.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Flynn_effect

And so, it appears that humanity may be destined to steadily slow down, and I'm not talking track and field. It's no doubt all part of God's divine plan, or should have at least been part of Dante Alighieri's *Divine Comedy*. There is small doubt that IQ has a fairly strong genetic basis, so rarely is a genius born into a family of dullards, barring someone being unfaithful. Years of research has been rounded up by *Psychology Spot*, confirming that most of a person's intelligence is attached to the X chromosome, and while females get one of their two X chromosomes from their father, intelligence genes aren't usually activated, when they're passed down by the dad. The upshot being that your mom is largely responsible for whatever intelligence, you have.

<https://www.thrillist.com/health/nation/intelligence-genes-from-mothers-study>

<http://link.springer.com/article/10.1007/s10519-004-1014-9#/page-1>

Perhaps because of the above things, fewer smart babies are now being born. Hitler thought he had the problem solved with the Arian breeding programs. Just open the dormitory windows and let the pheromones fly. But, sex and sexual attraction is a mysterious multifaceted beast, and so it's hard to be certain about the outcome of such things. While I'm a bit disgruntled that the earth may be dumbing down, I nevertheless think that IQ should never be used to discriminate.

<http://www.spiegel.de/international/nazi-program-to-breed-master-race-lebensborn-children-break-silence-a-446978.html>

Moreover, it seems to be that certain moderately smart people are destroying our environment, and actually killing our planet. Unfortunately, their intelligence is plainly superseded by their greed. The coal burning industries aren't all owned and run by complete idiots; or, are they? Oil companies are run

by intelligent folks. Right? Certainly, they are bright people, just maybe not brilliant. Most likely, the trick is to make sure, that if you're breeding for IQ, you also select for the 'humanity gene,' or at least screen-out the gene for psychopathology. Hitler wasn't so much interested in breeding for morality, as he was for power. Like most behaviors, my bet is that morality is largely dictated by certain genes, but unfortunately morality doesn't best insure survival. If there is a gene for kindness/morality it may be for the protein enzymes, which manufacture oxytocin, or it may be the protein receptor for oxytocin. I say this since, oxytocin's seems to be heavily correlated with love.

[http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/
pubmed/21839667](http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/21839667)

My feeling is that if you are lucky enough to be highly intelligent, why not be kind, and use your high-powered IQ to make the world a better place. If you're small minded with a high IQ, you'll probably just be greedy. Does that make sense? Exceedingly religious people preach that each life is God's opus. The one time head of the *KKK*, an organization

which I by no means support, did however have one interesting idea, which I partially agree with. Roughly put, the idea was that any woman, regardless of her race, who has two kids and is on some form of welfare, should undergo a tubal ligation, paid for by the government, to be able to continue to receive any form of government support. Why should the taxpayers pay for her having more and more children?

Said tubal ligations could be made to be reversible, but if reversed, the surgery should be paid for by the patient, not by the state, and then she should no longer be eligible for government support. Perhaps the same could apply to dead beat dads, who don't pay their child support, but of course with a vasectomy. The idea might be beneficial, representing a huge fiscal benefit to the nation, and who knows how it might impact the average IQ score of the nation? At minimum it's food for thought.

While I have no respect for the *KKK*, nor for Adolph Hitler, I'm still not for allowing the country to be financially destroyed by over population, nor do I like the idea of America's average IQ plummeting. Reduced American IQ scores may be partially responsible for the populace standing by

and doing absolutely nothing, while the rich American industries pollute and destroy the planet. It's certainly not a sign of intelligence that Americans tolerate second rate, vastly over priced medicine. And Lord knows, Americans are not smart enough to see how the military industries, are working with the politicians, the military, and the intel agencies to drain America's coffers.

<https://www.who.int/news/item/07-02-2000-world-health-organization-assesses-the-world%27s-health-systems>

Moreover, we aren't exactly showing off our cognitive prowess, just because we don't mind killing lots of innocent foreigners, along with a few thousand of our own young soldiers, just so the military industries, can get their hands on your taxpayer money. In the grand scheme of things, what difference does it make, if we kill lots of people for money? Right? Perhaps the average American has become too vapid to appreciate these morally detestable things.

That day on the beach, Wayne omitted no

personal details, concerning the horrible ramifications of his *MS*. Alcohol truly unties the tongue and sets it to wagging, and while often that can be and usually is an irritating thing, in Wayne's case, it was plainly therapeutic. He was venting some serious poison, and who better to vent on, than a stranger? Wayne may have been drunk, but aside from the cursing, he was still articulate in spilling forth his phrenic bile. As I'd come to realize, while the wealthy man had a wonderful wife and a loyal man servant, he had no real friends. His whole life had revolved around what he'd been taught was success: job, school, and sports. Perhaps, hubris has a way of destroying friendships, for he had none. As I'd soon find out, Wayne had a wife, but was in the process of driving her away.

Right from the jump, Wayne freely discussed his alcohol consumption as a real addiction; even so, he insisted booze was the only thing that made his disease ridden life tolerable, as if getting drunk had true medicinal value; it was just as you might expect an alcoholic to justify his habit. In response, I briefly mentioned my own childhood alcoholism, which instantly created a bond, and caused him to warm to me... the usual fellow alcoholic thing. Alcoholic love

other alcoholics. For an entire half hour, he did almost all the talking. Wayne just bled and bled, buckets of it spilled from his mouth. Periodically, he'd take a deep breath, and bleed some more. I'd only say things to indicate that I was listening.

Paying attention to his verbal deluge made me think of my aunt Liz, who had been the head psychiatrist for *The Department of The Criminally Insane* at *Saint Joan's Mental Institution* in southeast Washington DC. Aunt Liz was like the Hannibal Lecter of her day, but without all the enjoyable and justifiable killing. The western campus of that infamous institution now serves as headquarters for the somewhat newly formed *Homeland Security/NSA*; a smart move by NSA, since psych institutions are expected to have tight security. No one is likely to want to get inside to see what is actually happening.

I used to imagine my brilliant aunt, a world class psychiatrist, who'd completed med school as a teenager, listening to those unfortunately miserable criminal psychiatric patients, day after day, month after month, year after year... yak, yak, yakking... all talking about their problems and delusions, and why they think they had to harm or kill someone, and just how great they are, and there's their ever glorious

causative past to be replayed ad nauseam . No wonder she finally lost her mind. Some people in our family claimed Alzheimer's caused her to go nuts, but in a way she just shut down. The autopsy never actually checked for the disease. She just stopped communicating, and quickly wasted away to death. I think she was bored to death, literally.

How does a psychiatrist maintain whatever sanity they may possess, and often that amount isn't much? The answer is they talk with their fellow shrinks, who also are suffering with burnout and various instabilities. When life sucks, you're supposed to try to do something about it. Move to a new city... get a new job... get a divorce... draw-up a bucket list, etc. Sometimes, changing your life is better than just staying in a rut and simply wasting away and dying. Despite her brilliance, my aunt did just that. She stayed stuck in the rut and after the rut was six feet deep, the sides caved in on her. My dear aunt had invested too much effort in earning her MD, and becoming a renowned psychiatrist, for her to then remotely consider beginning anew with a totally different career. In her mind, it was literally impossible, too much of an undertaking. From what she'd told me, the psychiatry job was destroying her.

She loved flowers and with all her wealth, she could have opened a flower shop, but in her mind a flower shop was too trivial.

“Joey, mostly all I do at work is sit and listen to one insane criminal after the next, then I make the occasional suggestion, or I ask the occasional question. Lastly, I write a long boring report. It’s hard to believe I endured four years of med school to do this job for the rest of my life. I’m too old to do something else. The patient does ninety-five percent of the talking, and generally it’s things which they’ve already said, over and over, or things that I’ve heard from countless other patients. Everyday, I listen to redundant forms of insanity, but what I have to say doesn’t really matter much. In all honesty, only the drugs make a significant difference, so I usually just do a lot of prescribing, and the never-ending paperwork. Without the drugs, psychiatric medicine wouldn’t be of much value. Take it from me, Joey, I’ve heard all the arguments, pro and con. Only those pop psychologist with limited education and limited experience believe in the power of talk therapy, whatever you want to call it. There are times when talk helps, but those times are few, and those patients, who it does help, rarely have any type of

serious mental illness.”

Perchance when we're kids, we imagine ourselves becoming all sorts of things, at least I did, until two things happened: my Dad found-out about my soaping of the school windows, and my alcohol withdrawals, with its' four years of profound suicidal depression. After enduring all that crap, my real life's goal was simply to avoid depression. I just wanted to live without sadness... that's all... fuck having a love relationship, fuck having a job career, fuck school, fuck being a good person, etc. Life without purpose was fine as long as it didn't have depressive misery attached to it; any kind of life without depression was good enough!

Many people, at least ninety percent of the folks, grow-up, and find some job niche, which allows them to earn enough money, and to perceive of themselves as being a 'success,' then for a time, they're moderately content. However, often in doing this, they've put their brains in park and become nesters for the rest of their life. After a few years, it often dawns on them that life no longer offers much in the way of novel stimulation, excitement. I suppose that's what my gifted Aunt had done, and that's what my talented maternal Grandpa had done. Once parked in

their professional niche, the creative spark and love of life, flickers and slowly dies-out, and along with this so goes the ability to remake one's self; after all, it's definitely harder to start something new the older you get.

Money and security can often make people sacrifice their dreams. In that respect, a 'good job' can be a lot like a self-imposed ball and chain. Just as government welfare usually destroys the desire to work in the recipient, so can a 'good job' destroy a person's desire to aspire, turning the person into a stogy nester, transmogrifying their precious gray mush into a less than inspiring lump. The person becomes a monotonous autotron, doing the same thing day in and day out, collecting their respectability and their paycheck, until it's time for that eternal dirt nap. Only rarely, will a person get kinetic, whip-out that machete and begin to hack a new path.

Seems to me, that the people, who have the most well balanced and happy lives, have changed jobs every three to five years, and with each change they don't just do the same thing in a different location, or move-up from manager to director. What seems to help people enjoy life is the challenge of something

totally new, e.g., a maintenance man becomes a scuba diving instructor, an actor becomes a stock broker, a lawyer becomes a roofer, a builder becomes a librarian, a psychiatrist becomes a mercenary, a CPA becomes an airlines pilot, a dope dealer becomes a research scientist, etc. All those are examples of people, I've known, and the last one intimately.

All that my extremely brilliant Aunt Liz had to do was to bag a bunch of childish aspirations, about psychiatric medicine, and give up listening to the redundant insane ramblings of psychotic criminals, and open a flower shop. Then, she'd be surrounded by what she loved, flowers, and dealing with mostly sane people, but she'd have lost some income and prestige. My gifted Aunt plainly hated her job, but just couldn't bring herself to walk away from a GS-16 position. And for all her efforts, the patients very rarely recovered. That was her life's job... her success... till she finally died. Just before she died, she was up to five packs a day. One of her most famous patients was the young guy, who shot President Reagan. I never cared for Reagan, as a president, but he did seem like an amiable fellow. Right wing conservatives still worship the man, here

in Mobile.

After I read the 1987 publication, *And The Band Played On*, I was left with the sad impression that Reagan had allowed the *AIDS* epidemic to spread throughout America, probably because he somewhat disliked gays, who at that time were thought to be the only people in the United States, suffering with the illness. Back then, in the US, the only *AIDS* cases appeared to be confined to a few gay guys in San Francisco. Supposedly, Reagan gave the order not to proceed with the quarantine of the original 26 infected Americans, and so history is likely to remember Reagan by the thousands, who came to suffer and died of *AIDS*, and the three millions of Americans, who now carry the virus. Certainly, a more intelligent person might not have made such a grievously simple mistake. A less intelligent bigot probably did let the disease spread. A person, who is uneducated in the field of medicine, should not be the person making major medical decisions, even if they're president! Or should I say, especially if they're president! Perhaps, this is why it's important to have a highly intelligent person leading the country. Intelligent people are more apt to realize they're limitations. There's also that minor matter of

the possible deployment of nuclear weapons. While writing this, America is in the middle of an election... Hillary vs. Trump. What a choice... Hillary has apparently been shown to be quite dishonest at times and is backed by the ever greedy wall street bankers, and Trump lacks political experience, and seems to be a racist, and too slow witted to handle the job... more of a show-off than a methodical thinker, and not prone to take the advice of people in the know... so it's a tough choice. If Trump wins, I hope he doesn't end-up getting controlled by wall street or the military industrial complex, but my bet is the MIC always controls the presidents, through the intelligence agencies. Lord knows; they've probably got plenty of stuff to blackmail both Hillary and Trump, especially Trump's supposed relationship with the peeing Russian hookers. Possibly the Russians have videos, which could go viral. Perhaps the only way Trump could prevent becoming a puppet of Russia and the US intelligence agencies would be to make public all his escapades. If all they have on Trump are some shady business dealings and some hookers, America would probably love the guy if he just said, "The hell with it... I did those things, and so what?" I don't care about his sex life, but I certainly don't care for his apparent racism, nor his

level of intelligence and his arrogance.

If Reagan had been shot and killed a year earlier, by my Aunt's psych patient, *AIDS* might never have been allowed to have spread so thoroughly throughout the United States. In many people's opinion, George H.W. Bush was definitely brighter than Reagan. Possibly the only thing that saved Reagan's presidency from being an even bigger disaster was that he had several intelligent advisers. Just try to imagine someone like Trump or Hillary attempting FDR's high pressure job fighting a two front war, with the entire free world hanging in the balance, and FDR accomplished that feat as a crippled! Or, try to imagine Trump or Hillary displaying the eloquence and courage of Churchill, while battling the deadly overwhelming Nazi threat.

Wayne was an extremely accomplished highly intelligent man, yet because of the *MS*, had reached a point of utter hopelessness. As mentioned, he'd sold aircraft for a gigantic aircraft company in the United States, but he had *crashed and burned* (his repetitive airplane metaphor), because of the horrible incurable neurological disease. During the time that Wayne had been working, he'd managed to amass a small fortune. In addition, as stated, he'd casually

mentioned that his wife came from the third richest family in Mexico, so I assumed that even though Wayne could no longer work, money would never be an issue for him. When he finally stopped his grumbling to take a deep breath, he asked me if I'd like to go to eat lunch, on his dime. The real reason he wanted to leave the beach was that his blood alcohol level had begun to diminish, and the ethanol urge was chewing at him. Since I'd been a childhood alcoholic, that irksome beast was easy to spot in others.

“Where would you like to go eat, Joey?”

Never one to turn down free chow, I stood up shaking the sand from my towel, while strategically suggesting that we eat at the restaurant, where I'd normally take my Thursday tourist group. Selfishly, I knew that the owner would later reimburse me ten percent of the cost of our lunch and drinks, and as mentioned, Wayne dearly loved the costly booze. So, I was actually getting free food, and being paid to eat it. As we ambled off the beach to go to the restaurant, I left the soccer ball. I was assuming we'd probably grab a cab, but as we rounded a groups of wooden street kiosks, I spied a long black limousine, parked on the other side of the street, which had

earlier been blocked from my view by the kiosks. These were extremely little shops selling juices, sunglasses, suntan lotions, beach chairs and umbrellas. The chauffeur, Pepe, held the rear door open for us. No matter how bleak the world, Pepe always smiled, not a phony smile, but one born of a man who was thrilled with a simple life. People like Pepe, tend to live the longest. Virtually everyone I've known, who've lived past age 100, were like Pepe... thin, happy, and loved people! Yes, the fountain of youth may be simple as staying slim, love, and happiness.

Since it was my first time riding in a limo (Although, the large checker cab, owned by the three kings, was almost a limo.), I was suitably impressed. Most rich people, enjoy luxurious cars. The odd thing about a dependable cheap car and a dependable expensive car is that after driving them for a week you don't really notice or care about the differences. Ninety percent of driving is just going from point A to point B. Before climbing in the limo, I told Pepe the name of, and where to find, the restaurant. He seemed to know where it was, even though he was not from Acapulco. When the restaurant owner saw me getting out of the limo, smilingly widely he

immediately brought-out the more expensive menus, reserved for my tourist clients, and seated us at his best table, closer to the aforementioned scenic cliffs and water. Arriving in the chauffeured limo added credence to my well spread lie about owning a large tourist business in Washington DC. The restaurant owner believed that Wayne was one of my wealthy American business partners, so the lunch that day worked well in several respects: service, quality of food, and ten percent of the money went in my pocket.

Even though Wayne offered to buy Pepe's lunch, the chauffeur opted to stay in the limo, and read the newspaper, while listening to the radio. Something told me Pepe needed a break from his alcoholic boss. Wayne did however take Pepe a large glass of cold sangria, then somewhat drunk, the wealthy man staggered back to our table. Though an ego manic, Wayne was nonetheless considerate to a fault. Until I came along, Pepe had been Wayne's only grief councilor. They got along fine, even though Pepe spoke very little English, and Wayne spoke very little Spanish. Fortunately for Wayne, his Mexican wife spoke better English, than the majority of Americans. During the lunch, I questioned Wayne about his

employment with the aircraft industry, concerning the different planes he'd sold and had flown, and where his overseas jobs had taken him, which was just about everywhere on the planet, but most frequently to Australia. My questions were honest, yet were a purposeful effort to steer him away from talking about his *MS*.

In his moderately drunken state, it was easy to tell that Wayne worshipped war, but as one might expect, he'd never participated in one. Unlike the combat vets I'd known, he spoke loudly and boldly, almost as if he was teaching the other diners about the virtues of war, but since most of the diners didn't speak english, he words were thankfully lost on them. His volume and gesticulations came-off as being abrasive; nevertheless, he was making a real effort to climb out of his self-pity over the *MS*. Booze and ego can often cancel-out large amounts of self-awareness.

“War weeds out the slow and the weak. It sharpens young men's minds, teaches them courage, and self-reliance, and it keeps our military at the ready.” Wayne preached. *So, let the killings begin!*

None of the combat vets, I'd meant, ever spoke like that. In Wayne's mind, war was the only

effective form of natural selection, which helped to strengthen the human race, while improving 'America's financial lot/bolstering the economy.' From Wayne's perspective, the only thing that got respect was carrying a big stick, and occasionally using it to beat some foreign peoples to death. His primary rational for war was that, "...war is inevitable, anyway." Wayne proclaimed that war was a 'natural part of human behavior.' *That might be true for too many.*

"War is a time honored institution. Its like sex. The desire is so strong, we will always have war, so why not make money off the inevitable. And, why not have the best technology to fight with. Superior sexy technology means fewer dead Americans, and the faster you can kill-off the enemy the faster they see the light, and then there's the spoils for the taking." He attempted to teach me.

His proclamation juxtaposing sex and killing, made me wonder, if he enjoyed killing as much as he did sex. I wanted to ask him about his sex-and-killing analogy, but realizing he was drunk, I passed, and at that point, I was only wanting to eat, drink, and relax. One of the cruel effects of *MS*, he'd mentioned, was that it had seriously interfered having sex with

his wife, so most likely his penchant for war had supplementally grown, better providing an outlet for his life's acute frustrations.

For all his loud overly confident ranting and ravings about war, Wayne had never so much as actually seen one. His real interest in war was strictly the business it brought to his company, and his own sales and profits. *He needs to roll around in a few dead bodies, that have been out in the sun for a couple of days.* Even the threat of war, allowed Wayne's company to sell more combat and transpiration aircraft. Wayne had been involved with sales of the F-111s, but *MS* had denied him the ability to sell the newly emerging, F-16s. According to Wayne, the F-16s were going to be bought by many countries, world wide, especially in the middle east, both by Israel, as well as by certain Arab countries.

"You can bet that the Israelis will get the 16s, with all the bells and whistles (weapon hard points on the wings, drop tanks, navigation equipment, long-range radar, etc.), and they'll also get them at a better price. A certain percentage of the aid we give to Israel has to go to the purchase of my company's aircraft, so we drop the price a tad. After all, it's taxpayer money, and the Jews keep those crazy

Arabs in check.” He sneeringly laughed.

<http://www.globalsecurity.org/military/systems/aircraft/f-16-fms.htm>

Wayne still stayed in close contact with his buddies at the aircraft company, as well as with certain of the company attorneys, working in Washington, as lobbyists. He told me that for obvious reasons, except for the Israelis, all the overseas models of combat aircraft didn't get some of the sophisticated accouterments: the radar systems were not as effective, the missile detection systems might not be installed or had reduced detection range, the engines just didn't have quite the efficiency or power, the fuel tanks were smaller, reducing the flight range of the aircraft, the afterburners didn't pump as much fuel, ergo the acceleration was somewhat attenuated; sometimes the planes lacked inflight refueling capabilities, etc. Even aircraft sold to big spenders, like Saudi Arabia, lacked the overall performance equipment of those sold to the American military, and the Israelis. You never can be sure that your ally today, won't be your enemy tomorrow.

The only time I referred to his dreaded *MS* was when I briefly talked about the importance of eating a healthy diet, taking a few vitamins, and starting a light workout program, but slowly and with a lot of preliminary stretching. I mentioned that a long stretching warm-up session was clearly paramount, when trying to exercise discordant muscles.

My suggested diet was mostly just lots of baked and grilled fish, fresh fruits and vegetables, and plenty of natural juices. Basically, the diet eliminated processed sugars, fried foods, and fatty meats. In those days, those fresh juices were sold at little home-built one-man-stands and carts all over Acapulco. Despite my comments about diet, Wayne's lunch that day was anything but healthy. Over a two hour period, he consumed a BLT sandwich, and washed it down with four martinis. *This guy is committing slow suicide.* Despite my best efforts at steering the conversation to lighter topics, Wayne was not to be detoured, and managed yet a second round of bleeding about the *MS*, and I sat there and kindly endured it; after all, he was paying me to eat a free lunch.

Plainly, he was glad to have a fellow english speaker to bleed on, and it was a virtual tidal wave

of verbal blood large enough to surf on. At least it was delivered without the cumbersome language barrier, which I generally had to deal with. After months of Spanish only, it was a pleasure to be speaking English with a fellow American. After the waiter brought Wayne's fourth martini, his conversation lagged away from his depressing '*MS bitch-a-thon*,' and so, I seized the moment to change the topic, and I told some stories corresponding to my work as an athletic trainer at *Rob Paul's Plaza Health Club*, including the account about Tommy and the human head in the leather bowling bag.

Having listened about Wayne's stellar career, I became acutely aware at how unproductive my life was in comparison. But in lieu of the *MS*, I wouldn't have traded places with him. Perhaps, I wouldn't have wanted to trade places, even if he were healthy... too much aggression, if not actual hate, seemed to go along with his job. On the other hand, some of his behavior may have also been owing to the *MS*. While in general I admire successful people, there are many, who have made me never want to be a success. Usually, it's because they've got prideful egos. In the work-a-day world, egos have a way of bludgeoning their way to the top, leaving bodies in

their wake. Sometimes, the bludgeoning is physical, but most often its just by good old fashioned booming abusive commentary and intimidation. This is not to say that only egomaniacs become successful, but it is to say that a disproportionate number do; so much so, that leadership is now often mistaken with ego, just consider Trump and Hillary.

After he'd finished his fourth martini, I thanked Wayne for the lunch and 'stimulating' conversation, and said that I was walking back to the beach, but Wayne stopped me, then asked if I'd like to see his villa, and to meet his lovely wife. Riding back in the limo, he mentioned how he didn't have much faith in President Ford, or in that possible future contender, Jimmy Carter, to keep our military strong. "Carter doesn't have what it takes, if the shit hits the fan, Carter will be helpless." It was clear that Wayne didn't feel that either man was hawkish enough. He remained surprisingly loquacious, while large amounts of alcohol flowed through his cerebral arteries. He also talked about 'flower power,' as being the philosophy of 'poverty and pussies.' He frequently repeated that phrase, and in mixed company.

"This fucking hippie generation is ruining the

country. *Not enough war and profit for his company.* Peace can be like a plague! Every now and then, you've got to stomp it out! Ha, Ha, Ha! If not, our economy will suffer, and evidently we'll fall pray to some country like Russia. People just don't realize how much the country needs war, to support our economy." He advised. *I don't think Dad or Eisenhower would agree with him.*

Wayne absolutely worshipped war, and of course all the money it engendered. His comments made me recall my Dad's thick book, with the thousands of little photos of men, who'd been executed by firing squads, during the Spanish civil war... all those bullet-pocked faces, and exploded craniums. Nobody looked good in that book. In Spain, I also recall how many of the older populace displayed missing limbs. The people of Spain were dirt poor, since during the civil war, all the money had gone to the weapons manufacturers. Wayne's positive attitude concerning war, also made me recall my Father's regular screaming nightmares. More than likely, night after night, my Dad was killing and being killed in his nightmares. Besides the flying of combat missions, the screams could have something to do with the one time he went with the Marines to help clean-out

some Japanese soldiers, who were held-up in some island caves. The Marines used grenades and flamethrowers. Some of the enemy came running out, looking like human torches and smelling like hamburger; so perhaps, Dad's screams could have been for the pitiable deaths of his enemies. Dad did kill quite a lot of Japanese... sinking their ships, fire bombing their towns, and strafing their troops on Pacific Islands in support of United States Marine operations. It is certainly possible that the dreaming mind and the conscious mind operate under vastly different moral constraints. Sometimes they're the same, but often not. In my dreams, I've killed any number of people, and I never used a gun, usually a hammer to the skull. Moreover, I lie in my dreams... no conscience, worse yet I enjoy my dreams. Psychopaths tend to enjoy their dreams, if that is true, perchance Dad wasn't a psychopath.

It was clear that Wayne was so focused on selling and making money, that he completely overlooked the death, injury, and suffering, war inevitably inflicts.. things such as missing: limbs, genitals, eyes, jaws, pieces of brain tissue, chunks of spinal cord, etc. There's also the massive amounts of physical and psychological pain. Wayne's worshiping of war

seemed odd to me, but since then I've meant several other people who were the same way. They're likely moral psychopaths. People with the great desire to kill and maim, but able to hold it in check, until presented with what they believe is a legitimate excuse to unleash it. However, of those I've meant, not one of them has actually participated in combat. One minor comment my Dad made to me about the war in the Pacific, has always haunted me. Dad and I had been watching the movie *Apocalypse Now*. During the movie, some military officer observed a napalm strike, against some enemy Vietnamese, and then said something about the smell of napalm being like the smell of victory. This comment caused my Dad to speak-up.

“On one of those islands we killed so many people with napalm, striding, and bombs, that after a few hot days it became unbearable.”

“Why was it so unbearable, Dad?” I asked.

“The rank smell of those rotting bodies was overpowering. That's the real smell of victory, Joey... putrid rotting flesh. We had to pack it up and move to the windward side of the island, just to get away from the smell. We couldn't really breathe, without throwing-up.” Dad stated.

Some of the war worshipers I've meant, like to claim that they don't actually worship war, when it is blatantly obvious they do. They like to say that they respect the combat soldier, and while that may be true, it is obvious that they clearly love the idea of war, but have no real clue what it's like. In that respect, and in other ways, they're walking contradictions, and most of the time, psychopaths. They're the guys, who are always chasing glory, by association with the vets, and discussing military and war-related issues. Such pseudo-glory seekers, seem to think that by affiliating themselves with combat vets, they too are heroic... wannabe heroes. Wayne was such a combat 'wannabe.' Often the war-worshipers, who worship veterans as minor gods, find that the veteran doesn't remotely share their same enthusiastic views, concerning war. The veterans tolerate such people, simply because they are generally polite and complimentary in their approach. During the time I knew Wayne, several times, I witnessed this happen, when Wayne spoke with veterans. If you have a chance, you might want to just type into *Google*, 'youtube medal of honor winners.' Just watch the videos of those men, who have won the medal. Watch how they talk about the war, and then form your own opinion about war.

“Dulce bellum inexpertis.”

“War is sweet for those who haven't experienced it.”

Pindar, sometimes called Pindaros

Pindar was a Greek lyric poet from Thebes (situated in central Greece), who lived from roughly 522 BC to 443 BC, hence I am clearly not the first person to have noticed this morose little phenomenon, concerning the people who worship war, yet never partook. Thinking about war, hearing about war, and watching news clips and war movies are certainly adrenaline pumpers, but they're without any bona fide risk, and there's no smell of rot. While my Dad was a highly decorated combat pilot, he was anything but in favor of war. Having listened to Dad speak with his friends, I think the only thing he may have worshipped about war, were the guys he flew with. For many, war is merely moments of killing, while periodically being chased by death. It's no doubt a unique experience, but without love, or kindness, except as one combatant might feel for his compatriots. Still, there are those who go into

combat, regularly; like the operators in *JSOP (Joint Special Operations Program)*. My bet is that many of the special ops guys, have gotten to the point that they don't care about the politics of their mission, only about their buddies.

Unus pro omnibus, omnes pro uno. (One for all, all for one.)

Unofficial motto of Switzerland

There's now only a remote possibility that soldiers have some vague misplaced belief in the integrity of America's politicians and their motives for going to war, or remaining in a never-ending war, i.e., Afghanistan. On the other hand, they may not give a damn. Perhaps, after dealing with lots death, you just go for the adrenaline, and fight for your fellow soldiers, and for your own survival. Men of war are hired and trained under the guise of valiantly protecting our freedoms; nonetheless, they're now used by the ever selfish corporations of the MIC, to operate for less than patriotic motives. When it comes to war, the only real winners are the companies that profit from making all the weapons,

and equipment.

Different people go into the military for different reasons. Some just need employment. Such is often why the poor enter the service. The egotistical may want glory and to command. More unselfish people want to be good 'patriots.' For a tiny percentage, they are desperate to find a legitimate excuse to kill. The guys, who go into war for an excuse to vent their sociopathic tendencies, are probably not the most courageous of soldiers, and might be prone to abandon their buddies, when the going gets too tough; after all, the only person a true psychopath cares about is himself. Such men wouldn't qualify for the Alamo, Antietam, Leyte Gulf, Shiloh, Kunu-Ri, Hue, Stalingrad, etc. Certainly, a soldier needs to be fierce and brave, and for that he is certainly to be admired, but shouldn't he be fighting for a just cause, rather than corporate greed; otherwise, he qualifies as little more than a hired thug, a mercenary, or just an ill informed idiot. Clearly, there have been many corrupt governments, lying to their soldiers, coercing them into fighting for flawed purposes. That's probably why there were over twenty plots to assassinate Hitler, within the German government.

Perchance the most vile abuse of power is the economic exploitation of heroism, by business profiteers, who pretend to be patriots.

Death for Profit by Adrian W.

Morley

Some soldiers signed-up with expectations of glory, but if they fail to see combat, at times, they continue to worship the actual heroes, worshipping war from a detached slightly envious and warped perspective. Oddly enough, these are people who also tend to worship corporate greed, and as a rule, generally belong to the Republican party. These strangely motivated people, usually think they're true motives are invisible. Wayne was that type of guy. The damaged retina had left him a wannabe hero. What he didn't understand is that heroes generally don't give a hoot about being a hero. Though I'm less than a brave man, I nevertheless, have been lucky enough to have meant many heroes, and they're nothing like the guys that worship them, mainly because the heroes never gave a thought to being heroic. They seem like regular guys, but when the situation presented itself, they behaved courageously, without some selfish motive, without abandoning

their fellow soldiers. As the years pass, their greatness largely goes unnoticed, at least the ones I've known. Still, the medal ceremony, though well deserved, seems disingenuous to me. I can't image people like Donald Trump or Hillary Clinton presenting the Congressional Medal of Honor.

This thing of being a hero, about the main thing to it is to know when to die.

Will Rogers

Wayne had gone in the Air Force to be a hotshot pilot, but during flight training, while doing a solo, there was a landing gear failure, before he even got his wings, and the subsequent partially detached retina had ended his military flight career, before it really got started. From then on, he was a man in search of self glory, a total ego-maniac, a man who worshipped war and its heroes, yet a man who could easily place making money for the war industry, above the countless human lives wars destroy. Even so, Wayne possessed certain admirable qualities. His work ethic had been beyond human. His former athletic prowess was near legendary, and his attention to detail was impressive, indeed.

After traversing the city, Pepe stopped the limo, got out, then one at a time, pulled open two large heavy medieval-looking wooden gates, made with black welded steel framing and hinges, and darkly stained vertical heavy wood planking. The huge gates rolled on large steel casters. The two gates spanned a fourteen foot opening, in a ten foot high stuccoed concrete wall, which surrounded the grounds of a four-story villa. Driving into the well manicured courtyard, I quickly noticed an exquisite Mexican woman, stretched-out curvaceously on the bright blue tiled pool deck, sunning herself. The exquisite creature wore a small black bikini. Her thick long raven-black hair billowed-out onto the light blue tiles. She was a gorgeous exotic sun worshipper. Rolling onto her side, she saw the incoming limo, got-up, waltzed over, and kissed Wayne as he got out the vehicle, then she wrinkled her nose, and cut her eyes, good-naturedly wagging her index finger, apparently smelling the alcohol. *What a beauty!*

Wayne then introduced me to his attractive wife, Rita. Her eyes were shaped like Rosa's, except more penetrating, more intelligent, happier, and her high curving cheekbones served as the regal precipices from which those imperial liquid emerald globes

surveyed her realm, for indeed she was a virtual queen. Her smile was genuine, easy, and brought comfort, as well as unavoidable imagination. She was tall for a female Mexican, probably five foot eight. Her figure was slightly fuller, more erotic than Rosa's. It was easy to understand why poor Wayne was angry about the multiple sclerosis interfering with his ability to be intimate with that alluring beauty. I had anticipated meeting the usual trophy wife, but she radiated more than mere beauty. The tenor of her voice and the controlled nature of her facial expressions, hinted at a profound intellect, pleasantly combined with a down to earth personality.

Thinking back, Rita reminded me of a taller Selma Hyatt, in the movie *From Dusk to Dawn*. Yes indeed, Rita was that hot, and in my book, the young Selma Hyatt was about as sizzling as you can get. Although they are phenotypically quite different, a few definite challengers to Ms. Hyatt are: Ms. Zoe Saldana in the movie *Colombiana*, Ms. Penelope Cruz, who starred in *Pirates of the Caribbean*, Ms. Kerry Washington, who plays Olivia Pope in the TV series, *Scandal*, and the world's most striking model, Ms. Tyra Banks, who at her peak was utterly

amazing.

If by some miracle, this book actually gets published and Ms. Hyatt, Ms. Saldana, Ms. Cruz, Ms. Kennedy, Ms. Washington, or Ms. Banks happen to read it, just let me say, 'thank you' from the bottom of my time worn heart for your extraordinary beauty and spellbinding talents. If you, the reader, are familiar with these six striking ladies, you probably realize that they look nothing alike; nevertheless, you may have a rough idea what I enjoy. Most of my male friends go for blondes, and I must admit there are indeed some serious blond beauties. I find them beautiful as well, but I do so love a female, who has a little dusky shade to her skin. Everyone has their personal idea of beauty. Thank God, we are all different. Otherwise, what a boring old world, it would be. If the world were made of like minded people, in a way, it would be as if no one existed.

Although Rita was extraordinarily alluring and rich, she still had that same sympathetic and sincere personality, I'd witnessed in so many of the poorer Mexican women. Once inside the hacienda, she put on a large white terrycloth bathrobe, which strikingly contrasted with her flawless deep tan, and matched her gleaming white teeth, and the ever

flashing whites of her impassioned verdant eyes.

The massive villa was in near perfect condition, made of rough stuccoed brick colored walls, with wide arched doorways, each framed with carefully fitted thick roundish gray stones, which may have come from the cliff area, near the aforementioned little restaurant. The walls of the interior displayed superlative seascapes and other magnificent nautical paintings. Because of Wayne's job, I had wrongly expected photos, paintings, and drawings of aircraft, there were none. My bet was that Rita had disallowed them, to keep Wayne from insistently talking about planes. Around the room were several sprays of flowers, as well as three large cages, housing various colorful exotic parrots, and one large snow white umbrella cockatoo. One of those birds, I would have had to set free, since it was given to loud unpredictable bouts of ear-splitting squawks.

The furniture was comfortable overstuffed soft red leather. The white tile floors were in places covered by thick handmade rugs, containing multi-colored symbols and characters, which Rita later explained were ancient Mayan. The rugs were custom made in Oaxaca. She also mentioned that her mother had provided the artisans with the ciphers

and characters, woven into their fabric. The various ancient symbols caused me recall the dapper well educated little archeologist at the *Chapultepec Museum*. Some of the rugs' images had been on archeological items in the museum, yet I could recall nothing of their significance, probably owing to the weed I smoked, later that same day with Esteban's group, inside the pile of logs. The rugs with their symbols, and comfortable furniture didn't seem to jive with the nautical paintings. As I'd later find-out, the nautical paintings were Wayne's, and the rest of the furnishings had been selected by Rita. Wayne had spent several summers in his youth sailing out of Kennebunkport; hence, all the nautical art.

Rita asked me where I had learned my Spanish, so I mentioned that I'd lived in Spain, as a young boy; and talked a bit about some of the things I'd seen and done there. However, unlike my sketchy Spanish, her English was flawless. Wayne shared some of his stories about growing-up in the plains of Kansas: hunting, horseback riding, athletics, his first business attempt (an earthworm farm), rebuilding cars, several run-ins with the law, principally due to drinking, driving too fast, and fighting, etc. Like me, Wayne had been sent to a military high school in the

East. But unlike me, he went to Stanford for his undergrad, and later to Harvard for his MBA. He was brilliant and extremely industrious. The military school had evidently worked well for him, where I was just glad to have been done with it, and have never since returned for a single visit. Having visited my alma mater online, I've noticed that it's now a co-ed institution, also it now has black students; something which wasn't remotely considered, at the time I attended.

When Wayne inquired about what business I was in, I told them about my humble little tour business with *The Prince Hotel*. It was obvious that they sensed my chagrin, since my business was nothing compared to Wayne's sales history, or in comparison to the huge import-export businesses owned by Rita's family. Yet even though my business dealings were meager, Wayne and Rita appeared to welcome the distraction and applauded my small endeavor. If they weren't sincere, they sure did a good job of faking it. From the way she talked about my humble tourist business, you'd would have thought I was Steve Jobs, or Bill Gates. Rita even mentioned that if I wanted to set-up such a tourist business in Mexico City, that she had many contacts the city. It was an authentic offer,

a tangible opportunity, but how well I recall that I didn't have the slightest desire to be a huge success. Running a business has never seemed terribly satisfying, regardless of the money. While I wanted to make a living, but at that point in my life, I mainly just wanted to live without depression, and with a little fun thrown in. A trade career has never seemed exciting. However, I had acquired a little interest in finding an intellectual pursuit, something worthy of devoting one's life to, not just making money.

My Dad's career as a combat pilot was impressive and exciting, but neither was it the kind of excitement I cared to experience. Nevertheless, it was worth living, and it made a real difference for promoting goodness. Moreover, I wasn't made to take orders, to work in the socialistic society of the US military. A soul needs new experiences, not every week being like the week before. All work and no play... Some people believe that joy requires long lasting human relationships, as well as working forty to sixty hours a week. For many people, that could be true, but then for others...

You couldn't pay me enough spend my life in prison, nor to work a boring job, since before it's all

done, time and freedom is all we have.

Homeless in the Sky by Teernally M.

Alorey

The couple certainly knew how to make a guest feel welcome, that and the accoutrements of their lives, made me realize the folly of my life. Having been raised around squadron pilots, I was well acquainted with people like Wayne, and Rita... intelligent, outgoing people, who made communication easy. Conversation with them was comforting and enjoyable, especially since it was in english. Discussion is an art form, which is rapidly disappearing. Perhaps that has something to do with texting. Compassionately, the couple never asked how I'd come to be in Acapulco. Perhaps, Rita sensed I wasn't too proud of my past, so she focused on, and made inquiries only about, things I brought-up. Wayne was the kind of man, who'd ask you how your day was going, solely because he wanted you to ask him about his; whereas, Rita was studied, considerate, and genuine in her conversation. Wayne was the master of manipulation, whereas she was a master of compassionate conversation. Unlike her husband, she manifested a genteel presence.

Steering the conversation to Rita, I asked where she'd spent her childhood. She described a sheltered childhood in Mexico City, schooled by nuns, who she described as inherently cruel, yet they'd been kind to her because they feared her daddy. You don't get to be the third richest man in Mexico without having a ruthless edge. She'd later traveled (Western Europe, Southeast Asia, India, Tibet, China, as well as, throughout South America and Central America), with her mother and their three bodyguards. Rita was well educated with a Ph.D. in, of all things, Chinese history. She had skydived in southeast Asia, when she was but fourteen years old. Her conversation was filled with useful facts about China. For example, she mentioned toilet paper was invented in China in the late 1300s, and was made only for the emperors. It may soon be that way again, since forests are fast disappearing, besides the bidet makes more sense hygienically, speaking. The idea of people wiping their butts on the products of trees somehow says it all... humans' lack of respect for the environment.

Also at fourteen, she'd hunted tigers in India, but only nicked one. The tiger had moved just before the trigger squeeze. Once wounded I turned to attack the

people on the accompanying elephant. The guide had killed the tiger, but one man on the other elephant had sustained a couple of claw marks to his shoulder. While her father had taught her to shoot, she'd never before shot a rifle that heavy nor powerful. I've only known two people, who have hunted big cats, and both were females, and both were Mexican: Amparo, who drove the three black kings around in their checked cab, and Rita, Wayne's wonderful wife.

Rita's gentle charisma, her expansive knowledge base, extreme good looks, and ready wit, made her a rare and precious jewel. She made no judgements, and exerted no control. She was pure sweetness and light. Rita talked quite a bit about her Dad and obviously loved her parents. Judging from the way she described her hard-driving wealthy father, I assumed that Wayne was a carbon copy, except for his age and having the dreaded *MS*; still, unlike Wayne, her father was a war veteran. He'd fought in the Spanish Civil war; in fact, many Mexicans had. Luckily, her dad didn't end-up being one of those men in my Dad's thick little book. My feeling was that Wayne had been Rita's one and only, and she was visibly distressed about their future, considering Wayne's debilitating disease. Clearly, they were a

couple in need of help, yet they remained isolated, without friends or family in Acapulco, only their ever faithful cook and chauffeur.

Pepe, the chauffeur, cheerfully walked into the room and looked at Wayne and smiled. He'd apparently assumed the role of waiter and bartender. Pepe's entrance and smile was an understood signal for drink orders. It had been almost two hours, since his four martinis at lunch, and Wayne was already feeling the yearning. *God, can he drink!*

"I'll be switching from those martinis to my single malt, Pepe. What would you two, like to drink?" With a huge smile on his face, Wayne questioned Rita and me, making it clear he wanted someone to drink with him. *Drunks can be so pushy with their drinking.*

Rita ordered a mango juice, and Wayne frowned his disapproval, yet Rita only smiled as if to say, 'We all know that Wayne is being pushy.' I too wanted a cold mango juice, but asked for a beer, feeling the need to marginally support Wayne's alcohol selection for friendship's sake. Though I was/am an alcoholic, I never disliked a person, if they failed to drink with me, nor have I encouraged someone to drink with me. I'd only make the offer, if I knew they wanted to

drink. The early evening visit with Wayne and Rita was fun. It was relaxing to be able to chat with intelligent english speakers. That was the best thing about the Thursday tours, being able to speak with the female American tourists, albeit most of the conversations were just chit-chat.

After drinks, I once more briefly brought up the topic of Wayne considering getting on a good diet, reducing the alcohol a tad, and starting to work out. Rita jumped on the idea like a chicken on a June bug, and surprisingly, Wayne responded enthusiastically, even though he was moderately soused. My bet was that he knew he needed to do something, to stop his physical decline. After a bit, he launched into a rather unexpected honest announcement.

“Considering the way my life has been headed lately, I’ve got to do something, and so I think I’ll take your nagging advice, Joey. However, I need someone to help me get back in shape, and you said that you used to be a workout instructor, so how about you move-in, and live up there on the fourth floor? Rent free... You can’t beat the price, and you help me get in shape... put me on a workout program. That four-dollar-a-day motel, you

described, doesn't sound too good, anyway. Pepe could drive us down to the market every morning. You and I could pick-out healthy food for the day, all on my tab. Our lovely cook, Carla, who is Pepe's wonderful wife, will prepare our daily health food, and we'd all be on this healthy diet thing you've proposed."

"All of us could get fit. You could motivate me to work-out each day, except for Thursdays, when you work with your tourist business, and so Thursday will be my day of rest. But I gotta tell you, slowing down on the booze is gonna be the hardest part. I can be a bit of a bastard if I don't get my daily ration. So, I'll really need help with the alcohol, man. Ask Rita, here. Every now and then, I might give you a ration of shit; just roll with the punches. What do you say, Joey? Think you can deal with that?" Wayne proposed.

Wayne's generous offer astonished me. A four story villa, situated in the most costly section of magnificent Acapulco, staffed with servants, a pool, all overlooking the beautiful Acapulco Bay, and distant Pacific Ocean, and I was about to move in! I considered the offer for about a millisecond. It was definitely time for a change of venue, no more four-

dollar-a-day motel, without screens or glass in the windows; no more world's smallest bathroom, not-to-mention, the better food. Besides, the villa was much closer to *The Prince*. It was time to leave poverty central to move into a palace! *And to think that, I'd almost walked-away, when Wayne fell-down on the beach.* The only thing I didn't consider, before answering, were my buried jars, my two dirt banks.

“Hell yes! Thanks a lot Wayne. I'd love to live here. Are you sure you're okay with my moving-in? Just let me go down to my motel room and retrieve my things. It won't take long, and I'll be back this evening. I'll do the best I can to help get you get back to battery, and we'll be doing healthy things to beat-back that *MS*. Thanks a lot, Wayne.” I responded, and then, I thought of my jars. *What should I do with the jars and the weed?*

When I stood-up to go, Wayne stopped me. “Hold on, Pepe will drive you, and bring you back.” *Pepe can't be there, when I unearth the jars.*

The offer of a ride was unexpectedly a small problem. At that time, I had my two jars, one with a small bundle of weed, and the other with the wrapped and taped cash bundles, buried in the garden outside my motel room. Pepe would have had

to park directly in front of my room, so with his escorting me, I wouldn't have been able to dig-up my jars, without his seeing me do it.

The odd thing was that even though I wasn't dealing or smoking weed anymore, I didn't just leave the marijuana buried in the flowerbed, and only retrieve the big jar with the bundles of cash. With what was about to happen, I should have left the dope jar in the ground. Still, later that stash of marijuana would provide useful.

All that was left of the weed stash was less than a quarter pound, since I'd been handing-out joints to the cab drivers as reward incentives, as well as covertly I'd slipped a few to certain of the women on the tours, just to spice-up the event. Still, since arriving in Acapulco, I hadn't sold any of the marijuana, only given it away. Had I just left the ganja buried, I would have avoided another terrifying moment... one more giant shot of adrenaline! Nevertheless, Wayne might never have made his recovery.

"Thanks for the offer of the ride, Wayne, but really that's okay. I've still got to find and talk with a couple of my cab drivers... make some arrangements for Thursday's tour. I'm going to be adding another

cab to the business, and switching-out one of the drivers, so I need to talk to a couple of folks. It'll take just a bit, and one of the cabbies will bring me back. I'll return, as soon as I'm finished." I stated, always quick with a lie.

"Have it your way. See you soon, Joey." Wayne responded.

"Thanks again for the generous invitation, Wayne. I can't wait to begin the diet and the workout program. It was certainly a pleasure meeting you, Rita. I'll be back in about three hours, if that's okay."
"

Making my way down the long fairly steep hill through the suburbs, I got to where I could catch the pollution-belching cross-town bus. Once back at my motel it was dark, and no one was watching, so I dug-up my two jars. In my room I removed the weed, stowed it in another plastic bag, carefully taped it shut, then once again, shoved the packet down in the outside pocket of my old blue suitcase. As usual, I double checked the wrapped money bundles and taped them to my waist and thighs, making sure to again change into my baggiest clothes, just as I'd done, when riding the bus from Mexico City to Acapulco. The city bus could have some unsavory

characters on board, especially late at night. I washed-out the two large empty jars, and placed them inside the suitcase, and because of their thickness, could just barely fit them in and zip the suitcase closed.

After exiting the city bus, at the bottom of the hill, which lead up to Wayne and Rita's villa, I launched out on foot to begin the long uphill trek through Wayne's hi-class suburb. The hike was just under a mile. *I should have taken a cab, I'll be all sweaty, when I get back.* Navigating my way by the lights from the houses, and the dim infrequent street lamps, I set a slow but steady pace. Lengthy stretches of the road were void of light. Many of the homes, I passed, were surrounded by eight to ten foot tall concrete walls, about a foot thick. The tops of most of those walls were covered in a long bevelled mound of mortar, brisling with imbedded pieces of broken colorful razor sharp glass, a crude but effective alternative to today's razor wire. *Climbing over that prickly barrier could be bloody, indeed.* Moreover, half of the houses had stout aggressive guard dogs up on top of their flat roofs, ergo there was periodically considerable snarling and barking, as I continued to plod uphill.

Most of the dogs were short haired big muscular mutts, many of which appeared to be part bulldog, or part shepherd, and definitely part hostile. *I sure hope none of these dogs get loose.* Ten minutes into the walk, I heard more dogs barking just up ahead; but I hadn't gotten there, yet, so I figured they weren't barking at me. *Maybe someone else is out walking tonight.* Then disturbingly, I realized that the barks seemed to be getting closer, and coming from a street, perpendicular to the one, I was currently on. *Are there loose roaming dogs up ahead?*

At first, I became alarmed and wrongly assumed that some of the dangerous guard dogs were free out roaming the neighborhood, and so I began to look for a nearby tree to climb. Having to fight a pack of angry dogs on the dimly lit street was not remotely appealing. Spotting a tree up on the corner, I had just begun to sprint for it, then I quickly stopped, when I saw a group of six armed soldiers, rounding a corner and striding out onto the street, which I was on. They were just one short block up ahead, and under a flickering street lamp. Hoping not to attract their attention, I froze. The tree I had intend to climb was too thin for me to effectively hide behind, and I was afraid that if I moved, the soldiers would notice me,

so I just stood still. The lighting was poor, where I was, so I prayed that I'd go unnoticed. *I feel like a deer in the headlights.* Just like on the *Estrella de Plata* bus in the jungle, the soldier's had three German Shepherds on leashes! *What's with soldiers in Mexico having three German Shepherd's?* Even in the low light, I could see their antique bolt-action rifles, so it was obvious they were soldiers, though they wore only half uniforms, just the military shirt with civilian pants or the reverse, and only two of them wore uniform caps.

As they fully stepped-out onto my street, almost instantly the dogs turned and began to bark in my direction. The *God damn dogs have spotted me!* What clued-in the dogs to my presence was the fact that the dogs on the roof of the house, adjacent to where I was standing, were barking, so the shepherds had looked in the direction of the barking dogs. In turn, that caused soldier's to focus their attention toward me, and there I stood, like an idiot, again with dope in the outside pocket of my suitcase, albeit less than a quarter pound, and again with bundles of money taped around my waist and thighs, only now the bundles were thicker, due to the additional money garnered from the weekly tourist trader.

The soldiers walked straight at me. *Oh shit! If I run, they'll just release the dogs on me.* So, I stood there and stared at them, with a poorly contrived innocent questioning look. As they neared, I tried to look glad to see them. *I'm so screwed! Try to smile when they get closer!* It seemed to me, that they were looking for a criminal, or perhaps for some AWOL soldier, because when they got close, one of them spoke just loud enough for me to hear.

“That’s not him...” One soldier told their apparent leader.

After that comment, I was hoping they’d just leave, so I started to relax, but then to my chagrin, they kept coming. *If I’m not ‘him,’ so please go find ‘him,’ and leave me alone!* When they were less than thirty feet away, the dogs began to pull harder at their leashes. *Crap! The dogs have smelled my weed!* At this point, the leader stepped forward, signaling the other five soldiers to stay put and to restrain their dogs. *Why did I have to bring that stupid little bit of weed?* The leader presented a sneering cocksure smile. *My life is now worth less than a quarter pound of marijuana.* First, I almost got busted with the orange microdots at the trap-house with Shades, then I’d come within a gnat’s hair of getting nailed at the

road block on the bus ride to Acapulco, and then this event in Acapulco's rich suburbs; all within a little longer than a year!

All I could think was... *Three's the charm. I'm fucked!* At that moment, I was sure I was about to be locked-up in a nightmare, mariachi-playing Mexican prison. It would be the perfect ending, to my irresponsible life. *Wonder what Dad is going to say, if he ever finds-out?* Dad definitely had his limits for bullshit, and that would be several tons over his limit. There'd be no point in letting my folks know what had happened to me. No doubt, Dad would simply write me off. Maybe, he still had the life insurance policy on me, and so there was a fair chance that me going into a Mexican prison could lead to a big payday for Dad, that is if Mexico even bothered to notify the next-of-kin. All six of the soldiers were probably in their late twenties. The dogs' responses were clearly directed at my suitcase, causing the tall muscular leader to step even closer and harshly speak-up.

"Open your suitcase, now." He loudly commanded. *Crap!*

The leader's loud command caused several neighborhood dogs to begin to bark louder. The

increased barking may have worked in my favor, since the last thing the soldiers wanted to do was upset the surrounding rich neighborhood. Knowing that the package of kush was in the outside pocket, with an innocent shrug of my shoulders, I quickly obeyed, and unzipped the small suitcase and flopped it open, flattening the two halves, open on the street. That way, the weed package, in the exterior pocket, was covered by the contents of the suitcase, exposing all of my clothes, loafers, tooth brush, tooth paste, condoms, the business logbook, the bottle of bay rum, and the two large empty jars, the latter of which seemed to mystify the leader. Luckily, I had washed and dried the jars, before I'd put them in the suitcase, reducing their odor. The two large empty jars seemed to fasciate him.

“Who are you?” The leader demanded.

“Jose Valens.” I lied.

The ill-tempered leader then took his rifle and used its front iron post sight, to poke around through my clothes and flip a shirt and pair of underwear out onto the dirty asphalt road. From his glaring look, I realized that this guy hated me. At lease the soldier on the bus hadn't thrown my clothes on the bus floor. This time, I was so afraid, that I forgot to

cough and feign sickness. He then decided to interrogate me, sensing I wasn't Mexican.

"Why are you in Acapulco?" He asked.

The less than friendly question automatically triggered my escape strategy. Prior to the question I was at a complete loss as to what to do. The soldier's question made me recall what Esteban had told me... that the police were afraid of the rich folks. *I hope that soldiers are, too.*

"I run an international tour service for *The Prince Hotel*." I said, while hurriedly reaching down into the open suitcase and producing one of my business cards, and as I handed it to him, I dropped the hotel manager's name.

"I live up there. I didn't bring the car, because I need the exercise!" I said this pointing up toward the richest suburb in Acapulco, while praying they didn't want to follow me to Wayne's villa.

Having played the rich card, I was hoping that Esteban was right. The business card, designed to make me appear rich, and the comment about where I lived, momentarily stiffened them. *That rich thing has definitely tied a knot in his tail.* I went on to describe working for *The Prince Hotel*, also dropping

the names of the various store managers, where I took the tourists. *I really hope those dogs don't get loose!* The other soldiers plainly got the point, that I was of the upper class, and not to be trifled with, although the leader still looked slightly unfazed. The soldiers had not expected that I worked in Acapulco, much less for the plush *Prince Hotel*. Judging from the change in their facial expressions, it was clear the other soldiers were fearful of moneyed people. And, if I lived in that neighborhood, I was probably quite wealthy. But my cheap small suitcase, and few clothes, argued against being wealthy, nonetheless they were uncertain as to how to proceed, and kept eyeballing the two empty jars, so I volunteered an addition comment.

“I use those jars to collect insects. I am an insect collector... mostly poisonous spiders. *Why did I say that?* And, these are just the extra clothes, I keep at the *Prince Hotel*, for when I sleep there.” I was hoping that the more I sidetracked them, I'd better keep the leader from further probing into my suitcase. In response to my spider comment they just squinted repeatedly, probably wondering why anyone would collect poisonous spiders.

Politely, I asked the leader of the rag-tag military

group his name, and formally held out my hand to shake his. This seemed to panic him; still, he managed to slightly sneer, then looked at his partners; nevertheless, he refused to extend his hand, so I pulled back my hand and just nodded once. He never gave me his name, but he had at least stopped his aggressive intimidating glare and his probing through my suitcase. The others looked worried when their leader failed to provide his name. One of them even reached down to help to put my clothes back in the suitcase, but the leader grabbed his arm to stop him and ordered him back. The fear of wealth and political influence apparently had partially worked. But, you can bet that the fear they had instilled in me, far exceeded the meager fear I'd managed to return.

Throughout the encounter, I did my best to smile, and stand with a slightly stooped posture so that my cash bundles didn't press outwardly, against the parts of my clothing, facing the soldiers. Not finding any dope in the suitcase, the leader announced that the dogs must have alerted on the bottle of bay rum, which he then reached down and picked-up. Unexpectedly, he flipped the small bottle into the air caught it, then walked off with it... his

final act of face-saving defiance. The others simply followed him, dragging their three dogs in tow. As they walked away, one of the dogs glanced back at me, as if to say, "I know what's in your suitcase!" Relieved to not be going to prison, I made no objection about the theft of my cologne, but just quietly told them, 'good night,' while shaking-out, and placing my clothes back in my suitcase.

By the time I got to the villa, Wayne and Rita had retired for the evening, but Pepe was patiently waiting for me by the pool, per Wayne's instructions, to let me in. When I finally knocked on the gate, I was psychologically drained. The long uphill trek, the encounter with the soldiers, and the prospect of life in a Mexican prison had been more than slightly wearing. Pepe seemed to read my strain. I felt that he saw both my exhaustion and my demons, but smiled anyway. Pepe was an extremely dependable and non-judgmental soul. I went to the restroom to relieve myself and to remove the money from my legs and waist, stashing the cash bundles back in a jar and the package of weed in the other jar, and hid both in my suitcase, while Pepe prepared us drinks. He and I sat by the pool in lounge chairs, each sipping a double bourbon and coke, on the rocks. Unlike Wayne, Pepe

remained unchanged when drinking. Sipping on our drinks, Pepe conveyed a little of he and his wife's history, while I just listened, sipped, and relaxed.

He'd been born and raised on a large 2000 acre farm, where he and his parents, and another six families, had labored as indentured servants, for the wealthy land owner. The poor families worked for the land baron, maintaining the farm equipment, planting, watering, and harvesting the fields of: agave, corn, beans, and cotton.

The children, depending on their sex, ages, and maturity, would either work in the fields, or perform chores around the large farmhouse. Pepe and his wife, Carla, were members of different families, living on the same farm. She worked cleaning the house, taking care of the house garden, and she did half of the cooking. Pepe worked the fields and repaired things, such as the house, the barn, and the farm equipment. Bare-in-mind, that I was listening to this story in 1976. Pepe and Carla had lived on the farm as indentured servants, until they meant Wayne and Rita, only a few years prior. Their farm life, before Wayne and Rita, sounded a lot like something straight out of the medieval futile system. Working for Wayne and Rita had transformed their lives. The

couple had gone from back breaking work, to being paid well, doing relatively easy work, and living in the lap of luxury.

Pepe's and Carla's liberation began one day, when Wayne and Rita had gone driving around the countryside, spending the afternoon looking for antiques to furnish their spacious home in Mexico City. From the highway, Rita had spotted the large white barn off in the distance, and so they'd turned onto a dirt road to finally arrive at the farm, where Pepe and Carla lived and worked. The owner of the farm had invited Wayne and Rita to stay for lunch, prepared and served by Carla. Even though the food tasted delicious, the farm owner seemed unhappy with Carla's cooking. The undeserved criticism caused Rita to ask Carla, if she would like to go with Wayne and her to be their live-in cook.

That was when Carla told Rita that she was married to Pepe, and that they were both the 'property' of the farm owner. Wayne was shocked by Carla's revelation, but being a Mexican, Rita knew about such arrangements. Wayne and Rita had also meant the amiable, hard-working, Pepe during the lunch. Consequently, Rita and Wayne amended their proposal to include Pepe, and directed their request

to the owner.

The owner stated that neither Pepe nor Carla were free to go, until Wayne paid off their debt for living at the farm. The couple's debt was not for actual money owed, but simply because they were born there and indentured. Both Pepe and Carla had spent their entire lives on the farm. Their debt was simply for being raised on the farm. In other words, they would never have been able to pay off their debt, until they were too old to work anymore. Then, they'd be cared for by the other younger indentured servants. It was an antiquated sacred cradle-to-grave arrangement. The only reasons they didn't leave was that their only friends and family lived on the farm. It was all they knew, and were inherently afraid of trying to make a go of life elsewhere, when elsewhere was a complete unknown. Carla later mentioned that the owner of the farm, had told stories about how dangerous and bad life was outside his farm, creating enough paranoia that none of the servants dared leave.

Perhaps, the word indentured isn't exactly correct, since it may imply the existence of an actual legal document. The nature of Pepe and Carla's relationship with the land owner wasn't totally clear,

but for all practical purposes their condition sounded a lot like slavery, but controlled in a psychological manner, since Mexico had formally abolished legal slavery about fifty years, before the United States did! Oddly enough, during my conversation with Pepe that night, he showed no animosity toward his former owner.

The couple had never been to any type of traditional school. Whatever education they possessed, had come from the other workers on the farm. They were then in their late thirties, possessed a lively, child-like quality, and were genuinely good and loving people. Both Pepe and Carla laughed often. Having meant several people lacking in formal education, I've come to the conclusion that in certain ways conventional education, in certain ways, damages people's spirit. While education makes us more knowledgeable, maybe we lose a certain type of innocence, and humor. After all, a child sitting in a school desk for hours every day is anything but natural! Rita had been teaching the couple to read, and how to do basic math. When I inquired of Pepe why he and Carla had elected to leave the farm, he merely smiled and said that he and Carla could tell Wayne and Rita were good people and would help

them. And just like that, on a spur of the moment decision, they'd left the farm. Mexico City had been a major culture shock for the rural couple, since they never even seen a small town, and the farm had no radio or television. The owner of the farm did all the shopping and was the only driver.

Wayne had simply paid the farmer \$500 for the married pair. As a cold display of indifference, the farmer never bothered to tell Pepe and Carla goodbye. The lack of a goodbye, seemed to genuinely disturb Pepe, that night he told me all this, while we sat drinking next to the pool. At that time that Wayne and Rita had purchased the couple, the indentured couple were in their late twenties, and they'd never left the farm. The day that Pepe and Carla rode-off in the backseat of Wayne's automobile, everything they owned was in the car's trunk, but that was nothing more than a few clothes. From then on, Rita paid the couple handsomely, every week, and taught them how to spend and save their money. Wayne had taught Pepe how to drive and helped him to get his driver's license. He also taught him how to tune-up the engine, maintain the swimming pool, repair plumbing and wiring, etc., some of which Pepe learned on the farm.

Once liberated from the ancient servitude, Pepe and Carla couldn't imagine leaving Wayne and Rita. Wayne later told me that there was more of such slavery in 'New World Mexico,' than there had ever been in the colonial United States. The Catholic church, under Pope Alexander VI (1431 – 1503), both condemned and indirectly supported slavery. Just after Columbus discovered the New World, Pope Alexander VI granted Spain the right to colonize Mexico. He ordered that the indigenous Indians be made Catholic and prohibited slavery, but in the same breath, the Papal monarch added that those Indians, who did not convert to Catholicism, could be enslaved or indentured, perhaps much like Pepe and Carla, who clearly appeared to be largely, if not totally, of indigenous Indian blood. It is reasonable to assume that there was a good chance that Pepe and Carla were biological remnants of said slavery, with all their ancestors being slaves, right back to just after Columbus discovered the new world. Alexander was one of the most controversial of the popes, partly because of his attitudes concerning slavery, and because he acknowledged fathering several kids by his mistresses. The Spanish wasted no time in enslaving the Indians of Mexico, and the papal bulls, which Alexander had instituted, continued long after

his death.

Now days, a more pernicious form of enslavement has appeared in Mexico. The drug cartels basically own everyone, who works for them, and can demand that anyone, living in their territory, do their bidding. Disobedience is dealt with in much the same manner, as did the ancient Spanish slavers, i.e., torture and/or death; although now, with the cartels there's a few new macabre twists thrown-in. Still, just like the Mexican secret police, I think that the drug trade may be controlled by the *CIA*. Still, we like to think, that through the centuries, the world has become a kinder place. The problem with that is that there are more sociopaths in the world, than in the past.

To deal with the ancient Papal decree, many wealthy Catholic slave holders simply failed to introduce their slaves to Catholicism... problem solved. Some land owners would read the Bible to the slaves, in english, but the slaves spoke no Spanish... again, problem solved, since if God had wanted the slaves to be free, He could have allowed them to understand what was being read to them. There was no papal mandate that a slave holder honestly attempt to convert his slaves to Catholicism.

The slave owners might attend church services, but the local priest was not invited to the farm, unless the priest didn't speak the native Indian tongue. The wealthy kept their slave labor, and according to the holy precepts of Catholicism, the slaves got to burn, forever in hell; whereas, all the slave owners had to do was attend the confessional, and rest assured, they're be off to eternal paradise, when they died. Thank God for papal wisdom!

These were some of the historical issues, which the well educated Rita had taught Pepe and Carla. The ability to rationalize is clearly an evolutionary advantage. It allows the: individual, cultural, religion, country, etc., to lie to themselves, and in so doing, improve their lot, without losing their self esteem or gateway to paradise. In fact, it even gets them to paradise in certain cases. In the above slavery case, it was a Christian sort of thing, but every religion has a way of demeaning the non-believers... the infidels. And since they are nonbelievers, it's okay to abuse them. Every religion and country has had its slavers, and still does. Even George Washington was a slaver. Just look at how certain religions treat their women, or worse yet, how they treat the unbelievers... those people who

choose to think for themselves. You either burn forever after you die, or you can be murdered while still alive. What a load...

The Spanish translation, for indentured servitude, amounts to something akin to contract laborers, '*sirviente por contrato*.' It never ceases to amaze me, just how many selfish people, control others for their own gain: religious leaders, politicians, administrators, salesmen, CEOs, bad bosses, drug lords, godfathers, military leaders, selfish spouses, etc. The list is long and unkind.

If you don't enjoy people, but would rather use them to 'better' your lot, you won't likely live as long, as do those folks, who love humanity. As mentioned, the few people, whom I have known, that was managed to live past age one hundred, all tended to genuinely love and enjoy other people, and so they tend to be happy folks. Controlling or using others was the furthestest thing from their mind. Then again, your genes are perhaps the greatest variable in determining your longevity, and so perhaps the 'loving of people' gene(s), may be some of the genes affecting life span. It is possible that your genes play a major role in determining your love for people. Control freaks are often frustrated and stressed, since

the people they associate with, usually don't enjoy being controlled.

In the weeks that followed, Pepe turned out to be one of my most ardent supporters with my endeavors to assist Wayne. He was constantly encouraging Wayne and myself, to stick with the healthy diet and to motivate our workout program. Pepe was smart and funny, impeccably honest, and though I have no direct evidence, I sensed he was extremely brave. Moreover, he was fiercely loyal to Wayne and Rita. You could trust Pepe with your life. You certainly can't say that about too many people. Pepe was a natural born killer, but in a good way, as a protector. He was anything but an assassin.

Many Mexican males don't lack for courage. I believe that the pieces of gray mush, which inhibit the central nucleus of the amygdala (the center of fear), happen to be better developed in most Mexican males. Just think about the tremendous amount of heart which many Mexican boxers display in the ring, many of which carry ancient Indian blood. Only the physically and psychologically tough folks survived in the plains and mountains of Mexico. And, compared to other cultures, the Mexican Indians had only barely stepped into the modern age. Genetics is

involved in everything, which has to do with the brain and behavior. In my alcohol damaged mind, this is not a debatable assumption; it's simply an undervalued fact.

Pepe told me that besides being a chauffeur and a waiter, he constantly stayed busy looking for things that needed to be fixed or cleaned. He took care of everything: the grounds, the surrounding wall and gate, the pool, the home and everything in it, the limo, even the roof garden atop the fourth floor. The only thing I didn't care for about him was that he sang fairly often, but had a less than a decent voice. He either missed a lot of notes, or the songs were just too weird. In fact, he was always passionate about his singing, which sounded like a wounded animal. Pepe's self-imposed uniform was a clean white button-up short-sleeve shirt, loose dark slacks, and soft black leather loafers with soft rubber soles. The wealthy land owner, who'd raised him, dressed in a similar fashion, which reminded me of the waiters at the pigeon shoots.

After an hour of drinking and talking with Pepe, to decompress from my run-in with the soldiers, I apologized and mentioned that I was tired, and so Pepe showed me the stairs, which lead-up to my

large bedroom and bath on the fourth floor. Just before departing, Pepe turned, and spoke-up with a fairly serious air.

“Joey, I hope you can help Mr. Wayne. He and Ms. Rita have been good to my wife and me. Our lives depend on his health. Before the disease he was much different, more calm, more happy. Mr. Wayne laughed a lot. Now, he drinks too much, and gets angry. He only loves his alcohol, but the alcohol is as bad as his sickness.”

Pepe’s comments made it clear that in a very real way, Pepe and Carla’s lives were contingent on Wayne’s survival. They loved him dearly. Pepe’s plea for me to help Wayne was humbling for me. *I’ve got no special skills to help Wayne.* At that time, all I had to rely on were my dubious limited experiences, gained from wrestling in military school, working at the aforementioned *Rob Paul’s Plaza Health Club*, and my own continuous daily workouts. I’d heard lots of people say lots of things about diet, but knew nothing about *MS*. It was a strange feeling, good, yet frightening, to have such an accomplished man as Wayne, depending on me. In lieu of my vast ignorance, I was supremely confident about being able to help Wayne, but such is youthful optimism.

“I hope I can help him... good night, Pepe. Thanks for the drinks and the conversation. See you in the morning.” *I’ve still got to hide my cash and weed somewhere.*

Some people are configured, so that when you can feel comfortable the second you meet them. Meeting Pepe had been like meeting, someone I’d always known. Once he’d gone to put the lock on the front gate, I ascended the steps to the fourth floor, blue suitcase in hand. One of my windows overlooked the Bay of Acapulco, and the distant Pacific. *Where can I hide my two jars, my money and my weed?* The window was great for sunsets. In the middle of my fourth floor bedroom was a small black wrought-iron spiral staircase leading up to the roof. Ascending the metal steps, I stepped through a sheltered doorway, and out onto the roof, cast in near total blackness. It took a few minutes for my eyes to adjust, so I just quietly closed the door behind me and stood still.

Wayne’s villa was the highest in the neighborhood, so I didn’t have to worry about people seeing me on the roof. Looking further away, I saw that the city lights were like tiny iridescent gems. Off in the distance was Acapulco Bay and the distant

Pacific Ocean, jet black and ominous, with only a few tiny lights, indicating anchored boats, and a couple of distant passing ships decorated the black waters. Every so often, a light would pop into existence on the vaguely discernible black horizon, implying a ship was coming-in out of the expansive Pacific.

While on the roof, a small breeze cooled my sweaty face, as I took a moment to recall the close call earlier, with the soldiers and dogs. It was my third near drug bust in just over a year. *Evidently, three is not the charm! Thank God!* Once more, I considered getting rid of the weed, yet still I didn't. Why I still hung-on to the jinxed herb, I haven't a clue. I wasn't smoking it, nor selling it; none the less, the stuff would prove useful. The dope was like an old friend, an attachment to my past life. I no longer enjoyed getting high, but felt like that if I gave-up the weed, I'd be making a commitment to leading a more serious life, a life which I never thought I'd want.

On the roof, were arranged a few pieces of heavy-duty outdoor redwood furniture, and three large concrete planter-boxes filled with loose rich dark soil, in which grew various species of flower. *Here's my new dirt banks.* With no lights on the roof,

and by a quarter moon, I selected two of the planter boxes, and placed the troublesome quarter pound in one large jar and my bundles of cash in the other, then buried each in a different planter box. After a much needed long hot shower, I crashed on the bed, and once again I slept the sound sleep of the weary unrighteous.

The next morning, I was startled awake, when loud clanging sounds came-up from somewhere below. The clanging was Pepe's wife, Carla, beating on a pot with a big metal spoon, thereby calling us to come eat. Occasionally, I'd hear some singing. At least her singing was better than her husband's. How that woman loved to awaken people. Such loud banging wasn't designed to be an irritation. It was just Carla's way of joyfully requesting us to come enjoy her cooking, a ritual to greet the morning. She often said things about greeting of the sun. After all, the ancient Aztecs had indeed worshipped the sun god. Half way down the stairs, the pleasant odors of her breakfast made my stomach growl. Carla loved watching us eat. Before going down, I again went up on the roof, to make sure that the soil didn't look like I'd been digging in it, and that I hadn't spilled any tail-tale soil out of the planter-boxes, onto the roof

top.

Every morning after breakfast, except for Thursdays, Wayne and I'd commence our workout. We started-out with a fair amount of gradual stretching. Since Wayne clearly displayed spasticity, I was afraid that he'd easily tear his muscles, so we mostly did stretching and initially the exercise itself was minimal, but over months it was steadily increased. After each morning workout, Pepe would drive us to the local food market, and we'd walk around the various stalls, selecting only the healthiest and freshest of foods to be eaten that day. Most of the meat was fresh seafood, which Carla would then lovingly prepare, but often with a little too much spice for my palate, but beggars can't be... Ever since my dear Mother had given me the red hot pepper to eat, when I was six, I've never been too keen on spicy foods.

After three weeks of stretching and light exercise, Wayne got to where he could walk to the market and then a few weeks after that, he was able to walk, to and from, and the from portion of the walk was largely uphill. At first, we had to stop several times, coming back up the long incline to the villa, so he could rest and catch his breath. During those stops,

we'd stretch. Looking back, I think the stretching and the diet may have done more to resolve his illness, than did the more difficult exercising. If that is true, which I'm completely unsure about, perhaps yoga may be a useful treatment for *multiple sclerosis*. Sometimes Wayne was hard to motivate, and I used to tell him that the only bad workout was the one he'd miss.

[https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/
pubmed/27504387](https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/27504387)

As Wayne slowly progressed, I included some swimming in the shallows of the ocean, and eventually Wayne was able to add a second exercise period, a very slow jog through the neighborhood, each evening. For strength, we performed a long series of calisthenics at pool side, as well as a lot of stretching in Wayne's pool, and once or twice a week, we'd ride the bicycles. Like the stretching, it seemed that the exercise in the water proved to be quite beneficial. For the first two weeks, there had been little, if any, progress; in fact, during those two weeks, Wayne seemed to slightly regress. Moreover, he did a huge amount of bitching. The first two

weeks plainly depressed Wayne, so I lied and told him that I'd noticed the same phenomena in almost all those people, I'd trained at *Ed Paul's Plaza Health Club*. But after those first two weeks, Wayne began to improve. Every few days, I would ever so slightly raise the level difficulty. Due to his highly competitive nature, Wayne fought me on this, and wanted to push harder than was probably safe for him.

“Let's don't stop now, Joey! I can do more!” He'd insist.

“Cool your jets, Wayne. Too much progress, too fast, may be dangerous. All we need is for you to have another *MS* attack, then we're back at fuck'n square one.” I responded.

He constantly wanted to push his limits, since in his youth, he'd been a top performing athlete. In those days, I knew practically nothing about medicine, and now with a Ph.D., I know only slightly more, since medicine is such an immensely vast field. Many medical minds, far better than my wanting three pounds of gray mush, are confounded by the vast complexities of medicine. Though well intended, even the most brilliant of minds occasionally and unintentionally make bad decisions.

Abandon the urge to simplify everything, to look for formulas and easy answers, and to begin to think multidimensionally, to glory in the mystery and paradoxes of life, not to be dismayed by the multitude of causes and consequences that are inherent in each experience -- to appreciate the fact that life is complex.

M. Scott Peck

If you are ever seeking the vanguard of medical information, such as: the safest and most effective drug, the latest immuno-treatment, the most appropriate surgery, monoclonal antibodies, effective herbs, etc., then, go online and check out *The National Library of Medicine*, and search-out your area of interest, under the subheading *Pubmed*. When *Pubmed* comes-up, just type into the small search window, whatever it is you're looking for: medical conditions, pharmaceuticals, surgeries, diseases, psychological conditions, psych treatments, physical therapy advancements, alternative medicines, etc. While you may only get the abstract of each published study, that abstract generally contains the most useful and critical variables. Moreover, that

medical site often provides you with information to contact the scientists, who conducted said studies. *Pubmed* is the largest compendium of medical knowledge on earth.

It covers almost all forms of medicine: alternative, eastern, herbal, surgical procedures, pharmaceuticals, advancements in PT, massage therapies, medical imagining, immunotherapies, dietary, immunotherapies, medical dyes, hormones, diseases, side effects, diagnostic procedures, medical equipment, etc. Often the authors/researchers found in *Pubmed* are some of the cutting-edge scientists in their particular medical field. Still, some of those, who publish therein, are the guys just getting into their field. Generally, those scientists are working to make your life better, and often, would love to hear from you: questions, suggestions, discussions, etc., but rarely, if ever, do people take the time to actually contact a scientist. If an article's abstract isn't complete enough to thoroughly explain the information of said study, you can always order the entire article at your public library, or sometimes there's a link for the entire article with the abstract.

However as of late, it seems that less and less contact information is available. It used to be, that

the research often included the scientists' emails; not so much anymore. If you use *Pubmed*, don't only use it for just your area of interest, but try to broaden your medical pursuits. The amount of medical research information it contains is truly enormous, and downright humbling. After reviewing some of these articles over the last few decades, it is not hard to sense that the greatest impediment to the progress of medicine may be the greedy pharmaceutical companies, their lobbyists, the *FDA*, and the *AMA*, along with their political stooges.

The *Nation Library of Medicine* is completely free, as it should be! But, if we ever lose net-neutrality, it is likely to start costing the user money. Research studies from all over the world, for every type of medicine, are published therein. However, you may notice that the abstracts of research articles, which seem to lead to a cure, or to a preventative vaccine, are often pointedly missing! But again, you can still order the missing studies, via your local library. *Pubmed* includes not just western medicine, but eastern medicine, and various alternative forms of medicine. *The National Library of Medicine* also includes veterinary medicine; frequently, human medicine first evolves in veterinary medicine. For

example, millions of Americans have been diagnosed with Lyme's Disease, yet we have no vaccine. However, there exists an animal vaccine for Lyme's Disease; just call-up your local vet and ask. This animal vaccine might well be effective in humans. Lyme's Disease has become one of the most common infectious diseases in the US, with about a third of a million new cases per year.

Getting back to my friend, Wayne in Acapulco... Through the medical grapevine, I've heard that people, who suffer with *MS*, have something in common with people, who have shingles... in that they all appear to have had chicken pox at some time in their life. The difference might be that the chicken pox virus, the *varicella zoster virus*, emerges out the end of the nerve endings in the case of shingles, to then irritate the nerve endings and the nearby blood capillary beds in the skin, so that the smallest blood vessels leak their clear plasma, forming the characteristic painful blisters of a shingles outbreak. This is usually clusters of reddish inflamed blisters growing-up between the dermis and epidermis, with the pressured naked nerve-endings of the skin, registering the feeling as an intense burning pain. For some people, a shingles outbreak is painless, but for

most people it is excruciatingly painful. *MS* and shingles may be being caused by the very same virus!

The difference between *MS* and shingles is that with multiple sclerosis, the virus doesn't just attack the skin, perchance the same chicken pox virus has burrowed through the side (the plasma membrane) of the axon (a long spaghetti-like projection of a nerve cell), to then invade and destroy the *Schwann cells*, wrapped around it, the axon. Or perhaps, the virus, having emerged from the nerve ending (the end of the nerve cell), then travels back-up along the outside of the axon (beneath the endoneurium), to periodically destroy certain of the *Schwann cells*, along its retro-journey. Both the *Schwann cell* and the axon are contained in the same sheath-like endoneurium.

Consequently, the viral particles trapped inside the endoneurial sheath, where there is only the axon (long thin part of the nerve cell) and the *Schwann cell*. There, the virus feeds off of the *Schwann cell*. It is well known that the death of the *Schwann cell* is what is the actual detrimental manifestation of *MS*, and it may be reasonable that if everyone, who has *MS*, also test positive for the *varicella zoster virus* (*VZV*), then there is a reasonable possibility that the

VZV (chickenpox virus) is very likely the causative factor of *MS*.

If it is indeed true that the *Schwann cells* are being killed by the *varicella zoster virus*, then there may be hope to somewhat ameliorate *MS* by repeated administrations of the chicken pox and/or shingles vaccine, or by administrations of corresponding antibodies (monoclonal antibodies... see chapter entitled, MY BRAIN WAKES-UP) to the chicken pox virus. Anti-virals may also be useful. In the former case, the administration of vaccines, might not work well in immune compromised individuals; nevertheless in the latter case, the antibodies might still be effective in immune compromised folks. Since interferon is used to treat viral based diseases, that might explain why beta-interferon is sometimes used to treat (not cure) *MS*; after all, interferons are called interferon because they interfere with certain viruses, hence their name.

Still, there are other causative possibilities. For example, the attack on the Schwann cells could be produced by the individual's own antibodies (an autoimmune disease). Said antibodies may be formed by the victim in response to having the *varicella* virus. If this hypothesis were true then my idea of

using the vaccine probably wouldn't work, in fact it might even worsen the condition, so that is something that would have to be carefully considered and investigated. If the condition is caused by said antibodies, perhaps cloned antibodies to said antibodies might be a simple solution, anti-antibody proteins, or perhaps you could just make proteins that bind to the antigen-binding sites on the offending antibodies. Just clone plasmids to make the anti-antibody or the proteins to bind to the antigen-binding sites on the antibodies. Once it's in plasmid form, one can use cultures of bacteria to synthesize massive amounts at minimal cost. Of course, regardless of how small the cost to manufacture, big Pharma will charge a small fortune for them. While I'm not a true socialist, I do believe that medicine should be socialized, so it's free for everyone, worldwide. Otherwise, there will never be any cures, since a cure means loss of profits for big Pharma.

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pubmed/24515469](https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/24515469)

Even if the above suggestions were not curative for *MS*, if periodically dispensed to the victim, who

has *MS*, it might help to reduce the likelihood of a subsequent *MS* attack, and/or shingles, or if an attack has started, it might help to attenuate the attack of *MS* or shingles. Conceivably, shingles and *MS*, as well as their associated complications, represent a significant prolonged profit for medical and pharmaceutical institutions. Well-intended physicians may tell you that once you've had a case of chicken pox, or received the chicken pox vaccine, there is no point to getting the vaccine, again. But to the best of my knowledge, there are no studies showing that having had the disease, or having received one administration of the vaccine guarantees prolonged effective antibody titers (amounts). Consequently, certain people may be immune for some limited amount of time, but later become vulnerable; hence, if the antibody levels diminish, then the viral infection may again proliferate, resulting in an *MS* attack, or the emergence of another case of painful shingles. This is why certain vaccines often require 'booster' shots to remain effective, because the antibody titers can diminish over time, i.e., Measles, Mumps, Rubella, Chickenpox, HPV, Tetanus, Diphtheria, Pertussis, Influenza, etc.

Maybe, people who suffer with shingles or *MS* experience periods of antibody diminishment, ergo the periodic outbreaks. About 20 percent of the people, who have had chicken pox, at sometime later get shingles. Currently, about 400,000 people have *Multiple Sclerosis* in the US.

With the shot-in-the-dark diet idea, exercise, and small gradual cutbacks in the alcohol, Wayne was clearly making progress, displaying smoother, less jerky, muscular movements, increased strength, and enhanced endurance, but about third month, it was obvious that cutting back on the booze any further was next to impossible, and that was hampering further progress with his exercise. He'd cut the drinking back to roughly half his usual amounts, but as a result, he seemed to suffer from more anger, and deeper periods of depression, especially in the evenings. With his decreased alcohol intake, I found myself trying to avoid him, at all times other than for exercise and meals. More and more often, after our daily exercise regime, I'd go find one of my local dates and hang-out away from the hacienda. If he wasn't depressed, he was angry. He displayed little in the way of an amiable personality. Each day, Wayne exhausted my patience, and so I'd have to get away.

Dealing with his unnecessary tirades, and near constant grouching, became exhausting. The reduced alcohol intake had turned him into something of a monster; ergo, living in a posh villa in sunny Acapulco had turned into something of a pain in the ass, and I started regretting having left my four dollar-a-day motel room.

Whenever we were exercising, and he'd start-in with his moaning and groaning, and so I'd increase the level of exercise to slightly wind him, and shut him up. Exercise needs oxygen, and so does talking. Still, as the weeks passed, there had been profound progress in his physical progress. His ataxia had been greatly reduced, and at times, was practically gone. The booze was the stumbling block in Wayne's continued rehabilitation. His liquor intake made further progress impossible, hitting what seemed to be an insurmountable barrier. Wayne was lashing-out at everyone. Most likely, he just wanted me to get angry and throw in the towel, so he could go back to his heavy drinking, and blame it on me, but I was determined not to lose my cool. I considered my efforts to control my reaction to his bad behavior to be part of my responsibility in his recovery from *MS*. I don't normally traffic in helping people, but I made

a concerted effort with Wayne, yet I was fast reaching the end of my rope. The alcoholic part of Wayne's mind, his alcohol hunger, the deficient dopaminergic parts, were kicking his ass, and everyone else's. His progress had given him considerable more energy, which he used to strike back at everyone. No doubt Wayne's alcoholic brain viewed me as being a stumbling block, but I was accustomed to alcoholics, since I'd been one, and most of my parent's friends were serious drinkers. In general, addicts seem not to lack in passion.

One afternoon, he'd gotten pissed-off just because the pool pump had quit working, and I'd found out that it would be two weeks to get a replacement pump. This enraged him. His rage went completely over the top, so to give him some space, I went up to the roof to read another of Hermann Hesse's smaller books, *Journey to the East*. I'd found another bookstore in Acapulco, which carried Hesse's books in English. Once I find an interesting novelist, I generally read all their books, before moving-on to another author. Sort of like how people watch an entire TV series, then look for another. If I had to name an all time favorite novel, I might say *Moby Dick*. For all out genius, few if any beat Shakespeare,

but sometimes, he's just too much genius, for life is more than scribbling. Up on the roof, reading I began to relax, when unexpectedly, Wayne came up and sat down in the chair next to mine, and kept talking about how he knew the booze was bad for him, but insisted that he couldn't deal with his life, without it. *God, just shut the fuck-up, leave! Go bitch to Pepe, instead of to me!* Perhaps all the complaining was an effort to control himself, fighting his frustration; still, I was considering, moving back to my four-dollar-a-day motel room to get away from the alcoholic asshole side of Wayne. *If he doesn't cool off, I'm the fuck outta here.* Wayne desperately wanted a solution, but knew there was none. He was bumping hard up against the reducing the alcohol.

If he could have just slowly continued to taper-down the booze, he might eventually have avoided withdrawals, but he seemed to be unable. The desire for alcohol, which is largely just the low brain dopamine, and reduced 5-HT, was too much for him to overcome. *It's probably only a few days, before he's back to big-time drinking.* For the last two weeks, he hadn't reduced his alcohol intake a drop. I was beating my head against a wall, trying to get him to cutback. All I was doing was bruising my brain. I was

afraid to push him more, for fear that the stress of his exasperation was going to trigger another *MS* attack. Because of the *MS*, I was dealing with something I knew nothing about, but that didn't stop my trying.

Naively, I had hoped that Wayne could just continue to reduce his drinking, until it was simply nonexistent, but right then, it didn't seem to be too likely. Like I said, I knew very little about medicine, and barely know much more now. After he'd followed me up on the roof, and again started his nagging, I lost my composure, got pissed, and interrupted him, to make a reckless spur-of-the-moment decision. As soon as the idea materialized, I acted on it, without bothering to think it through.

“Jesus Christ, Wayne, trying to get off the alcohol has turned you into a bit of a fucking asshole. Have you ever thought about maybe trying to smoke some marijuana to help you get off the booze? You know... trying to switch the weed for the booze? You're such a conservative tight ass, I doubt you have, but marijuana might let you relax a bit... take the edge off the craving... mellow you out some. Shit man, you're driving everyone nuts! Weed sure isn't as bad for you as that fucking alcohol. Alcohol is a solvent, a cleaner, a fucking disinfectant. It's toxic as

shit, man. You've managed to cut the booze to less than half of what you were drinking, but now you seem to have hit a dead-end. Your progress has stalled-out for the last two weeks, brother. You're bitch'n everyone out so no one try's to make you cut back any further. Possibly, smoking some green ganja might let you continue to taper-off. Hell, it might even help you be more intimate with Rita. You know, it's a fact that sex, after smoking some primo bud is great." I desperately pleaded.

"Hell no! There's a reason why they call that shit, 'dope!' You think I want to scramble-up my brains with that stupid hippie dippy crap? And, we all know that the shits illegal." Wayne angrily boomed!

"Yeah, but my bet is that the reason its illegal has more to do with the fact that anyone can grow it, and so it would be hard for the government to control and tax, and the fact that if weed were legal, it might cut into the alcohol industry's profits. But you're right; I do get kind of dopy and stupid, when I'm high, and my short term memory temporarily goes to mush." I admitted.

"What? You actually smoke that shit, Joey? You've got to be kidding me, man!" Wayne screamed at me.

“Call me stupid! What can I say, man? Yes, Wayne, and I like it.” I vehemently responded. *Might as well let him kick me outta here.*

My cards were on the table, face-up, yet I still had one more up my sleeve, and because of Wayne’s relentless bitching, I was feeling reckless enough to play my ace in the hole. If that card failed, I was going to be headed back to the four-dollar-a-day motel, or jail, if Wayne decided to call the cops, and he’d definitely flipped-out when I admitted that I smoked weed. Repeatedly he looked at me and scrunched-up his face in mock disgust. He was the consummate aggressive right wing conservative. In Wayne’s brain, drinking himself to death was okay, and the only thing making his life worth living, but smoking a little harmless weed was way too dangerous, and flat-out criminal. If ever an ultra right-wing conservative warmonger walked the earth, it was Wayne. Most likely, before his *MS* and his corresponding alcoholism, he was a fairly truculent, if not a flat-out arrogant guy. After all, he sold airplanes for a major US company, which required, in addition to things like intelligence and sophisticated social skills, a determined, if not highly pugnacious, assertiveness, barely bordering on

rudeness.

Often people don't find their purpose or direction in life, until they've hit rock bottom: booze, drugs, some grievous disability, loss of loved one, etc. Such things may jar a person into thinking about the value of life; hence, they're forced to figure-out what it is they want. The author I'd been reading, the aforementioned Herman Hesse, might have been like that in his writing. His later writings seemed to be far superior to his earlier ones. Maybe, he didn't understand the direction of his life, until he'd trudged through marked depression and failure. Until that time, he'd just been doing the usual... what most people expect a person to do: job, sports, kids, marriage, vacations with photos and postcards, etc, but scrambling around in the morbid hopeless darkness, has a way of forcing people to look for the light. Wayne was in that darkness, and he was looking for a way out, while drowning in various forms of ethanol.

Still, the way Wayne was reacting to my suggestion about smoking weed, I began to wonder, if I was about to get thrown off the villa's four story roof, or handed over to the local authorities. *If Wayne kicks me out, I'll need to go downstairs and start*

packing my things, then once he follows me downstairs, I'll quickly dart back up here, and dig-up my jar of cash. If he calls the cops, I'll have to run and leave Acapulco, go to a nearby town to catch the bus to Mexico City, and forget my new business. My weed suggestion was an honest effort to help Wayne, but his rather angry rejoinder plainly made me question my decision. It seemed that the suggestion had damaged my friendship with Wayne, and I was feeling foolish.

How far out of touch, with respectable folks am I? Wayne's response had made me feel a twinge of embarrassment, if not guilt. Of all the financially successful people, I'd known, none smoked weed, regularly. Years before, when I'd told my Dad that I smoked weed, his retort had been similar to Wayne's. Dad too had looked at me like I was a dangerous suicidal space alien. Since it looked like I'd be vacating the villa soon, I decided to go for broke. *Here goes nothing...*

“Yeah Wayne, every now and then, I smoke weed. Jesus H. Christ, loosen up a tad, will you! Hell... I sure can't force you, to do anything, you don't want to do, so just calm down. *Why do conservatives hate weed so damn bad?* Weed might give you a shot at further cutting back, and maybe getting

off, the fucking poisonous booze, man. You sure as hell know that it's the drinking that's holding you back, and most likely it's gonna set you up for another *MS* attack, and then where will you be? You'll be feeling so sorry for yourself, that no one can stand you. Holy shit Wayne, you gotta know that the drinking makes you a bit of an asshole! The fucking booze is killing you man, and other people around you, besides me. Everyone is expected to put-up with your grumpy ass, and lately you get pissed over minor shit! Isn't it better to try something relatively harmless, than to go back to being a sick depressed stumbling drunk, like you were on the beach, that first day I meant you?" I pleaded my case with conviction, but without true abrasiveness.

At this point, Wayne had stopped his tirade. *He's actually thinking about what I just said, and he's one bad listener!* Nonetheless, he wasn't looking at me, but stoically staring out at the distant ocean.

"I know that some part of you is trying to run me off, so you can go back to your sacred self-destructive drinking. By suggesting the weed, I'm not trying to hurt you, Mr. Hothead. If you don't like the weed, then don't do it again, but if you could get free of your stupid booze addiction, it would certainly help

your workouts, and perchance you may even recover more of your health, and have a better life. Sure, weed's not legal, but it's not lethal, and you won't get addicted, like you are to that fucking poisonous booze. No one has ever died of a marijuana overdose. Shit Wayne... booze has killed millions of people, from liver failure to car crashes. Believe it or not, Kush can help you to really get into your workouts. You're too stubborn for your own fucking good, man! And like I said, if you cut back more on the booze, your life will clearly improve. It's sure as hell worth a try. Isn't it? Don't you think it might be worth a shot? Nothing to lose, all to gain... Think about it Mr. Hardhead! It's not fucking rocket science, Wayne!" I urged, while watching for his reaction.

The fact that I hadn't backed-down seemed to impress Wayne. *Now and then, ego maniacs appreciate a person who'll stand-up to them.* Wayne was one of those guys, that once he'd started yelling, you were better-off yelling back at him. Backdown and he'd just assume he's correct. It was easy to tell that before his *MS*, he was the kind of guy, who enjoyed a friendly fist fight... no real hate in the game, just a friendly fist fight. There'd been a couple of guys in military school like that. Without my giving him an

aggressive argument, there'd have been no getting my point across. It's surprising how many brilliant men function in that manner. It's just the way they're wired. They tend to be pretty fearless guys. He took an extra deep breath, and spoke.

"I'd be afraid to even try to buy marijuana, Joey. You got any idea what Mexican prisons are like? Hell's bells, I wouldn't even know where to go to get it, or what to do with it, since I've never rolled a cigarette. Can a person overdose?" Wayne stated this, with a noticeably calmer demeanor.

Having heard from several people, who claimed they were able to quit booze by smoking weed, I decided to push-in all the chips. Getting out of the lounge chair, I walked over to the concrete planter box, and began to unearth my weed stash jar, right in front of Wayne.

"Why are you digging in my wife's flowerbed? What the fuck are you doing digging, Joey?" Wayne croaked.

"Relax Wayne, just let me roll us a few joints, and you might find that booze isn't so tough to let go of, as you might think. It'll help you kick the shit. *I hope that's true.* If nothing else, it's a chance to cut

back on the booze, and maybe get your healthy life back on track.” I suggested.

Wayne’s traditionalist eyes nearly popped out of his head, when he saw the pickle jar that I was pulling out of his wife’s planter box. I’d steeled myself for another of his limbic detonation, but he never really blew a cork, like I was expecting.

“Is that marijuana, you’ve got there? You buried that shit right here, in my roof garden, in my wife’s flower box! Are you fuck’n crazy, Joey? When did you put that in there?” Wayne asked, but he’d quieted-down, was frowning, and looking around to see, if anyone was watching, but as I mentioned, Wayne’s roof was the highest, and so there was no need to worry about being seen.

He acted like, that at any second, he expected a bunch of Mexican Federales, to come swooping-in in helicopters, and fast-rope down onto his roof top. Then suddenly, he just seemed to relax. He knew that he needed to do something to beat the booze.

“I buried it here, the first night, I came. The night Pepe had waited to let me in the gate, but he doesn’t know about it, so don’t think Pepe betrayed you. This is all my doing. I haven’t smoked any for

quite a while, now. Any chance that Rita will come-up here, in the next hour?”

“Naw, she’s been avoiding me lately. I can’t really blame her, either.”

The timber of Wayne’s voice had softened, almost to a conspiratorial whisper. Unexpectedly, his temper had abated. Over the previous weeks, he had grown to trust me, largely because of his marked physical improvements, likely owing to the diet and exercise. Fortunately, I’d placed a couple of packs of rolling papers and some matches in the jar with the weed. Sitting back in the chair, I rolled several joints, since the ganja in those days was weaker, and so it normally took a few joints to get someone stoned, who’d never smoked before. The *THC* (delta 9 tetrahydrocannabinol) content of marijuana was much less. *THC* ran around five percent, in 1976. Now, many strains up to thirty percent. Today, many subspecies of the plant exist with various claims of therapeutic benefit. Cannabidiol is the principle cannabinoid (*CBD*) in marijuana, which counterbalances the *THC* effects. *CBD* by itself is non-psychoactive; however, it has some pharmacological value: anti-convulsive, anti-inflammatory, and antipsychotic. Usually, if the ganja is high in *THC*

and low in *CBD*, it produces a more clear headed energetic high. If its low in *THC* and high in *CBD* is results in a sluggish heavy stone. If the weed is high in both, then the high is more dreamlike, accompanied by a heavy body stone. In other words, *CBDs* make you stupid, yet they have the therapeutic benefits. Neither makes you smart, but dope can sure make you think you are. Of the many people I knew, who smoked the stuff, none seemed smarter when stoned.

After about an hour, and having shared six joints, Wayne was fully hammered, orbiting somewhere between Neptune and Pluto. After the first joint, I was just fake-hitting the joints, so I didn't become a total blithering idiot. Wayne knew I'd been truthful about trying the weed to help him get off the booze. The daily workouts, nutritious diet, and his marked improvement, had made him remember what it was like to have been healthy in his youth, and an athlete. When I lit the first joint he'd shut-up, and looked extremely solemn, as if he was about to receive a lethal injection.

[https://unitedpatientsgroup.com/
blog/2012/07/26/medical-marijuana-as-treatment-](https://unitedpatientsgroup.com/blog/2012/07/26/medical-marijuana-as-treatment-)

for-alcoholism-addiction

After we were done smoking the six joints, the normally talkative Wayne was practically speechless. He would say things, like, “Wow!” or “This shit is a lot different, than drinking, man,” “I’m definitely high, Joey,” “This shit is really really good stuff,” “I’m really really really high!” He appeared to be all about perceiving his surroundings. The massive festering ego had temporarily been put on hold. For a while, he just kept surveying the cliffs, the nearby houses, and distant buildings, as well as the far off bay and ocean. The two large bodies of water seemed to really work on his head, as if he’d never before seen them.

As you may or may not know, weed seems to affect everyone differently, and the various types of kush also have fickle effects, but never have I seen weed make someone belligerent, as alcohol is so famous for doing. On weed, some people become introverts and others extraverts, but no one becomes maliciously contentious or unkind.

Wayne’s unbearable ego wasn’t even noticeable on weed. High on Ganja, he was a far nicer, more considerate, man. In the past, whenever he’d been

thoughtful, it was strategically managed, and unnatural. It was more like the consideration displayed by a good car salesman, concern but with a selfish motive stirred-in. Frequently, salespeople are like that... nice but with the all too obvious irritating underlying motive. My dear Mom can be a bit like that. Sometimes, she's too smart for her own good.



LA JUARTAS

After the sixth joint, Wayne and I were solidly blitzed, and watching a perfect orange and golden sunset, over the seemingly limitless expanse of the deep blue Pacific. It was a riveting mind-blowing sunset, but once the sky and clouds had deepened to an ashen gray, I began to wonder how much longer we were going to stay on the boring rooftop, so I interrupted Wayne's contemplation, to make a suggestion.

“Maybe, we should go somewhere and do

something. We could just drive around in the limo. What do you think, Wayne? Let's get off this rooftop." I suggested.

Most people are paranoid when they smoke weed, especially when it's for the first time, but not Wayne. After a few moments of thought, he seemed to become restless and was all about going somewhere.

"Yeah, let's go somewhere, Joey. Let me think." Wayne agreed.

So, I quickly rolled and pocketed a couple of fatties (thick joints), for later, and put the rolling papers, matches, and dope back in the jar, then reburied it in the planter box, and smoothed-out the dirt. Wayne just sat there thinking, then he spoke.

"Go grab a shower and put on some nice clothes, Joey. When you're ready, meet me downstairs, in about fifteen minutes. You, Pepe, and I are going somewhere special, tonight, and it's my treat. It's a surprise, but, don't say a fucking word to Rita or Carla, not a single word! If they ask, just say we're going out drinking at some beach club. Besides, Rita knows that I've been dying to drink. But don't worry, I'm not going to drink! I do like the marijuana! It

feels good, man. I like this high! Thanks, Joey. Let me handle everything; just go get ready. Remember not a word, now! Be downstairs in fifteen minutes. I'm telling Rita that going out was your idea... that you were sick of my bad mood, and gave into my urge to go drinking."

"Sure Wayne... I'll be ready in fifteen minutes." I responded. *Thanks for hanging me out to dry with Rita, Wayne.*

After getting cleaned-up, I threw on my clean clothes, which I normally wore for my once a week tourist business, then headed downstairs, wondering what Wayne had in mind for the evening's entertainment. Luckily, neither Rita or Carla were around, so I didn't have to support Wayne's lie, about going drinking at some beach club. Wayne had asked Pepe to get ready, and fire-up the limo.

Opening the car door, Pepe gave me a strangely happy grin, which told me that he could tell Wayne and I were high; but as mentioned, Pepe was a non-judgmental fellow. *Maybe, Pepe is a secret weed smoker.* Once in the limo, Pepe explained that the farm, on which he and Carla were raised, in addition to various crops, also grew a small field of marijuana. The field was on the western edge of the farm's

property, down in a stream culvert which if discovered, the owner could say was the neighbor's. The arroyo wasn't but twenty meters wide, but was several hundred meters long. The stream itself was only ten meters wide and about four to six feet deep, but supplied the water for the plants. Not only some of the food crops, but also the marijuana. According to Pepe, the landowner sold the weed in Mexico City. *Maybe the farmer was one of the suppliers for Tepito.* The entire time that Pepe explained this, he smiled broadly. Pepe continued to explain that the older people on the farm smoked weed for their things like: arthritis, high blood pressure, insomnia, and constipation. Acting on impulse, I handed Pepe a joint, which he reflectively smoked, and shared it with Wayne and I, as he drove. Needless to say, Wayne was shocked by Pepe's apparent familiarity with weed, but said nothing, and only shook his head, and smiled. *It's weird to see Wayne so mellow.*

"Where are we going guys?" I inquired.

"You'll be very happy soon, Joey. It is a wonderful place, where we're going. But, Wayne doesn't want me to say. It's a surprise!" Pepe called back from the front seat of the limo, and then started to laugh.

Pepe was distinctly beside himself, about wherever it was that we were headed. Whatever Wayne had told Pepe, concerning our destination, had plainly put him in a good mood. *This is gonna be good!*

“I’m sorry I never told you, about the marijuana, Señor Wayne. I was afraid that you might be angry. Carla and I used to smoke the marijuana on the farm, even when we were children.” Pepe explained.

“Don’t worry about it Pepe. This marijuana stuff seems okay to me. I think it might even help me to quit drinking the booze.” Wayne responded. *It’s a good thing it’s just plain weed and not treated with some hallucinogen.*

“Wow Wayne, judging from Pepe’s reaction, wherever we’re going must be pretty cool!” I said.

“Yeah, Pepe and I both like where we’re going, and so will you, Joey. I guarantee it!” Wayne stated.

“Well, where are we headed, wild-man?” I inquired.

“Like Pepe said, it’s a fucking surprise!” Wayne taunted me.

Pepe spilled the beans, and happily announced,

“Vamos a La Juartas! (The rough translated is, ‘We’re going to the orchids!’)”

“What kind of place is La Juartas?” I asked.

“You’ll see, just relax and hang loose, Joey. We’ll be there in a few minutes.” Wayne said, determined to keep the destination a surprise.

As it turned out, La Juartas was an amazing nightclub, designed strictly for the wealthy male, but it was so much more! I have no idea if that place still exists; and if it does, what it’s like, now. I’ve looked for it on the internet, but found nothing. After about fifteen minutes, we arrived at an area, where there was an entire city block enclosed inside a massive twelve foot tall gray concrete wall, topped-off by the aforementioned pieces of colorful broken glass. Driving around the walled-off block, we came to a twenty foot wide opening in the wall.

As we slowly pulled into the entrance, Pepe stopped the limo and lowered all the car’s windows. Simultaneously, four men dressed in black tailored tuxedos stepped to the sides of the limo, two on each side. Two of the men stuck their heads inside to inspect the limo’s interior. Each of the four men carried a small Uzi, on a long black nylon strap, at

waist high, and looped around their shoulder and neck. Being extremely stoned, and with the joints in my pocket, I quickly developed a case of serious paranoia, concerning the men with the machine guns. It was like I was suddenly in a gangster movie! *What the fuck have I gotten into?* Still, Wayne and Pepe looked calm and were smiling. *Maybe it's okay.* None of the four tall muscular men appeared to be Mexican. They were more like battle hardened Castilians.

Abruptly, the four gate guards backed away, and just waved us to drive inside. Pepe drove ahead, and parked the limo. We all climbed out, to walk into a massive dome-shaped building, which filled-up almost half the walled-off block. As we traversed the parking lot, the four armed men at the entrance in the wall, watched us. In the spacious music-filled club, only men sat at the tables, being served by the most gorgeous women, I'd seen in my young life. These women looked like what you'd find in your dreams. Some sophisticated as you might see in *Vogue*. Others were heavily robust as in *Playboy*. Some wore very little; others nothing, save for high-heels. They were an exotic feast for the eyes, and appeared to be from all over the earth, not just

Latinos, but: Blacks, Asians, Scandinavians, Irish, mixed races, etc. The all male clientele looked to be mostly American and northern European. Plainly, the place had an international flare.

When the gorgeous nude waitress arrived, Wayne merely ordered a lemonade, not a martini. Pepe and I were pleasantly shocked. Apparently, the weed had made it easier for Wayne to resist the urge. I recall thinking that because the kush attenuated his normally aggressive personality, that perhaps his craving for alcohol might have something to do with managing his aggression. There sat Wayne, surrounded by booze, yet not drinking a drop! While the marijuana did indeed seem to have helped Wayne, I don't think that such a treatment will work for most alcoholics.

Pepe and I smiled at Wayne's having ordered a lemonade, and we both ordered a coke. All the drinks cost the same, regardless of alcohol content; still, Pepe and I didn't want to tempt Wayne. There were about thirty or forty profound beauties milling about the club's interior. The three of us simply surveyed the feminine exposition, then Wayne interrupted my scanning, to question me.

"I never realized that lemonade could taste this

good! Wow! Of all the women in here, Joey, which one really does it for you? Which woman do you find the most attractive?”

Beauty is being the best possible version of yourself, inside and out.

Katherine Hepburn

My brain slipped into search mode, looking from woman to woman, lingering on all their attractive attributes. Each woman has her own unique qualities, and I do so love to ferret them out. When I get so old that I'm no longer capable of sex, I'll still enjoy gazing at feminine splendor. Beauty is a compilation of both logical and illogical things; otherwise, it would surely lose most of its fascination.

Things like beauty and sexual allure are based on a vast number of inculcated variables, some conscious, others we don't realize we appreciate. Sometimes it's subtle item, like the size and shape of the upper lip, or the depth and shape of the inguinal line, or the curve of the lower back, the shape of the eyelids, the lift of the buttock, a tough hard little lilt

to the voice, the sequence and concentrations of the various pheromones, etc., but it can also be things like a comment, a deed, or a brief movement, as well. Even a scar, can at times, be attractive because of its' contrast with beauty. At times, innocence is so appealing, yet at other times being worldly wise can engender powerful fascination. If you're listening God, thank you for all the wondrous gentle angelic and erotic forms, which you've allowed to grace my various senses, and to tempt my feeble moral restraints. Perchance, in some respects, we may better and more accurately appreciate certain others, than we do ourselves. Clearly, people alter their perceptions of their sexual desires, allowing themselves to see what they want to see, and at times, permitting themselves to overlook what doesn't fit their image of desire. Despite that, most desire is unconsciously based. I think everyone is hardwired that way.

After searching the room for the most enticing female, I suddenly spotted a tall shapely goddess on the opposite side of the large round domed room. She looked literally perfect, like a walking talking Alberto Vargas dream-girl, possessing the face of an angel, ovoid, yet chiseled features, framing giant

wide Arabian eyes; even the skin around those eyes was naturally shaded with an endogenous reddish brown pigment; and yes, at that age, I could see all those magnificent details from across the room, since in those days I still had 20/05 vision. Her regale head sat atop the body of an inexorable she-devil, with long straight silky and extremely thick shiny dark brown hair, reaching down to the middle of her exaggerated lumbar curve. Her demeanor seemed relaxed, and for a second, reminded me of a young taller Sophia Loren; definitely a powerful allurements in my tome of magnificent memories. As a youth, the first time I saw Sophia, I thought that she had been created, as if I personally had been allowed to select each anatomical element, and the woman I had just spotted, across the room, had those same magnetic qualities. She was totally naked, except for a pair of red patent leather high-heels.

When I was nine, Sophia appeared in the movie, *The Pride and the Passion*, with Frank Sinatra and Cary Grant. For me, her beauty was nothing short of staggering, and until that movie, I didn't know that such grace existed; Sophia was like discovering heaven on earth. Many have been the times, that I've revisited those early memories. Probably because I

learned of beauty as a genetically-based youthful thing, I find it difficult to be attracted to any woman remotely close to my current age. How is it that wrinkled and saggy anatomy is supposed to give the male an erection? Just how is that supposed to work? Perhaps, I should loath myself for having that very normal trait. Try as I might, a woman's inner beauty, doesn't make my dick hard, nor do her wrinkles or other aged phenotypic characteristics, no matter what certain novels, Hollywood movies, or various moral people may romantically contend. There is just no way to reprogram myself, and I don't think I would want to be reprogrammed, even if it were possible. I do realize that I am a man of many flaws and failings.

“Wayne, I have to say that the hottest woman in here is that long drink of lovely beauty, standing across the room, by that back door... I think that goddess might be the most gorgeous woman, I've ever seen. She could make any dog break his chain. Not another woman here, can touch her.” I earnestly proclaimed; confident in my selection.

Wayne and Pepe turned to look, and nodded their approval. Immediately, Pepe said that she was beautiful, but not his favorite pick. After a minute,

Wayne said he had to go to the men's room, and left the table. *I hope he's not leaving to sneak some alcohol.* Pepe and I just continued to talk, appreciate the scenery, while sipping our cokes. I asked Pepe which woman he liked best, and he selected a voluptuous blond Scandinavian as his favorite; a beauty of profound erotic sexuality. It was clear that the radiant light blond hair, above and below, (even her eyebrows and eyelashes were a natural platinum blond) and the large light pink nipples and pale unpainted lips were working for him. Back then and probably today, many Mexican males are typically crazy about blondes. In fact, a woman can be fairly unattractive in face and figure, yet if she's a blond, the Mexican male is often blind to her short comings, whether those shortcomings are physical or behavioral.

A similar sexual bias exists with many black males in the United States. In Mobile, many is the time I've seen some apparently handsome black man, who was probably highly sought-after by numerous highly appealing black women, going with a seriously unattractive white girl, just because she's white. At the same time, the less than attractive white girl often begins to imagine herself beautiful.

Then again, she may be, in the evolutionary sense. People might believe that his attraction for her was owing to the girl's charming personality, but too often the girl's personality is her worst attribute. It was merely the racial disparity, the taboo, which probably does the trick for those black men. Perhaps, it's the mixing of vastly different alleles. Conceivably, there should be a name for that attraction based on dissimilar nucleotide sequences, and different phenotypes, and there probably is some kind of name, some syndrome, though I just haven't heard of it. Lots of pop psychologists love to coin new terms. It's all about fame, rather than actual science. Again, a name for something is not the reason it exists; it's merely the allusion of understanding... not genuine knowledge, only a name. It's like when a student ask the teacher how a dolphin knows how to swim, and the teach say, 'instinct.' The teacher didn't really explain anything. Instinct comes from dreams, while in the mother dolphin's womb.

I'm sure that I'm something of a victim of this dissimilar nucleotide-sequencing thing. Quite likely this sexual selection phenomenon may serve a valid purpose, more than just satisfying lust. The selective matching of dissimilar nucleotide sequences has got

to serve a purpose beyond mere desire, for in a very real sense, desire is indirectly designed with the offspring in mind. Moreover, sex would certainly be boring, if it were based on pure logic. Though the sexual aspects of the brain are well connected with certain erotic memories, and obviously with the sensory cortex, they tend to lack significant links with the logical left prefrontal cortex. Therefore, sex is not a thinking game.

Moreover, activity in the left prefrontal area (likely the most logical part of the brain) largely acts to inhibit the sexual parts of the brain. Religious leaders, teachers, parents, councilors, etc., are forever trying to convince people, that they need to control their sexual impulses, to use that left prefrontal cortex to override stimulation/activity in the *Septal Nucleus*. Do you honestly believe that a religious male achieves an erection, much less an orgasm, because he's having anything resembling moral or logical thoughts? Let's hope not.

Buried within that indecipherable crazy rubric of mate selection lies distinct advantages for the creation and survival of the offspring. While there are many people, who like to proudly expound upon the beauty of the women of their particular race,

perhaps variety, including different races, is more than simply the spice of life, but it also increases the likelihood of pregnancy, and the survival of the offspring. Mate selection, to an absurdly large degree, is genetically driven, so for some people, their desires for dissimilar phenotypic characteristics in their mate, better insures a broader (healthier) genetic diversity in the resultant children. Everyone has heard the old saying that, 'opposites attract.' It's just one more biochemical-based behavioral mechanism to make sure that those unwanted recessive alleles (group of genes contributing to a trait) don't get paired-up, and create an offspring, which is less apt to survive. The opposites attract phenomenon may make more fit kids; kids who are better equipped to survive.

DNA works in so many mysterious ways, that one might confuse it with God. The non-pairing of recessive alleles is probably why the mutts are often the most fit of the canine world. Currently, I have two dogs. One is a pure breed dog. It's a sweet animal, but sometimes it does things which are utterly ridiculous; most likely owing to too much intra-specie breeding. I also have a mutt, part lab and part shepherd, I got off of *Craigslist*, and it's the best

dog ever.

<http://www.pbs.org/wnet/nature/dogs-that-changed-the-world-selective-breeding-problems/1281/>

When I finally again saw Wayne, shockingly he was accompanied by the Vargas dream-girl. Wayne retuned to his chair and the Vargas girl just stood by our table, to my immediate right. Her erotic splendor was nothing short of astounding, particularly since I was extremely high. My right hand was resting over the edge of the table, and so the breathtaking creature gently brushed my knuckles with her soft well trimmed pubic hair. The feeling was exquisite, running from my knuckles, up to my brain, and instantly down to my groin. Reflexively, I gazed-up into her divine face. Her eyes seemed twice normal size, and those gorgeous dark molten spheres looked right past every gram of social pretense, directly into my sexual soul.

Her skin was a flawless tanned olive playground, glowing with a warm moist radiance. Her bare breasts were joyful and full, with hard thick nipples,

pointed slightly skyward. Her ass was high and the bottom edge of it was nicely rounded, without a crease, where it joined to the back of her well formed thighs. She was searing hot sex appeal. As something of a signal, she let her head fall slightly toward her right shoulder, and so her long dark hair cascaded away from her breasts, as she smiled at me. It looked like a question was being possessed, and I was solidly transfixed, and was getting to my feet to ask her to have a seat at our table, when Wayne's voice cut in.

“Joey, you need to go with her. She has something for you.”

Wayne had decreed this, while sweeping his index finger from me, across the table toward the diva. But I was already standing up and taking her hand; happy to go wherever she lead.

“Just go with her.” He unnecessarily repeated to my fading back. I could hear Pepe cheerfully happily chuckling, as I walked away with her.

Some guys will buy a friend a drink, or a lunch, and then like a salesman, they will try to convince you it's friendship; but a real friend will buy you what you desire. Why should the government care

about such an age-old profession? The Mexican government didn't, and still doesn't. Amsterdam doesn't. It's so much less complicated than other male-female social relationships. No permit required, no ceremony, no divorce, no lawyers, no judges, no emotional roller-coaster, no arguments, no fuss no muss, etc. Ultimately, it's much less problematic, and it's so easy. Anna had been like that, so easy.

<http://www.debate.org/opinions/are-there-advantages-to-legalizing-prostitution>

Sure, if you want, you can still marry, but let's face it, you don't have to commit to marriage, or a relationship, to simply have sex. There's little doubt that often a wife is the most costly item a man can invest in, and I don't just mean money, and the odds are in favor of divorce. Marriage is clearly a bad investment in: time, energy, money, and emotion. Just look at how many highly intelligent people get divorced and take too long to do so. Sometimes they waste years, trying to 'make it work.' It's worse than gambling at Las Vegas, where the games are designed so the house usually wins. To legalize prostitution the greedy government needs its share of the money.

The US is in the process of legalizing weed, but you have to buy an expensive license to grow it. Why do you need a license... ink and paper? You can only sell weed in government licensed and controlled shops. Moreover, you must have an extremely expensive license to open a medical marijuana shop. The government wants money, even when it's not remotely entitled.

<https://www.cannabis.info/en/blog/7-reasons-why-you-should-grow-your-own-weed>

Why can't you simply grow marijuana in your back yard, or in a pot, under a grow light, inside your house? Politicians are such a greedy lot. The *DEA* is desperate to keep the ganja illegal, so they can stay in the illegal weed business. Keeping weed illegal helps to grow their annual budget. It also brings in lots of monies and salaries for: judges, lawyers, court and probation costs, bail bonds, etc., and then there's the corporate prisons, and the highly profitable prison labor, now sold to wealthy corporations, and the hell with what it does to the incarcerated.

The doctors, who perform the five minute completely bogus medical evaluation for the medical marijuana license, charge hundreds for the silly exam. It's all just a foolish money grab. If you doubt this, just go to one of the weed friendly states, establish a residence, get a driver's license, make an appointment with said doc, and pretend to have some sort of chronic pain: shoulder, knee, hip, *TMJD*, etc. Again, why doesn't the government legalize prostitution, without all the expensive controls, which Nevada now has? The same reason... money. The government won't legalize anything, unless they 'legally' steal their share of the pie. Where prostitution remains illegal, disease remains a more serious problem; since then, it's mostly desperate women looking for drug money, and so they ply their trade in a careless hurried manner, i.e., no condoms.

The dream-girl had held out her long elegant and expressive fingers, and I gently took them, and walked hand-in-hand across the room and out the door, where I'd first seen her standing. We stepped outside the music-filled club into the quiet cool dark air, then strolled across a dimly lit grassy courtyard, lined with small quaint bungalows, each with a tiny ornate crystal porch light. The bungalows said it all,

and that's when I realized that Wayne had given me one fantastic erotic gift. She and I headed for the cottage on the end.

Perchance, it wasn't real love, but no matter, it was better than wonderful! Real love had died with Evangeline, anyway. Evangeline's love had been like blood flowing through my body. No one like Evangeline has since been on my radar. She was the third woman who made me continually fantasize about her, even after having had months of sex with her. The bungalow's little wooden porch was surrounded by huge bluish green bamboo canes, heady aromatic pink and white oriental lilies, and some kind of blooming jasmine vines; at least, I think that's what they were. My mother has forever been pointing-out, and naming plants and flowers, as if doing such is her solemn duty.

The dream-girl was named Mia, and unbelievably erotically passionate. She definitely smoked weed, and genuinely loved her work, as did I. In the low light of her cozy little smoke-filled bedroom, her huge jet black eyes burned throughout the night of near constant motion and whimsy. Unlike the Mexican nightclub, she played Bach, Beethoven, Verdi, and Mozart on her old fashioned

record player. Listening to classical crackly records was satisfying, something like listening to tunes in front of a warm crackly fire. It was the first time I'd had sex to classical music: symphonies, concertos (piano and violin), chamber music, etc. For sex, both my wife and Evangeline had preferred: rock, Motown, and jazz. Since Mia, I've preferred classical music for sex. It's easier to get lost in classical music, where the subliminal effects of the music, and those of the sex, became one pleasurable flowing entity. Throughout that night, the mattress became nearly soaked through, only partially owing to sweating.

On weed, its like the sensual/sexual parts of the brain become synonymous with the music. The flow of the music controls the movements, and the feelings, and I'm not talking strictly emotional feelings. Consequently, the musical crescendos carry special significance. The rhythm of the music becomes the pulse of the sex, and the message and theme of the notes bring with them the certainty of pleasure, at first hinting and then demanding, when you'll be orgasming. The music was like a roller-coaster, and we were only along for the ride and thrills. Mia's sex was a rich fleshy event. That night, the musical right temporal lobe fully controlled the

Septal neurons. With the aged classical themes, we were like living carnal time travelers, perfectly calibrated to the harmonics of the late seventeen and early eighteen hundreds, replayed and recorded by modern day artists, and played with her modern (at least then) technology, and generating that time honored passion. To this day, when I hear classical music, I happily relive some of those wonderful salacious memories made with the exceedingly sexy Mia.

She told me that she was twenty-four, from a small town in northern Argentina, and had started working in the sex trade at age twelve; even so, she thoroughly enjoyed sex. Some folks might imagine that early exposure to sex might turn a woman against such commerce, but often it can be the reverse. Sure, a woman can fake an orgasm, and scream and yell, but how does she fake soaking the mattress? Copious amounts of vaginal fluids never lie. The night was a mystical mix of beauty, sensuous details, antiquarian classical music, and ganja. There was nothing reticent or artificial about her actions. Half way through the night, we just flipped the mattress and turned-over the stack of records, and began anew. Occasionally, I still have dreams,

involving fragments or spin-offs of that night. And even though it might not have been love, it was magical.

In a way, I fell for Mia, like I'd been hit by Mike Tyson. While the rest of the planet will doubtlessly assert that falling for a hooker is lightyears beyond foolish, for me love and sex rarely concerned themselves with what's intelligent. Logic and sex are like oil and water for me. The *Septal Nucleus* of the brain, which largely represents sexual arousal and orgasm, too often rules the entirety of the male's brain; stimulated by whatever other active neurons are connected-up with it. Those connections probably don't always conform to societal norms, nor to whatever it is that some people's gray mush decides is good judgement. DNA creates the *Septal Nucleus*, and like it or not, DNA rules. Why else do you suppose, that humans are rapidly overpopulating and destroying the earth? It's sure not owing to logic... sex and greed.

Have you ever tried to take a few minutes to remember, which night of your life was absolutely the most exciting... that night of true romance or electrifying sex. I have two nights, which more or less tie for first place; one was love, and the other

was sex... the night I meant Evangeline, and that first night with Mia. Some people go their entire lives and never stop to search their memories for those shiny golden nuggets of memory. If you've lost someone, such memories are indeed painful, but if not, why not visit them. After more than forty years have passed, some of my late night candidates can be a little foggy, probably owing to the weed, but my best two nights were both on weed. If you're able to pinpoint those awe inspiring passionate nights, then take five minutes, and try to imagine the details. Perchance, you owe it to yourself to do that.

Few people take the time to recall the happiness of their past; in effect, to remember their blessings, to enjoy the history of their own existence. Some people choose not to focus on a night of passion or romance, but rather on some other jubilant event. It's a mixed-bag for me to recall those times with the long deceased Evangeline. Women will often say that their fondness memory is the birth of their child. When my child was born, I was there, yet didn't know she would ultimately be my child. Try to figure-out that conundrum.

Some males are generally hard-pressed to recall their finest moments, ergo they'll answer something

like, “*That’s kind of a hard thing to say. I’m not exactly sure.*” Rare is the male, who can easily state their fondest memory. Most of the time, people are better at spotting their regrets, but usually not sharing them.

At the time, I thought it astonishing that Mia, who had started the sex trade at the tender age of twelve, irrefutably delighted in sex. Anna was the same way. For both women, sex was a fevered screaming event. But conversely, TV shows and movies have taught me that women, who’d been introduced into the sex trade at an early age, grew-up disliking sex; that such early experiences turned the girl into a sexual popsicle, or possibly, into a man hater. And sometimes, that might indeed be true, especially if the girl is repeating abuse patterns, which she mistakes for love and caring.

Nevertheless, I suspect that the early sexual awakening causes the sexual parts of the young female’s brain to awaken and to begin to over develop, and therefore gives those neurons more time to mature, and make more connections, than the female, who started to have sex later in life. Of course, this hypothesis assumes that those early sexual experiences were not conducted in such a

way, that the young girl perceived of them as being adverse or unpleasant. After all, if a child starts to play the piano earlier in life, they're more apt to become a virtuoso, than if they wait till they're older. And once again, this assumes that the early experiences with the piano are pleasant and rewarding. Almost everything is just a matter of maturing pieces of gray matter.

Undoubtedly, the sexual parts of the brain, as any other part of the brain, mature over time with experience. In fact, the sexual parts of the gray matter are apt to mature more aggressively, since sex is obviously requisite to the survival of the species, to the continuance of the ever blessed and ever selfish, DNA molecules. Having said all this, make no mistake, I am absolutely not advocating that young girls have sex! Quite the contrary! The reason being that there appears to be a fairly solid physiological reason for a girl to wait till she's older before engaging in sex; a profoundly critical reason, why it is important for her to wait, until she's in her twenties.

Years later, I would learn from various fellow scientists why it's ill-advised for young girls to engage in sex, even 'aside' from the more obvious

reasons of: the spread of certain diseases, the possibility of unwanted pregnancy, the likelihood of reduced education, ill deserved social condemnation, the useless associated moral guilt, growing-up with a misconception about what love is, etc. What I'm about to discuss comes from conversations with a few elderly scientists, and I have yet to see it in print; parts and pieces of it maybe, but not its entirety. Perhaps this tired text is the only place, where the following hypothesis can be found. One critical reason why young females should not engage in sex has a lot to do with the little known effects of the protein hormone called, oxytocin. It is nothing more than a simple chain of only nine amino acids (cysteine - tyrosine - isoleucine - glutamine - asparagine - cysteine - proline - leucine - glycine). While oxytocin is all too well known for its roll as the 'love hormone,' it also has one, far less than desirable effect, which gets very little, if any attention, but which is profoundly, if not tragically, interesting.

The hormone is produced in the *supraoptic* and *paraventricular nuclei*, which are in turn located within a part of the brain called the hypothalamus, just above the pituitary gland, but below the

thalamus. The pituitary hangs-down beneath the brain, in a boney pit (being inside a pit is maybe why the gland is called the pituitary) in the floor of the skull. The boney pit is called the *sella turcica*, so named, because its shape resembles a Turkish saddle, the saddle used to ride camels. The oxytocin is transported to, stored in, and released from the posterior lobe of the pituitary, also called the *neurohypophysis*. The hormone is well known for its various roles in female reproduction, and before I can tell you why it's not wise for a young girl to have sex, I have to talk a bit about oxytocin. It's released in huge amounts during labor, as well as in response to nipple stimulation and the sound of the bay's cry. Oxytocin binds to receptors on the muscle cells of the uterus to produce the contractions to expel the fetus. The hormone also cause smooth muscle in the walls of the ducts in the breasts to contract pushing milk out the nipple for the nursing infant. Furthermore, oxytocin appears to play a role in things like: orgasm, infant bonding, mate bonding, certain maternal behaviors, penile erection, ejaculation, and is being considered as a therapeutic treatment.

As I just mentioned, when a pregnant woman is about to deliver her child, her pituitary gland begins

to release copious amounts of oxytocin, which binds to oxytocin receptors on the smooth muscle cells of the uterus, and so in turn, the largely muscular uterus starts contracting, and thus, the birthing process begins.

<http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC1621120/>

As a result of those uterine contractions, the baby is pushed downward, against the hopefully well dilated cervix, the lowest portion of the womb or uterus. The pressure of the baby being pushed down may act to generate the prostaglandin hormones needed to ‘ripen,’ or ‘thin,’ or further dilate, the cervix. One hopes when all this begins, that the fetus is in the appropriate head-down position. Within the walls of the mother’s cervix, and in the walls of her vagina, are nerve cells with specialized ‘stretch’ receptors. So as the baby’s head is pushed down through the birth canal, these stretch-sensitive neurons begin to fire, stimulating nerve cells in the mother’s spinal cord.

These long nerve cells run up the spinal and into

her lower and midbrain to further stimulate the posterior portion of the pituitary to release additional oxytocin. This additional oxytocin means more contractions of the uterus, which means the baby is pushed further down, even more firmly, and so more stretching of the cervix and vagina, which stimulates the spinal cord cells, which then means more oxytocin, ergo more contraction... more stretch... more oxytocin, more contraction, more stretch, more oxytocin..., etc., until the baby pops out into the cold confusing world. As a result, by the time that the birthing process is completed, the mother's blood is flooded with oxytocin, and in turn that oxytocin is coursing through her brain, and binding to oxytocin receptors in strategic parts of her brain, which create what is known as maternal bonding.

The female's brain comes equipped with certain nerve cells with oxytocin receptors, and when all that stretch-induced (birthing) oxytocin binds to those abundant oxytocin receptors in the mother's brain cells, then the corresponding nerve cells begin to function, which in turn produces the phenomenon, known as 'maternal bonding,' also called 'maternal instinct.' As a result, oxytocin is sometimes called, 'the bonding hormone.' Male brains also have

oxytocin receptors, but the connections usually don't create bonding, especially not maternal bonding, or even bonding with their mate.

When oxytocin binds to those brain receptors, the nerve cells with those receptors, on their exterior membrane, then fire, ergo the mom's brain screams, "I love this baby and I will destroy anything which tries to harm it!" This not only occurs during the delivery, but each time the baby nurses, for as mentioned, the nipple stimulation causes the mother's pituitary to release additional magical oxytocin, and so the maternal bond is reinforced. Moreover, when the baby cries and the frequency stimulates her eight cranial nerves, her pituitary releases oxytocin. While some might find the baby's cry irritating, many mothers, who have produced oxytocin in response to the cry, perceive the infant's crying sounds as musical, and a high of sorts. For the new mother, the hormone turns the sight of the infant's face into the face of God. That splotchy, slimy, wrinkly, tiny newborn, becomes the most beautiful sight contained within the universe. Mother Nature is all about connecting the mom to the baby, and all these things are good! Call it, God's gift, or Mother Nature's gift, or oxytocin's gift, or DNA's gift,

whichever you choose. Perhaps, they're all the same thing; after all, our bodies and minds are all just a crazy blur of tiny whirling solar systems: molecules, atoms, protons, neutrons, electrons, bosons, leptons, hadrons, gluons, etc.

Men and women may experience various things as a result of their sexuality, but usually they have little to no interest in understanding their genesis. Such ignorance can be beautiful yet dangerous, in so many ways.

All Worked Up by Moe R. Willy

But make no mistake, all this oxytocin-induced bonding is in fact not love, and although it is good and important, it is merely hardwired instinct. While maternal instinct is a fine thing, it is far from being the same as love. Love might be more what the mother actually does for the child, how much she sacrifices for the child, and not so much how she (the mother) feels about the child, for there are plenty of women, who bond with their child, but even so, they don't properly care for the child. Love is how well the mother cares for her baby, during those years

following the birth, and things like: looking out for the growing child's needs, its health, happiness, development, education, helping it to communicate, encouragement, discipline, etc. Let's face it; sometimes the adoptive mother, who has not produced any oxytocin, birthing the child, is actually a better, more loving, mother than the biological mother, who was the actual oxytocin producer. Still, the oxytocin-induced maternal bonding is a way of giving the woman a nudge toward being a more caring and loving mother. Even the lower levels of oxytocin levels produced by the mother, during the first trimester, play an important role in maternal bonding. While oxytocin creates bonding, between mother and child, in a young pubescent or prepubescent female, oxytocin may also do something harmful, and restrict some aspects of brain development.

MOM IS GOD ON THE LIPS OF BABYS

SO IT BEGINS... LIGHT, SOUND, AND FURY

A STRANGE NEW WORLD, COLD, AND HURRIED

ONLY ONE TOUCH IS CALM AND WARM
ONLY IT SILENCES THE STORM

WHEN ALL'S A MASS OF CONFUSION
AN UNKNOWN FRIGHTENING ILLUSION
WHEN THOUGHTS DON'T FORM TO CONSOLE
AND YOU HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE NOR CONTROL

A GENTLE POWERFUL LOVE IS THERE
A SINGLE SPIRIT WHO TRULY CARES
A BLESSED CARESS TO DISSOLVE YOUR FRIGHT
A GUARDIAN ANGEL THROUGH THE NIGHT

PRIMITIVE MEMORIES, BRIGHT LIKE THE SUN
FOR YOU AND HER TILL LIFE IS DONE
WHEN REALITY WAS FOREBODING AND ODD
SHE WAS THERE LIKE THE HAND OF GOD.

WA Morey

Nonetheless, while oxytocin-induced maternal

bonding is a positive thing, oxytocin may also possess a couple of undesirable side effects in a younger less-than-mature female brain. When a young girl has sex, what repeatedly stretches the wall of the vagina? Of course, it's the male's penis. And, who sucks on her nipples? Yes, the guy does. What hormone does this repeated stretching of her vagina, and frequent sucking of her nipples, cause the girl to release? Yes, you guessed it... oxytocin! In addition, clitoral stimulation causes oxytocin to be released.

[https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/
pubmed/4039340](https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/4039340)

And as a result, the sex-induced hormone binds to the oxytocin receptors in her limbic brain, and so the young girl bonds to the guy! She literally, and more accurately, bonds to his penis. The larger the penis, the greater the stretch of the vagina, and so the more oxytocin is apt to be released. In that respect, size actually does make a difference. It makes more oxytocin.

Said sex-mediated oxytocin floods into the young girl's brain, bonding her so firmly to the male and his

magical penis, that typically the girl's parents can't make her appreciate just what a worthless bum the guy might actually be, or that he doesn't honestly love, or even mildly care about, her. To him, she just the proverbial piece of ass. Still, the girl 'knows' (neurons with oxytocin receptors which bind the sex-induced oxytocin) that the male 'loves' her, because for her oxytocin is a profound mimic of love. For her, sex may seem like 'real love,' and she has no way of differentiating, as long as the sex is 'satisfying,' meaning it produces lots of oxytocin. Sometimes during sex, she may even appear to be 'drunk' on oxytocin. She can't begin to realize that her feelings are nothing more than certain neurons firing in response to oxytocin binding to their receptors. She believes her love is 'real,' possibly based on something 'spiritual,' if you will, but unfortunately it's only oxytocin. You see, in this respect love for the female is more visceral, the love/bonding for the baby, and the love for her mate are similar, since both are largely mediated by oxytocin binding to primitive limbic neurons! This makes it easier to understand why females frequently view their cheating husbands as having fallen out of love with them, since the female believes that sex and oxytocin is synonymous with love. We all have our own

interpretations of reality, whether it be owing to an endogenous chemical and genetically-based brain wiring, or just old fashion culturally-induced brainwashing.

Like the delusional soldier, who kills the ‘enemy,’ believing his desire to kill is justified, because of what his government or his religion has been preaching to him that the enemy deserves death, when really he may just be enjoying an active piece of aggressive gray matter, basic physiology 101. The killing is not justified, just as the oxytocin is not love. He chooses to believe that he’s doing what is just and right, for the liberty and the protection of his nation or his religion (Christianity, Judaism, Islam, etc.), but in reality he may just enjoy killing. The woman may say to herself that she screws the man for love, but really it’s just an oxytocin high, basic physiology 101.

The young girl’s boyfriend may be a truly worthless loafer, or possibly even a violent selfish bastard, but in the young girl’s mind, he is like a god, and if the sex is right, she ‘knows,’ that he ‘loves’ her. That is one of the ‘lies of oxytocin,’ just like governments may lie to their armies about the justification of war. Quite likely she has bonded to

the guy and his mystical penis, to a point that said bonding completely overrides her common sense, overrides her ability to objectively assess him, or to give proper credence to the advice of her parents and friends.

Perhaps, this is why a lot of women will put-up with a man, who's cruel and/or beats them, and why you'll often hear such beaten women say things like, "But, I know he loves me," or "He doesn't really mean it." This may also explain why young girls often go through profound depression, if rejected by a lover, who genuinely cares little to nothing for her. This may also explain why a mother bonds more strongly to her child, than to her husband, since nothing stretches the birth canal quite as much as does the birth of a child, and so nothing produces nearly so much oxytocin as does childbirth. There are some excellent reviews on the regulation, structure, and function of the oxytocin receptors. But none discuss what's in the next few pages, and why it's so important that the young female wait to have sex. Oxytocin may be extremely dangerous for the young female. And remember, this book is entirely fiction... not scintilla of truth, herein.

In men, it is generally feminine beauty, which overrides their common sense. Believe it or not, that's the way it's supposed to work, and for women, it's oxytocin. But certainly all of these natural physiological factors, which are designed to augment humans engaging in sex and bonding to one another, and allowing the nucleotides to continue through the ages, are to varying degrees, subject to the human's ability to reason; so perhaps, the smarter the person, the more apt they are to see past how Mother Nature is tricking them. Thank God, I'm so slow-witted, so I can better enjoy my urges, make bad decisions, and not have to fully understand what I'm doing.

Oxytocin may also play a major role in prostitution, or at least, in some cases of prostitution. The pimp is generally highly skilled in the art of sex. (Pimps may also use drugs to control the hooker, to better ensure her willing participation in prostitution.) Moreover, it's generally the pimp, who has a large penis. Consequently, because of the woman's associated releases of oxytocin, the female comes to 'love' the pimp, and therefore, will do almost anything for him. Nevertheless, intellectually

the girl can't help but realize that the pimp has bastardized her natural genetically/oxytocin-based feelings of love, for his financial gain. Thus, her oxytocin feelings of love become powerfully intertwined with her making money for her pimp. This causes the prostitute to think that being a prostitute, and all the nefarious deeds and behaviors, corresponding to her role in prostitution, are in fact, not only okay, but inculcated with her oxytocin-based interpretation of love. Of course intellectually, she knows this is not true, but deep down, in the genetically-based neuroendocrine wiring of her brain, what she is doing is something natural, and in effect, something with a certain amount of goodness attached to it. Oxytocin can override even the best of intellects. In addition to this, her occasional sexually gifted customer may also act to reenforce her 'love' of prostitution. All this is not to say that prostitution should be illegal, for if it were the role of the pimp might end. But this is to say, that in younger women, whose oxytocin-based neurology has yet to fully mature, or in women who prostitute themselves for a drug habit, the oldest profession is plainly not a good thing.

My maternal Grandpa was just about as brilliant

as a person can be, yet inexplicably, he still married my hateful bigoted little Grandma, who never tired of criticizing him, as well as each and every black person, Catholic, Jew, and yankee on the planet. As mentioned, she had been the beauty queen for the Mobile Mardi Gras one year (1924). When she rode by on downtown Church Street, atop that Mardi Gras float, that's when Grandpa first saw her, wearing her gleaming rhinestone crown, and dressed in a hot form-fitting white sequined gown, and that's probably the moment he stopped thinking with his massive logical brain. And for this reason, all his cognitive prowess stopped working, and went right down the drain, for clearly *DNA* rules. After he married her, except for his four daughters, the relationship morphed into misery.

By-the-same-token, a girl like Mia, who begins having sex early in life, might be more apt to enjoy sex as she matures, simply because the sexual parts of her brain have had more time for stimulation. In other words, since Mia started having sex, while her brain was young, perchance more of her brain tissue became associated with sex. In that way, the girl gets a 'sexier' brain, just like a child who begins dancing early in life is apt to be a better dancer, just like a

child who is indoctrinated into a belief system or a given religion is more apt to believe their book is the holy book, just like a child who is propagandized by a political system or party early in life is more apt to see everything in terms of that political perspective, just like anything a child is exposed to early enough, they end-up devoting more brain tissue to that thing, be it right or wrong, good or bad, but one thing for sure, its more apt to be perceived as momentous, be it sex, dance, God, or politics! After all, reality can only be measured in terms of the nature and amount of devoted/involved/stimulated gray matter. It's 'all' about the neurons. What else could it be? How else is one to judge things, but with their faulty gray mush? Even a computer is only as good as its electronics, and software. What do you suppose designed all those computers and programs? Various chunks of gray mush...

Another negative side effect of oxytocin for the immature sexually active human female is worse than her being neuro-psychologically attached to a male, whose a jerk. The more a young girl releases oxytocin, then the more her brain 'prepares' her for sex, and for pregnancy, as well as for motherhood. Those parts of her brain which contribute to sex,

pregnancy, and motherhood begin to accelerate in their development, but unfortunately, somewhat to the exclusion of other parts of her brain. Tragically, parts of her brain, which normally would have been reserved for thinking, memorization, or more intellectual endeavors, decrease their development, or may even become part of the girl's sexual brain, and this neurophysiological scenario may result in a cognitive deficit! Quite possibly, the young girl ends-up being less intelligent, than had she waited for her intellectual brain to finish developing, before engaging in sex. The underaged sexually active girl, in effect, may be dumbing herself down, by having sex, too early in life!

It's possible that someone conducted unpublished experiments, where prepubescent female mice were divided into three groups. One group was artificially sexually stimulated, another group was simply given injections of oxytocin, as if they'd had sex, and the third group was a control group of virgin female mice. Over time, the oxytocin injected mice, and the sexually stimulated mice, showed a reduction in development of certain parts of their brains, i.e., reduced weight of: the frontal lobes, the hippocampi, posterior portions of the temporal cortex, etc. By the

same token, the sexual parts (septal nucleus, parts of the amygdala, parts of the hypothalamus and limbic lobe (dentate and cingulate gyrus)) of their brains were better developed than in the control group.

This is not to say that a young female, who has had sex early in life, can't be smart. But it is to say, that had she waited to have sex, she might have been smarter. For example, the sexually precocious girl may still be above average in intelligence, but had she waited a few years to have sex, she might have been a rip-roaring genius. Or, the young sexually active girl may still be a genius, but had she waited to have sex, she might have had an even higher level of genius. By the same token, the sexually precocious girl is more apt to be on the left side of the bell-shaped curve. Please understand, that this is not to say that a high IQ is all that important, but occasionally some people find intelligence to actually be helpful. If you've read this far, you're probably wishing I had a higher IQ, before I commented to writing this rambling hodgepodge... me, too.

When first, I told my daughter about this strange phenomenon, she was about eight years old, so I explained things slowly and carefully. After I finished the little presentation, my child became extremely

quiet and thoughtful, then she spoke.

“Well Daddy, that’s sort of like having sex, too soon in life, causes brain damage.”

“You’re so right, and you’re a very smart young lady.” I responded.

I wish I had half her wisdom. At this time, my daughter is twenty-one (Of course, by the time I finish writing these books she may be fifty.), and has yet to go on a date, and certainly not for lack of beauty, since she is a remarkably attractive, and has an especially kind and loving spirit. She’s careful not to mismanage her precious life. But that is not from any paranoia, which I may have induced with the above oxytocin story, but more from the circumspect gift of watching her self-destructive drug-addicted mother. Her mother’s mistakes was become my child’s best lessons.

Although, her mother was not the best mother, at least not in the classical sense, inadvertently, she proved to be helpful. And, while it’s easy for me to criticize her, I couldn’t have walked ten paces in her shoes. My daughter’s mother started having sex at age eight, with her mother’s boyfriend, and became addicted to cocaine at age fourteen. At least, that’s

what's she told me. As sad as that is, indirectly my child benefitted from the tragedy of her mother's life, because she grew-up fully realizing that she didn't want her life to be remotely similar to her mother's, ergo every cloud has its silver lining.

Science is chalked full of interesting facts and some, like those I just mentioned, perhaps should be taught in middle schools. Then again, considering how sexually precocious some children are, perchance even elementary school. One day, maybe science will explain all the mysteries of the universe; maybe even the big one, but that's only if we can figure a way to stop global warming. The perplexing thing is that people are content to sit around and do nothing, while giant glutinous corporations kill everyone. If Mr. Trump becomes president, we'd better hope he changes his mind about global warming, or there's a good chance the world will be in even greater jeopardy; especially if he serves two terms. Most likely, he'll just do whatever the corporations want, and that could mean repealing the pollution laws, and of course, that will mean: more polluted: rivers, streams, oceans, ground water, soils, air, etc., not to mention increased atmospheric carbon. My bet is he'll start preaching that coal is

clean. With a Republican in office, the earth won't stand a chance. Environmental conditions are already critical, but for the greedy and scientifically ignorant, the conditions will have to deteriorate to the point that large numbers of people are dying, before they do something.

As a rule, the creatively bankrupt are the greediest.

The Hell with Life on Earth by Moe R. Willy

Ever wonder how babies just happen to know what to do with mom's nipples, without an instruction manual? How is it that a baby can recognize a nipple and automatically suckle, without taking a how-to class? If you ask most teachers this question, they are quick to utter the word, 'instinct,' as if by saying that simple word, they've actually explained something. But the word itself doesn't explain anything. Does it?

'Instinct' is just a word, which fails to explain something that is fairly complicated. Its like when the student asks the teacher, "Why did the apple fall from the tree?" And, the teacher utters the word,

‘gravity.’ Gravity is just a word, not an explanation. {To get an idea about how gravity may work, read the chapter entitled, ‘THE MUSH, THE UNIVERSE, AND THE TIME MACHINE,’ in book eight (the next book) of this series. On the other hand, the theory could be utterly wrong.}

The naming of something is but the allusion of knowledge.

Oxford and Henry by W.Z. Morey

A better answer as to why a baby recognizes, and knows what to do, with mom’s nipple may have to do with what happens inside its brain, while it’s still in mom’s womb. Being bored, and with nothing better to do, than to swim and kick around in the warm confines of the womb, the fetus spends a lot of its time dreaming. Yes, fetuses dream a lot. After about seven months, the human fetus spends most of its time, with its brain alternating back and forth between dreams, and the resting state of black-brain-sleep (Sleep without dreams, is also called ‘slow wave sleep.’). At roughly eight months, the fetus spends about 90 to 95 percent of its life dreaming!

This is sort of like nature's dream school. Those dreams are a little like instructional documentaries, which teach the fetus, so that it emerges into the world knowing exactly what to do with mom's nipples, as well as, a few other things.

Womb dreams are nothing more than the firing of neurons, with a particular set of genetically determined connections. The womb dreams have a circuitry which has been passed down through the DNA for hundreds of thousands of years. This same womb dreaming occurs in the fetuses of monkeys, and most, if not all, mammals. The DNA programs the creation of the enzymes, histones, and other proteins to make/construct the hard-wired genetic memories, which are commonly, but inadequately, described by the word, 'instinct.' Birds, still in the eggshell, dream of nest building and what various bird calls mean, as well as many other things.

Besides knowing what to do with mom's nipple, said dream-neural-circuitry is also why many infants show an inherent fear of snakes, rats, spiders, as well as fear of falling from high places. The fetus may learn these protective things, from watching said *womb-videos*. If that is the case, then the fetus may likely occasionally endure nightmares, as part of its'

educational experience in the womb.

How the fetal dream-circuitry operates may indeed be the very causative quintessence of instinct, itself. If you think about it, there's really nothing else it could be. Much of the brain's dream circuitry is well known. Michel Jouvet is one of the primary neuroscientists, who unearthed some of the neurophysiology of dreaming. Going out on a limb, I'd say that dreams start with the firing of the *locus coeruleus* (two tiny blue spots (groups of neurons)) in the brainstem. The blue color is due to a bluish melanin, inside the neurons. This colorful neuron-melanin is formed by the polymerization of noradrenaline, also called, norepinephrine. Neurons in the *locus coeruleus* stimulate other neurons, higher up in the brain, in the subconscious parts of the hippocampus (contains some of the conscious and much of the unconscious memories), which then stimulate neurons of the lateral and medial geniculate bodies (the switchboards or way stations for the eyes and ears), which in turn stimulate the cells in the visual cortex (occipital lobes), and the auditory cortex (roughly the upper regions of the temporal cortex on the superior temporal plane, partially within the lateral fissure). Consequently, the

fetal dreams can then be seen (visual cortex) and heard (auditory cortex), ergo the fetus receives its instructional videos, it's instinctual knowledge, from the dream content, from its primitively constructed hippocampal circuits, all compliments of mom and dad's *DNA*, before the fetus is thrust down the birth canal, and out into the world.

But then, I leave it to you, the reader, to figure-out how the *DNA* evolved to create the neuronal firing patterns in the hippocampi, so that the fetus dreams those instinctual dreams; for example, nursing on its mother's nipples, for nutrition and to further flood its mother's brain with oxytocin, to strengthen the mother-child bond. How did the dream memory/circuitry get into the *DNA*? Here's a rough idea. Perhaps with the correct mutation, about two hundred and ten million years ago, a second layer of brain tissue formed over the early reptilian brain, and the phylogenetically older tissue then became the dreaming brain, and the newly evolved layer of brain cells became the new consciousness. Perhaps such a mutation happened again, and this third new batch of cells. which were somewhat poorly connected to the other two layers, evolved into the human ego. Perhaps with a fourth layering

of nerve cells, the idea of infinity may no longer be confounding.

The purposes of dreaming are several: full relaxation of skeletal muscles (skeletal muscle cells still periodically contract even in non-dreaming sleep), large circadian secretions for certain critical hormones, reducing neurotransmitters of neurons, which represent stressful memories/anxiety (stress reduction), consolidation of short-term memories, acquired during the day, creating long term memories during sleep, marked immune enhancement, reduction in histamine production and reduced inflammation, promotion of healing, enhanced red blood cell and white blood cell production, etc.

The human genome is currently thought to be much larger than is necessary, but if *DNA* has to be able to create the subconscious circuits for instinctual memories, then perhaps it's not too big. (There's also the possibility that some of that extra *DNA* is used to make random antigen receptors on certain lymphatic cells, thereby allowing the immune system to better adapt to newly evolving pathogens. The immune system is probably the only place where mutations also allow us to adapt to disease antigens, with

diverse antibody production.) To a large extent, the opening and closing of the DNA helix, to transcribe various messenger RNAs, is partially carried-out by huge histone proteins, which may be effected by various factors, that could be influenced by billions of years of external events. If life's events, from millions of lifetimes, could make changes in the histones found within the chromosomes of the egg and/or the sperm (or changes to the germinal cells which make the eggs or sperm). Perhaps, said events (translation and transcription) may find a way to be represented in the dreams of the fetus and infant. On the other hand, maybe when a certain series of genes creates an advantageous behavior (series of circuits) it is perpetuated, and the circuit goes active during fetal dreaming, and continues to do so in generations to come. To some extent, Lamarckism may also operate in such a manner. As mentioned, I still occasionally dream of Mia, her body, her smell, as well as her classical music, played on her old record player. Perhaps, those foggy marijuana memories have found their way into my sperm-producing germinal cells, as well as my sperm cells. On a small speculative aside, what if you could some how affect your germinal cells, so that all your memories (conscious and unconscious) continued on, and when

your child was born, your offspring would have all your memories. In effect, you'd be your own dad or mom. Once born, you'd have a chance to start all over, and with a plastic baby's brain, much more capable of learning, but with all your old memories.

Come sun-up the next morning in La Juartas, I opened the front door to Mia's bungalow, assuming that Pepe and Wayne had left, and I'd have to take the bus, or a cab, to get back to Wayne's villa. But, low-and-behold, there sat Wayne and Pepe, on the cottage's small front porch. They looked completely relaxed and peaceful. Everyone was smiling. It had been a night of good sex and good weed for all concerned.

"You guys slept here at La Juartas, last night?" I asked.

"We've been at La Juartas all night, but certainly not sitting on this uncomfortable little porch, waiting for your lazy ass to come outside, Joey." Wayne countered, his ego no longer subdued by weed.

"Does that mean you and Pepe got lucky, last night?"

"Joey, what it means is that you ask too many fucking questions. You see, unlike you, Pepe and I

are married men, and we have to deal with our wives, so you'd better help us keep things on an even keel, when we get back, or we'll both kick your ass." Wayne proclaimed, while smiling.

"Thanks and ever thanks, for a great night, Wayne. Mia is amazing, a dream come true. If I ever get around to writing my autobiography, Mia and last night will definitely be in it, but I hate writing, so that'll not likely to happen."

Mia had walked up behind me, pressed herself into my back, wrapped her arms around me, and rested her chin on my right shoulder. As if on cue, all four of us spontaneously laughed, then we all went out for breakfast, served-up at the four dollar-a-day motel, I had formally resided in. I would date the dream-girl a few more times, before finally leaving Acapulco. Mia owed a nice house, two blocks from the beach, and as you probably assumed, she didn't actually live in that tiny bungalow at La Juartas. Granted, La Juartas paid her well, but most of her income came in the form of tips from the wealthy men. Unfortunately, like Anna, not all her customers were kind genteel men. There are those guys, whose *Septal Nucleus* is stimulated by things like anger and cruelty.

Such men often can't achieve an erection, without a sadism thrown into the mix. Consequently, they search to find something wrong with the female, something to afford them the excuse to inflict some amount of cruelty. If they go too far, they generally apologize, claiming they don't know why they overreacted, then they swear they'll never do it again, but the reason is that cruelty gets their dick hard. They're not exactly the kind of fellow you'd want your daughter to date. Adjacent to the the backdoor of La Juartas's backdoor was a small red shed, in which resided two big guys. The shed came equipped with a couple of bunks, and a mall television. Each bungalow had a button on the wall near the bed, and if the girl pressed it, the two men in the shed would come to her rescue.

In case of storm surge, Mia's personal off-grade wooden house was elevated ten feet above the ground on twenty or so thick chemically treated tree trunks. The house was built like a log-cabin, with heavily shuttered giant windows. All the lumber had been trucked-in from a sawmill, with treatment pits in Oaxaca, Mexico. The twenty support poles and all the floor joists were made out of treated tree trunks, ergo the house was solid. The floors were made of

two inch thick rough cut planks. At her home, Mia had an expensive stereo system, with great speakers, as well as an massive collection of hundreds of classical records, which played a major role in her life. Mia's life seemed to revolve around four things: sex, classical music, reading, and cooking. Like Wayne and Rita, she loved to by fresh food at the Acapulco market. Also like Rita and Wayne, she didn't enjoy TV. Admittedly, in those days, TV was not nearly as educational, as it is today, and while there were some excellent actors, they were not as plentiful as now. In addition, TV in Mexico wasn't nearly was well done, as in the US. On nights, when she didn't work, we stayed at her place, and a few late evenings we stayed on a blanket, out on an abandoned section of beach. We'd watch the sunset on a blanket next to a lonely palm tree. The palm tree was at least a hundred yards back from the high tide line, and served as a marker to bury a small jar, containing a few joints and a pack of matches. Much of my life has revolved around buried jars. Each morning, I'd have to get-up early, and catch cab to get back to Wayne and Rita's to be ready for Wayne's morning workout and the trip to the market.

That last extremely red and gold sunset with Mia

was a regular sangre de Cristo, and I suppose, if I had to pick a turning point in my life, that was it. That evening was the point where my more crazy drug-dealing life seemed to completely eclipse, and I finally began to gravitate toward wanting to lead a more normal existence; almost becoming a different person, one looking for a purpose other than money. Though a hooker, Mia was an independent warm and loving woman, with a practical outlook on life, and she encouraged me to find a more normal life. I stayed with her, until I finally decided to leave Mexico.

Since she worked at La Juartas, I could never bring her to Wayne's and Rita's, so I always had to have a phony excuse to leave to be with Mia. Usually, I'd just say I was going on a date with some random girl, who was staying at *The Prince*. Wayne continued his workouts, diet, and recovery, and I felt a true sense of accomplishment for assisting him. Then, helping the Mobile paperboys and Wayne were my only semi-humane accomplishments. Everything else I had done was largely for selfish reasons. Having eaten breakfast that first morning after being at La Juartas, we dropped-off Mia at her house, and then Wayne, Pepe, and I rode in the limo, to a beach-

front liquor store, purchased a small pint bottle of tequila, then walked out on the beach.

There we rolled in the wet sand, sprinkled the tequila over ourselves, and climbed back in the limo. Surprisingly, Wayne didn't take a single sip from the bottle. Once at the villa, the contrived story was that we'd drunk a boat load of tequila, told each other stories, and fell asleep on the beach, then woke-up the next morning in the sand. Sick with hangovers, so we supposedly drove to eat a little breakfast, and then returned to the villa. We missed our trip to the market that morning, slept long past lunch, and sacked our usual workout for that day.

Around five o'clock, I got-up and just laid around the pool, till time for dinner, and was glad I wasn't Pepe or Wayne having to face their wives, and spin the necessary web of lies. Whenever Rita or Carla came out to the pool, I pretended to be asleep, fearing they might question me, but as best I could tell, neither wife acted too concerned about our night out. Luckily, Wayne did not have another *MS* attack, for as long as I knew him. The weed facilitated reduction in Wayne's alcohol consumption, and the excellent diet, his workouts steadily improved.

After that first night up in the roof garden,

Wayne became a regular weed smoker. By smoking weed, Wayne dramatically tapered down the alcohol, then totally bagged it altogether. But even with the tapering, he did have a couple of 'sick' days, still it was just sinus trouble, not an *MS* attack. Having said all this about the benefits of weed, I think it was largely Wayne's profound willpower and desire to quit, which accounted for his stopping the booze.

Without the daily booze, Wayne's health improved by leaps and bounds. His walking and jogging gate became noticeably stronger and smoother. The tremors became hardly noticeable. We rarely missed a daily workout. He lost roughly twenty pounds of fat and clearly gained about the same weight in muscle. As mentioned, he took Thursdays off, since that was the day of my taxi tours for *The Prince Hotel*. Those days, he spent with his beautiful wife, as well as doing things with her around the city. Plus, a genuine warm flirtatious joy seemed to have returned to their lives.

Correspondingly, Wayne's personality became amiable, no longer the raging mad-at-the-world drunk. Rita looked more cheerful and far more relaxed. *I need to be leaving this hacienda soon*. She not only didn't object to his weed smoking, but

occasionally partook, with him. Even stoned, Wayne remained business oriented, but stopped making comments about the economic benefits of war. It seemed to me that he wanted to outwardly admit his change of opinion about war, but didn't want to appear to have softened.

Wayne never became what'd you'd call a full fledged stoner, just the occasional smoker. Initially, he had smoked every day, then cut back to about three times a week, usually after dinner, or after retiring to the bedroom with Rita. Once he'd been off the booze for a while, he cut the weed back to once a week, and by then my stash had run dry, so Pepe had been elected to be the official procurer of kush. Lots of guys sold weed to the tourists, right out on the beach. They'd bury weed stashes (plastic bags with a couple pre-rolled joints, inside) at strategic locations, just barely under the sand. Unlike Mexico City, I never saw overt evidence of significant hard drug use in Acapulco, though I'm sure there was such.

A few months after visiting La Juartas, Wayne seemed to have reached maximum medical improvement, and he told me that he and Rita were soon going back to live in Mexico City. So, I thanked him for the long and wonderful stay at the

magnificent villa, wishing him well, and saying that I'd be gone the next day, and was ready to return to the States.

“No, Joey... don't go... stay as long as you want. Rita and I want you to stay. We keep the villa open and available for Pepe and Carla, year round, anyway. We have other servants in our home in Mexico City. So if you stay, it's not going to cost us anything. You can just stay here with Pepe and Carla. Hell, maybe we'll see you, when we come down next year. What do you say? Besides when we come down next year, we'll have the new baby with us! See, our family baby doctor is in Mexico City...” He had ever so casually slipped-in this surprise. *A baby?!*

I was stunned at how nonchalantly he had slipped Rita's pregnancy into the conversation! For a moment, I wondered if I heard him correctly, then the smiles began to spread across our faces. At first, Wayne and I just smiled at each other for almost thirty-seconds, and then the ever serious Wayne, uncharacteristically started to laugh uncontrollably, and so did I. We joyfully laughed long and hard. Wayne had beat the booze, regained his health, and now his life's dream, of being a dad, had at last come true.

“Papa Wayne! Honest to God... That’s really fantastic news, man! Congratulations! You’ll make a great dad, and needless to say Rita will be an awesome mother, but I just pray for the poor baby’s sake, it doesn’t work for the military industrial complex. Ha, Ha, Ha,…” I joked.

I gave him a hug and slapped him on the back, and we laughed repeatedly, a genuinely euphoric laughter... a purely joyful moment, one for life’s scrapbook. Wayne would have what he had wanted most, when only a few months ago, he thought it was impossible, so we didn’t toast the event with booze. My happy reaction was nothing compared to the reaction of Pepe and Carla. The young Mexican couple turned into dancing live wires. Smiling, laughing, then singing, running, and dancing all around the villa, while clapping their hands. Joy of that magnitude must have been an Indian kind of thing. Needless to say, it was a sublime moment for all!

The next morning at breakfast, I thanked Wayne and Rita for their generous hospitality, and they gave me their phone number and address in Mexico City, but I never again contacted them. Most likely, it was that military brat thing, always changing friends and

acquittances. Early that morning, I retrieved my money jar from the planter box on the roof, said my goodbyes, and after leaving the villa, I moved into a motel, but one considerably nicer than the previous four dollar motel, closer to *The Prince Hotel*. It even had glass and screens in the windows.

After a few weeks, without the benefit of having Wayne and Rita to speak english with, I'd hit my max on dealing with the daily language barrier. While Spanish is a far more beautiful language, than is the harsh guttural english, I still longed to get back to the english speaking United States. Speaking a foreign language, although pleasant, can be a bit of an energy drain. Rarely, have I dreamt in Spanish, and that had only happened when I was a child in Spain.

When I finally decided to leave Acapulco, I turned the tourist business over to the most capable of the cab drivers, who spoke passable english, and introduced him to the manager of *The Prince Hotel*, and all the shop owners, as well as the manager of the restaurant. I had to let the cabbie in on the fact that I really did not own a tourist business in the United States, or for that matter in Mexico. To help him, I told everyone, that the cabbie officially

worked for my company, home-based in Washington DC, that way he preserved creditability, and he, like me, probably didn't go through all the red tape of registering a business in Mexico. Before turning over the business, I also helped him to get some new clothes, and a box of business cards. With Wayne's help, I got the name of a good lawyer, and gave it to him to use, if he decided to make the business legal. Needless-to-say, the cabbie was shocked, concerning my admittance, about not actually owing the tourist business.

A few weeks after Wayne and Rita had departed, I took the bus back to Mexico City, but this time, without any weed in my little blue suitcase, and it wasn't the same driver. I then had considerably more cash taped to my body. I'd definitely had my fill of drug dealing, and all that went with it, but still continued to smoke on rare occasions; yet, it wasn't long after, that I got tired of being stoned and gave up dope, all together. When people ask me why I gave-up weed, I'd just tell them that I got tired of being stupid, and that was the truth. Weed is one stupid high. Later, as a neuroscientist, I came to realize that nothing beats one's natural born brain chemistry; especially, not in the long run.

After another lengthy, but fortunately non-eventful bus ride back to Mexico City, I only spent two days in the city, and took a cab to go see Bicho, Aimon, and Quinto. Walking through Tepito to the warehouse, I'd brought along lots of candy for the kids, who all remembered me, and of course, I them. It was genuinely wonderful to see them. Children are so magical, and able to transcend so much adversity. Sometimes, I think the little kids should be making the rules about how the world should operate. The three kings took me to eat and helped me convert most of my money into gold coins at a little less than spot! I think I paid about \$130 per ounce, back then. Most of the coins were the big fifty pesos pieces, 1.2 ounces of gold, each. While I was gone, Guillermo had died of a heart attack. They were still looking for a replacement counterfeiter. The knuckles on Quito's right hand were raw and swollen; he said he'd gotten in a fight with someone at a bar, but Bicho gave me the bullshit look, then he offered me the obligatory sticky little ball of opium, which as usual I turned down. Aimon gave me a watch, which was probably something he'd received to help cover a debt for drugs. I don't remember what happened to the watch. They asked me about what I'd been doing, and I told them all about Acapulco, and my tourist

business at *The Prince Hotel*. They particularly loved hearing about the two times, that I nearly getting busted: on the bus going down to Acapulco, and while walking-up through Wayne's suburbs. They were very much interested in the details about the old lady in the back of the bus, and the people, who'd picked her up, at the end of the trip. I did mention Wayne, Rita, Pepe, Carla, and Mia, but I changed their names, since Quinto was not someone I wanted them to meet. The three kings already knew about *La Juartas*. Telling the three kings about these things in Acapulco might have been a serious mistake, since it could have gotten back to Esteban, and then to Rosa. For that reason, I didn't go see Esteban or the gang, and didn't go near that section of town. Rosa wanted more than I was willing to give, and I had a feeling that she wasn't the kind of person to handle rejection well, and I was too immature to want to support a woman. For that reason, I chose to stay in a different hotel while in MC, nor did I visit the concierge at my former residence.

Heav'n has no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd, Nor
Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd.

The Morning Bride (Act III, Scene 2) by William Congreve

After the two days in MC, I took the over-night train back to Monterey, where I easily found the motel, where I'd left my old *Ford*. The little blue suitcase was considerably heavier than it had been on the way down to MC. To safely carry the gold, I'd purchased another roll of brown duct tape, and used it to reinforce the inside of the suitcase. The motel manager still had my car and handed me the keys, but when I turned the key in the car ignition, it didn't start. I raised the hood, and using my car key, popped the clips holding the distributor cap, looked inside, and saw that the points were severely corroded, and so thought about going to the nearby *Ford* garage, where they'd replaced the blown hose. My head was still under the hood, looking at the points, when an old man in a pickup truck, pulled to a stop right behind me, in the front yard of the small white rental cottages.

The aged man climbed out of the truck dressed in a ratty old denim jacket, the classic Farmer-John coveralls, with the straps over his shoulders, and the metal loop clips. His pickup was painted various

colors, where considerable body work had apparently been done. Some of the paint looked like exterior house paint, and was peeling off in small rolls. My aunt used to do the same thing... use house paint on her car, if she'd ding or scratch it, she go looking for any kind of paint she could find: interior, exterior, house paint, engine paint, car paint, spray paint, etc. While she kept her house impeccably clean and organized, she could have cared less what her car looked like. Even though she did little to nothing to maintain it, her little car never broke-down.

The white-haired stooped-over old farmer walked over and looked under the hood with me, so I pointed to the disintegrated points. He nodded his agreement, then rummaged under the seat of his truck and returned with a screwdriver, to gently crowded me out of the way. He loosened the set screw, and removed my faulty points, then held up the corroded points to the fading light, squinted at their condition, like he was looking at a cancerous tumor, and told me to get in his truck and off we drove. Needless to say, I just automatically trusted him. Much like the Mexicans in the *Ford* garage, he was one of those folks, you realized you could trust implicitly. *There's an awful lot of good honest people in*

Mexico. It was the one last good deed I'd receive, before leaving Mexico.

A couple minutes later, we'd arrived at an odd little auto-parts store, about half the size of a boxcar. The store was more than vaguely strange, even for Mexico. It was located out in the middle of a giant brownish green grassy field, a half mile outside of town, with only one dirt road leading to it. No other structures, stores or houses, were nearby. The tiny store just sat out in the middle of an arid grassy plane. The small building was made out of reddish blond adobe bricks. *How weird... A store in the middle of nowhere!* The walls were constructed of large hand-made adobe bricks mortared together by a mixture of sand and concrete. The owner of the store had built the place from the clay and sand of the nearby hills. He simply had mixed the clay, with some water, a little sand, and some straw. He pounded the mixture into a simple wooden frame to give it its rectangular box shape, then dumped it out into some boards in the sun, to bake. The old man purchased the new replacement points with his own money, drove me back to my car, and helped me install and gap them, using a cheap but accurate feeler gauge, which always I carried in the glovebox

for gaping spark-plugs. The *Ford* started on the first try. *Henry would be proud*. Just as the guys at the *Ford* garage, the kindly old gent refused my offer of remuneration.

Like I mentioned... no one gives like the poor! *If only he knew how much gold I have stashed in my little blue suitcase*. Perhaps, I looked poor to him, since I dressed poorly, and I still do. With the few exceptions of Knifeman at Esteban's, Quinto, the two groups of soldiers, and my opponent that vaguely remembered night, where I held a table leg, I never meant a Mexican I didn't like, but I certainly meant many that I respected and admired. When the old farmer finally got into his truck to leave, I patted him on the back, and dropped fifty dollars onto the floor behind his pick-up seat back, just before he drove away.

Entering the motel office, I asked the manager where there might be a welding shop. Following his directions, I drove across Monterey, and asked the welder to burn a fairly large hole in the car's framing. On the driver's side, I'd taken the cover off the hollow rocker panel, and pointed for the welder to cut a substantial hole through the back wall of the rocker panel, into the framing pillar, between the

front and back door. The cost of that minor welding modification was two dollars. In all probability, the welder assumed that I was a dope smuggler. I told him I was going to be going to headed for Mexico City, when as you know, I was going to be headed north for the US border.

That night in my room, I used my ever handy brown duct tape to create seven tall tape covered, and slightly flexible, stacks of gold coins. The next morning, I shoved five of them up into the pillar, and laid the other two stacks inside the rocker panel. I tore-up two old cotton t-shirts, randomly packed them in around the rolls of gold, to keep them from rattling, then I simply screwed the rocker cover back on. To help counterbalance the car and the weight of the gold, I simply put a cinderblock on the floor of the passenger side. Then, it was almost 1977. Whenever I tell people about running away to Mexico, I just make it sound like it was for a few weeks, but my visit was more than a year and a half. The reason I would lie, and try to make my Mexico trip sound very brief, was so I didn't have to explain what I been doing there. When I left Mexico, there was no doubt in my mind that I'd soon be returning south of the border, but it ended-up being around

thirty-seven years, before I'd again be in Mexico. It was in 2013, on a cruise with my daughter. All those years of life had just slipped-on by. Best laid plans...

Mexico has now dramatically changed, and unfortunately, not much of it is for the better, since cocaine destroys more than its' users. The addictive powder and its greedy salesmen have demolished not just countless addicts, but ruined untold families, as well as displaced and dismantled entire cultures. Currently, I'd be somewhat frightened to travel to most parts of Mexico. Sure, there are areas which are still relatively safe, but now there are many areas, where you are almost certain to be robbed, kidnapped, or murdered, especially if they realize that you're an American with a little money. Even Mexico City's 'safer' tourist areas, are currently hot zones for petty theft, pickpockets, snatching purses, etc. This malefactor situation imprisons a tiny piece of my soul, and makes me wonder what has happened to all the good souls I once meant, while living in Mexico, so many years ago. They're probably the type of people currently pouring across our southern border, but America's conservatives would have you believe they're nearly all evil criminals. Indeed, some do join criminal gangs and

carry-out various unlawful acts, but many become hardworking honest souls. The ways we are currently fighting the 'war' on drugs reminds me of a little blind girl standing on the shore with a seashell, trying to empty the ocean one scoop at a time, not realizing that the tidal wave is fast coming. All the while, the various beach goers applaud her efforts. A lot of hateful people like to keep it a war, yet they know that it's not winnable, but they satisfy their violent streak. In the next chapter (Ending the Drug Problem), there are a few suggestions on how to deal with the world's cocaine problem. Although this may sound a bit grandiose and you may doubt me, solving the cocaine problem is actually relatively easy. You just have to use a little more thought and a lot less police work, jailing, and shooting. Just read the next chapter, if you doubt the veracity of that statement.

Leaving Mexico, I felt thoroughly relaxed, even though a section of my car frame was stuffed with gold, and the return border inspection was known to be rigorous, but fortunately, the drug dogs didn't sniff-out gold. In those days, the Mexican side just waved me on through, but the American border guards made me pull my car into a small inspection area. There, the inspectors put one dog inside my

car's interior, and another dog inside the car trunk, while a third was walked around the outside. I was certain that I carried no drugs, so I figured the inspection would be a snap.

Nonetheless, the dog they'd put in car's trunk gave a small bark, and clearly seemed to be interested in something near the spare tire, but just not quite enough to cause the guards to conduct a big search. However, the dog's mild momentary reaction was noted, so the guard just frowned a little and looked at me. I simply shrugged, as if to say, 'I've got nothing to hide.' The guard hesitated for about a two count, tapped with his knuckles on my spare tire, lifted it about six inches off the floor of the trunk, looked under it, shook it, and put it back down, then he pulled on the dog's leash, and it nimbly jumped out of my trunk. The guard nodded and gave me a thumbs-up, so I closed the trunk-lid, climbed in my car, and drove north. I was filled with melancholy, at ending my pilgrimage into the beautiful mysterious country of Mexico.

A few weeks after returning to the United States, while driving in Colorado, I had a flat tire, and when I pulled the spare tire out of the trunk, I found a joint smashed flat, firmly stuck to the underside of the

spare tire. Apparently, that was why the border guard's dog had barked once at the spare tire in the trunk. The joint looked as if it had been stuck to the tire for some time. Recalling that I'd loaned the car to the motel manager in Monterey, I assumed that he'd somehow left the joint in my car trunk; probably hiding it from his overly judgmental wife, but for all I knew, the big breasted wife could have been the secret weed smoker.

If that hidden joint was a purposeful effort to sabotage my crossing the border, I would have put my money on the angry wife, not on him. She'd been somewhat put-off by the fact that I'd loaned her husband the car. It probably allowed him too much freedom. It was more likely that, he'd hidden the doobie there, from his controlling wife, and because he was loaded, he'd just forgotten about it. Perchance, that's why his wife frowned so much; to this day, I don't know how it got there. Had the ridiculously harmless little joint been found, my life would have drastically changed, for in those crazy days in Texas, possession of a mere doobie could get you a major felony record, and locked-away in prison for years, but at least I'd have been in an American prison, instead of one south of the border. The devil

often lives in the litigious details, or maybe he writes them.

Leaving the border town of Laredo, I drove back to the abandoned gas station, located the three piles of stones, dug-up my stash, while remembering to look around for the belligerent little dancing scorpion, but the little guy was no where to be found; but then, it was daytime and such creatures are typically nocturnal. A vigilant and loud crow sat perched atop the dilapidated gas station, supervising my digging. *Perhaps, the crow ate the little scorpion.* I thought about the fact that the crow could fly back and forth across the border, whenever it pleased, but not so with humans. Back in the car, I headed north toward San Antonio, then west on Interstate 10 to El Paso, and was considering heading north to Canada, but I never made it. Don McLean's *American Pie* came playing over the car radio. It was great to be listening to American music, with an English speaking announcer.

“...I met a girl who sang the blues

And I asked her for some happy news

But she just smiled and turned away

I went down to the sacred store
Where I'd heard the music years before
But the man there said the music wouldn't play
And in the streets, the children screamed
The lovers cried and the poets dreamed
But not a word was spoken
The church bells were all broken
And the three men I admire the most
The Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost
They caught the last train for the coast
The day the music died..."

While driving, without any firm destination, I recalled how people had raved-on about the natural magnificence of Colorado, the wide open plains, the green forests, the scenic rivers, the high altitude fresh water lakes, the desert, the fast moving mountain streams, and of course, the beautiful majestic mountains and the associated snow skiing. There were those beguiling songs John Denver sang about the breathtaking state. The song, *Rocky Mountain High*, had come out just a few years before. Denver

too had been a military brat, who'd also spent a fair amount of his life in Alabama. His real name was slightly more German sounding, Henry John Deutschendorf, Jr. Just before leaving for Mexico, someone had told me that he had been appointed poet laureate for the state of Colorado. Momentarily, I pulled the *Ford* over, got-out my trusty road atlas, and plotted my route. The beautiful mountainous state was almost straight north; hence, no real need to consult the map, again.

The poet laureate was absolutely correct! Colorado was splendid to behold, indeed. With the driver's window down, I just played the radio and lazily followed the road. After stopping at a few places and talking with various folks, America seemed to have dramatically changed, or maybe the visit to Mexico had changed me, and America was the same; nevertheless, something felt undeniably different. Perchance, it was because the war in Vietnam had ended, while I was gone. All the profit-driven killing had finally stopped... fifty-four thousand dead Americans and three million dead Vietnamese, roughly a one to sixty ratio. I'm sure those statistics pleased a lot of 'patriots.' Three million dead Vietnamese, yet technically, we lost the

war? The war supporting industries sure made out, big time!.

Once back in the states, I never again dealt drugs and was lucky to have escaped the illicit trade, without a prison sentence, or worse. Life had to have more value and purpose than making easy money, sex, and getting high. Possibly, this realization had been born, out of meeting the little man at the Chapultepec museum, or while I was spending time with Mia, or perhaps it was the day Wayne and Rita announced that she was pregnant, and I'd realized that they were starting a new, more fulfilling life, with the prospect of a new life, and there I was foolishly screwing around with my life, going nowhere.

Maybe the decision to change my life first began when I started the tourist business, or maybe when I started reading those Hermann Hesse novels, which had sort of gotten to me. But for all I know, it could have been because the scorpion had been eaten by the crow. Regardless of the reason, by the time I left Mexico, I had changed considerably, and had decided to clean-up my act, and to try to live like regular folks, and join the ordinary work-a-day world. But also, I knew I wanted to find a purpose for my life, to

make a difference, and so the more free-spirited carefree part of my existence came to something of a gradual close. Easy money never really feels like it's yours. I never wanted to just spend it on casual stuff. From that point on, I began a slow transition into leading a more moral life.

OBJ



ENDING THE DRUG PROBLEM

This chapter audaciously suggests a means by which to end the country's drug problem... once and for all. Moreover, this solution includes all the drug-related crimes and health issues. But not being an actual writer, and hating the tiresome task of committing ideas to script, this chapter may periodically seem to go off topic; nevertheless, all the segues, in one way or another, serve to explain this mad methodology to, once and for all, end America's drug problem. These suggestions not only address innocuous weed, but the harder addicting drugs, as well.

As mentioned, not too long ago, in the United States, getting caught with just a single joint could earn you many years in prison, and it did just that, for far too many extremely good people. Some pot smokers ended-up dying in prison. Many conservative American's considered marijuana to be just as addictive and dangerous as heroin. Often, I've wondered why the penalties were so appallingly harsh for such a pleasant non-addictive little herb. The reason for such destructive legal falderal is clearly multifaceted, but mostly revolves around the government trying to make money. Isn't it almost

always about money?

<http://www.maxim.com/tough-st/6-ridiculously-long-jail-terms-pot>

Even during alcohol prohibition, no one went to prison strictly for drinking, and obviously alcohol is a much more dangerous and highly addictive drug, than weed. During America's years of prohibition (1920-1933), the arrested guilty party usually just spent the night in jail and perchance received a small fine. It only took thirteen years for America to again legalize the very addictive and highly dangerous (car wrecks, assaults, batteries, destroyed families, tombstones, etc.) booze. Yet, harmless marijuana still remains illegal in most states. In my unprofessional opinion, there are four pronounced reasons why certain people loath the idea of legalizing marijuana, and these reasons no doubt play a role in why so many users and sellers have been unfairly jailed, fined, and put in prison.

One reason seems to be that if people are allowed to grow their own, it becomes impossible for the state or federal governments to make any money

off the herb. A second reason is probably that while ganja does temporarily reduce things like: IQ, motivation, and short term memory, it nonetheless, tends to make some people question things, which certain politicians and big corporations might find uncomfortable. As oxymoronic as it may seem, weed smokers have a reduced susceptibility to hard-driving ego-based political propaganda. While weed clouds the mind, when you're on it, it somehow manages to install massive bullshit detectors in the mind of the user, and so later, the users question bogus political motives. A third reason why weed remains illegal is the *DEA's* budget would get chopped in half, if weed were legalized. In a way, the federal *DEA* agents investigating and arresting weed smokers and sellers is sort of like detectives covertly spying on, arresting, and jailing jaywalkers. And a fourth major reason for not legalizing weed is that the profitable corporate prisons would sustain huge financial loses (reduced prison populations), so there'd be a lot less prison slave/prison labor to sell to big corporations, and there'd be a corresponding increase in the minority voting. These four factors may explain why the Republican Party has lead the war against legalizing weed.

When folks smoke ganja, it reduces the activity of those parts of the brain creating things such as: arrogance, aggression, and ego; correspondingly, weed smokers are less susceptible to propaganda generated by the verbose dishonest ego-maniacs of the world, which only ninety-nine point nine percent of our politicians happen to be. When you lose your ego, the people with insufferable egos become much more transparent, and so the true motives of politicians become more obvious. Likewise, people who smoke weed are more apt to closely scrutinize selfish corporate-generated political agendas. The weed smoker is more apt to want a good and moral reason for killing lots of foreign peoples, not just so certain industries can get rich: military industries, oil industries, the illegal industries of heroin and cocaine, paramilitary corporations, etc. Since alcohol bolsters the ego, alcohol drinkers are more likely to be hawkish in their perspectives, and weed smokers are likely more dovish;. Consequently, groups such as: the police, the politicians, big Pharma, and the military industrial corporations are routinely against the legalization of weed. It's only because of the massive public outcry, that weed has finally started to slowly become legal.

As a young guy, smoking weed frequently made me contemplate the ethics of the Vietnam war, and to consider the importance of being well grounded in understanding why it was so necessary to kill huge numbers of Vietnamese (3,000,000), and sacrifice so many (54,000) Americans, all in the name of good business for the military industrial complex. Luckily, I never had to worry about going to the war, since my draft lottery number was high. How well I can recall the day those numbers were to be drawn. Early that morning, when the papers came off the press my friends and I were standing by the paper-bundle loading chutes of the *Washington Post*, waiting for the first bundle of papers to come sliding down the chute. Opening the first bundle, I was relieved to see my number was high. Some of my friends weren't so lucky, and a couple of them died in that pointless war. Nevertheless, I do admire the courageous men, who fought in that war. Several times a week, I now visit an old friend, a former Marine, who was one of those warriors. Bob is now 78 years old, but he still speaks of the war, as if it were last week. He is graced with courage and integrity. Perhaps those are the truest medals earned by a warrior. At this point in Bob's life, it is easy to tell he questions the legitimacy of the Vietnam war, even though he

received a silver star, two bronze stars, and three purple hearts.

Hypothetically, there certainly can be at least semi-valid reasons for war; still, rare is the war that has been started for virtuous reasons. The revolutionary war, the War of 1812, and Pearl Harbor are about the only times we've ever had just reasons, for engaging in war. We paid the Japanese back in radioactive spades. In WWII, 2.6 to 3 million Japanese died. Those airplane factories mass produced B-29s, and those two A-bombs, did a lot to end the war. We made three atomic bombs (Fat Man, Little Boy, and Thin Man), but only dropped the two, not Thin Man. After the war, we ramped-up production of more powerful nuclear weapons, and have continued to do so. Now, the world has manufactured literally millions of nukes, and detonated over two thousand! And besides Fat Man and Little Boy, what practical use have they been? What a giant waste of money, and what a huge risk they represent.

Often, I get the feeling that the reason so many conservatives hate kush is that America and its ginormous military industrial complex absolutely need war or a scary cold war, to continue to exist in

the profitable fashion to which they have grown accustomed. It's all about killing for immense financial gain. Where alcohol fuels aggression, and the desire for war, weed does the opposite. Dwight D. Eisenhower was concerned about the Nazi's, but he died terrified of looming threat represented by America's military industrial complex. He felt that not only would those industries and their lobbyists drag us into war, but they'd bankrupt the country.

Even the highly admirable Winston Churchill, the key person who pushed England into giving Germany the ultimatum of war, had a warm and fuzzy, if not lucrative, relationship with the aircraft manufacturing plants in England. That may have been largely owing, to his many governmental positions, after WWI. To say the very least, Winston was a complex guy. The aircraft manufacturing, which Churchill was affiliated with, made ungodly amounts of cash, since WWII mandated an immense production effort, involving thousands of aircraft of various kinds: torpedo bombers, dive bombers, general bombers, fighters, fighter bombers, maritime patrol and coastal recon planes, goto recon planes, trainers, transports, communication aircraft, gliders, and various experimental planes. Although Britain's

RAF Fighter Command was outnumbered in July 1940, Britain increased aircraft production, and by October, the RAF had more fighter planes than did the Luftwaffe. Nevertheless, British pilots possessed comparatively less flying experience.

Likewise, Adolph Hitler had a cozy relationship with the corporate heads of their many huge military industries, the German corporate-military manufacturing complex. The war industries profit greatly from war, while most of the citizens get to pay for the war, with the added benefits of : death, injury, and the corresponding abject poverty.

Early on, Der Fuhrer (Hitler) nationalized all businesses, which had been formerly registered as corporations, and simultaneously he established a profit-sharing relationship with the war-making enterprises. Hitler made a public demand for Germany to build the world's "first army" in terms of sheer power, and to do so, within four years, and that "...the extent of the military development of our resources cannot be too large, nor its pace too swift...", and the role of the German economy was only to support "...Germany's self-assertion and the extension of her 'Lebensraum' (the territory that a state or nation believes is needed for its natural

development)...” In Hitler’s case, said ‘Lebensraum’ might have ultimately been the entire planet, with perhaps Mars thrown-in. Indeed, there was talk about whether Hitler had wanted a space program.

Hitler would openly admit that he didn’t care, if making his massive military bankrupted the entire country. Just like any good politician, he and his corporate buddies wanted all the money, and were willing to sacrifice any number of soldier’s lives (over five million; not including the injured German soldiers, nor the civilian dead and injured) to get it. And, let’s don’t forget the 26 million Russians, and the six and one half million Jews he murdered, and the massive amounts of Jewish wealth he absconded with. How the hell does someone like Adolph, get so much support? The answer is several fold, but two of the principle factors were that his inherit hate-generating circuits were second to none, and too many Germans had similar circuits, ergo they backed him. People that hate together, stay together.

Principally, old men hold firm to hate, fearing that if they let it go, they’ll be left with nothing.

If You Want To Be With Me by Moyer A.

Willem

Had Hitler won the war, he and the owners of Germany's military industries would have been the richest people on earth. Presumably, that is rather obvious, since he would have controlled the entire planet. The last thing he'd have had to do, to rule the entire world, would have been to have conquer a few islands, collectively known as Japan, whose cultural-political thinking was still partially in the days of the Samurai, and that's not to say that the Samurai were antiquated, or in any way wanting.

Summer grasses, all that remains of soldiers' dreams
Bashō

Although, many claim that the Samurai were disbanded, somewhere around 1877, that date is highly contested. Many of the Samurai were well educated, if not great scholars, and some became business men. For example, Iwasaki Yataro, the great-grandson of a samurai, founded the company, *Mitsubishi*, which manufactured Japan's famous WWII Zero, the highly maneuverable fighter aircraft. Like Hitler, perhaps Iwasaki Yataro was a living example of *DNA*, which is configured to propagate war.

Something tells me that such a propensity, is indeed in the genes, and it's probably somewhere on the Y chromosome. The hate circuits in the human brain may include the putamen and the insula, found in sub-cortical regions. The putamen is also known to be involved in contempt and disgust, and is part of the motor system involved in generating movement and action. Perhaps, that's why for too many folks hate may be quick to engender violence. In some people, the neurons representing hate are so heavily embedded in those creating movement (primary motor cortex), that it's next to impossible for them to stop their destructive actions, once hate has ignited.

An eye for an eye will only make the whole world blind.

Mahatma Gandhi

As mentioned, the closest the United States ever came to a just reason for entering a war was probably the attack on Pearl Harbor. Nevertheless, for years prior to WWII, the United States had been backing Japan's enemy, China. Of course, it was Japan, who was the aggressor against poor China. The Japanese didn't have a legitimate right to nail us

like they did at Pearl. Basically, Japan was trying to steal China. They wanted more land, than they had on those small rocky treeless islands. That's why Japan is so crowded, today, little available land. We'd been supplying the Chinese with equipment, pilots, war materials, plenty of money, and we did that because of our corporate interests, within the borders of China.

We did so love the cheap labor China provided our corporations, and that's not too different, from today. Still, in WWII, Japan was clearly the invader, and was extremely vicious in how they dealt with the poor Chinese. After the war, senior Japanese officials issued numerous apologies for their country's countless war crimes, ergo there's one decent example of a just American war. Moral justification in war is rare and often comes to bare in two ways: the justification for entering the war, and how its conducted once it has started. The latter is negated by things like: torture, bad or cruel treatment of prisoners, a high percentage of civilian deaths, unnecessary damage to infrastructure, etc. In my limited opinion, no US wars, since WWII, have been remotely justified.

The fact that the majority of America's citizens

supported wars like Vietnam, Iraq, and Afghanistan, which have killed over roughly five million foreigners, may speak directly to the general lack of education of America's citizens. Remember, the US is rated at best as 15th in the world for education. And so, we may have become a dangerous nation composed of the ignorant, mislead sheep, following psychopathic leaders. Today, too many Americans fall for the flimsiest of propagandas, broadcast by medias with their own particular agenda\$. Maybe, some Americans just want to have a half deceit excuse for actual or vicarious killing, and so find it easy to believe the propaganda.

Courageous and honorable people die for their country, so that the greedy can run it.

Only the Holy Cows, by Mordecai A.

Williams

As mentioned, weed smokers may not be as apt to believe the United States disinformation machines, which various politicians, government agencies, and mega corporations, use to justify their nefarious doings. The sad thing is that the average rightwing

citizen fully believes their conservative media to be truthful, and those on the left know their left-wing propaganda is the only real truth. It's probably why so many good rightwing Germans followed Hitler's insanity, and in the end, he was truly insane. Almost the entire country followed a lunatic. Too often, the more egomaniacal the conservative, which can often be beyond pathological, the worse they hate the idea of legalizing wacky weed, and yet it is they who understand the least about the harmless herb. Nevertheless, they intuitively seem to realize that weed smokers will see them for what they are... selfish, supremely self-centered, and too frequently quite deadly. I say deadly, because they back expensive ineffective medicine, allow unchecked pollution, and promote war for industrial profits. Moreover, if a right-wing politician were to smoke weed, they just might be forced to see themselves for the selfish pricks they usually are. Today, medical marijuana is legal in more than 25% of the states. Moreover, it is approved by 4% of the states for casual use. While writing this chapter, I heard that the District of Columbia approved weed for medical use. As trivial as it may sound, there is a small possibility that political conservatives hate weed simply because of the name, 'marijuana' since it

sounds like a Mexican term. We all know that conservatives tend to hate all things dealing with folks with increased skin melanin. On the other hand, countless conservatives love tacos and tortillas... go figure.

Most likely, by the time this lunacy is published, the number of states legalizing weed will be higher. And while I no longer smoke ganja, and don't think it's particularly good for people {unless they're suffering from certain types of chronic significant pain or the nausea associated with cancer chemotherapy}, I don't think it should be illegal. While I personally don't enjoy a weed high, I feel that it's nothing short of criminal to lock people away for using, growing, or selling it. A rough analogy would be arresting people for drinking coffee, except that coffee is more addicting than is weed, and enhances aggression (something hawkish people relate to), whereas weed is not addicting and tends to make people less aggressive.

If marijuana were simply legal for each and every person, who wanted to grow the plant for personal use, or to sell to other users, there would be no need for dealers, and without dealers, weed-related crimes would be nonexistent, and there goes

all that gruesome weed-related violence in northern Mexico. We wouldn't need all those associated *DEA* agents, either. But, we certainly don't want to stop all that corresponding killing; do we? As hard as it is for law-abiding citizens to believe, there's always someone willing to kill for money. In a very real way, the US government is actually killing people by not legalizing weed. My very best advice to the reader is to never smoke marijuana, but only because it's not worth it, and the smoke is certainly bad for your respiratory system. Having said that, please stop listening to the harmful bullshit that marijuana is the 'gateway' drug. I've only known one weed smoker, who later became a hard-core addict. On the other hand, I've known plenty of alcoholics and cigarette smokers that became heavy drug users. Calling marijuana the gateway drug is like saying that drinking milk as a child, causes someone to later use heroin. Sure enough, most heroin users drank milk as a child, therefore milk clearly causes heroin addiction! Ergo, milk must be the gateway drug. Perchance, we need to start killing all the dairy cows, to put a stop to the massive abuse of opiate based narcotics! Let's fight the war on cows! Maybe the *DEA* should stand for the *Diary Enforcement Agency*.

Marijuana is plainly not physically addictive, and psychologically it's non-addictive, at least for more than ninety-nine percent of those who use it. However, there is a very small group of folks, who act like they just can't do without it. That is certainly not the case for the far more powerful and dangerous drugs, called: alcohol and nicotine. Those two molecules are highly addictive, both psychologically and physically. Moreover, they are both markedly dangerous to the user's health. A larger percentage of people die, during alcohol withdrawals, than die during heroin withdrawals! Moreover, far too many young people die from binge drinking, alcohol-induced aggression (domestic disputes, bar fights, assault and batteries, etc.), and DUIs. Individuals, aged twelve to twenty, account for more than ten percent of all the alcohol consumed in the US, and more than ninety percent of that is consumed by binge drinkers. Furthermore, there are many physiological ailments, which are linked to alcohol and nicotine, and none of those adverse pathologies appear to be associated with marijuana use; at least, not that I know of. Even daily weed smokers don't seem to sustain negative effects.

Take it from me... my alcohol withdrawals at age

twelve, the four years of depression which followed, the death of Evangeline, and the death of my Dad were the worst experiences of my life. But when I stopped smoking weed, there were no ill effects... none, and I didn't slightly miss it. I might as well have said I had stopped eating doughnuts, except I'd probably miss doughnuts. Weed is no kind of threat, except to certain self-serving politicians, the police, the intelligence communities, and the military industrial complex, who needs there to be a certain enjoyment of war to justify their deadly aggression and to keep the profits flowing. If people smoke weed, and their egos and aggression are even temporarily attenuated, they are more apt to realize that many military materials and most of the corresponding violent actions are unnecessary. While under the influence of alcohol, many people's behavior is apt to be more aggressive, more supportive of war and of cruel police actions, ergo alcohol remains legal, while harmless weed still stays illegal in most states!

People are far more apt to commit crimes on alcohol, especially violent crimes, i.e., assault and battery, murder, manslaughter, rape, muggings, etc. Ego maniacs, which military leaders, politicians,

corporate heads, and intelligence officers tend to be, typically love the aggressive high of alcohol.

Alcohol makes murder easier, both in it's commission, as well as with it's forgiveness.

Ethanol Fantasies by Moyare Wills

Sure, some of those aforementioned folks smoke pot, but a much greater percentage drink booze. Besides, many folks have to submit to urine screens and weed hangs around for thirty days, while alcohol is gone the next day. Alcohol is much more toxic and damaging to the body organs, as well as cancer causing, than is marijuana, especially if the marijuana user doesn't smoke the weed, but instead just eats the edibles, such as: hash, brownies, cookies, gummies, tea, etc.

Currently, the biggest illegal addictive drug problems are crack cocaine, crystal methamphetamine, heroin, fentanyl, and addictive pharmaceuticals (oxycontin, adderall, demerol, lortab, dilaudid, ritalin, etc.). I've been repeatedly told, by supposed experts, that a fair percentage of the people in prison are there because of those

dangerous drugs, either: making them, using them, selling them, or committing crimes related to obtaining or dealing them. Should all those people be incarcerated? Sometimes, the answer to that question is a resounding, ‘yes,’ especially if their verdict involved: shooting, stabbing, mugging, break into someone’s home or business. Nevertheless, a fair number of those people incarcerated for said drugs did nothing violent, but just used or sold the drugs. In those cases, more often than not, the person probably doesn’t belong in prison, with its more hardened and dangerous criminals, to encourage them to participate in more serious crimes; ergo, I don’t appreciate my tax dollars paying for them to stay behind bars. Still, I don’t want them committing crimes to obtain drugs, either. So what’s the obvious solution?

At one point in my research career, I’m sorry to say, that we gave lab animals addicting drugs: cocaine, heroin, PCP, and various other illegal drugs, attempting to study some of the neurophysiological effects. The lab purchased the drugs from the *Nation Institute of Abuse*. A gallon-sized brown glass jar of pure pharmaceutical cocaine cost the lab about \$20, a price which is nothing compared to the drug’s

street value, where just one pound of 100% pure cocaine goes for about \$22,000.00. Cocaine can be synthesized in a lab, so you really don't need the coca plant. It cost more to synthesize it than to grow the plants, but considering the cost of illegal cocaine, lab-made cocaine is extremely cheap, and just as potent. One method of synthesis has a patent (Patent # US 20120329828), and other synthetic methods are described in Erowid (below), under Cocaine Synthesis, and in, *A Practical Total Synthesis of Cocaine's Enantiomers*.

<https://www.erowid.org>

From that gallon-sized wide-mouth brown glass jar, I'd scoop out about the equivalent of roughly a teaspoonful of cocaine, to weigh-out the appropriate smaller portions to prepare the various individual injections for the animals, and at the end of the study, I'd simply flush the rest of the jar of white powder down the toilet, always careful to hold my breath, to avoid inhaling the associated cloud of fine addicting crystals. Never again, do I want to be addicted to something, as I'd once been addicted to

alcohol as a child. Not wanting to put someone through, what I'd been through, with withdrawals and depression, I've never considered selling hard drugs. If you've ever been through withdrawals and sustained the subsequent years of suicidal depression, you'd never want to put another person through that nightmare.

The only reason cocaine, heroin, meth, etc., are so God-awful expensive is that they're illegal, since they cost practically nothing to grow/manufacture... an inescapable fact! And knowing what we now know about the addictive potential of these drugs, no one in their 'right' mind would try them, but frequently good and normal people, even highly intelligent people, are not always in their 'right' mind. In fact, people with higher IQs are much more apt to try hard drugs. The odd connection between IQ and addiction has been well studied. Perchance, smarter people are more open to new experiences. Occasionally, almost everyone has found themselves operating in their emotional limbic brain, being upset about something or other, so the more logical portions of their gray matter are effectively inhibited, ergo trying an addictive drug becomes a more viable/preferable option.

Every now and then, all of us are a little bored, or we're just off kilter, or depressed, or in fear, or shocked, or worried, or stupid with exhaustion, or frustrated, etc. There are countless reasons why these things happen: relationships come to an end, people get fired from their jobs, love ones die, people get injured or have a serious illness, people we deem as being good folks lead us astray or betray us, the market plunges, hormones get out of balance, we're over worked, someone says something hurtful, and the list goes on forever.

One of America's pioneering physicians was Dr. William Halsted (1852-1922), the preeminent physician of the famous founding four doctors of *Johns Hopkins Medical School*, and creator of many important modern-day surgeries. Halsted truly revolutionized the art of surgery. He likely developed more surgical procedures, than has any other individual. Johns Hopkins was the guy, who put-up the money for the institution, but he was not a doctor. In fact, Hopkins wasn't particularly smart, but he was a successful entrepreneur, and he cared about people, and spoke-out against slavery. Dr. Halsted was also a well known intravenous cocaine and morphine addict, throughout nearly all of his

adult life. During his professional career, he was addicted to cocaine, and then later, he also used, and was addicted to, morphine. Both drugs were legal in Halsted's day. He bought them at the local drugstore/apothecary. His addiction began during his experiments, involving cocaine as an anesthetic, where he was his own guinea pig.

Oddly enough, each and every one of his trailblazing surgeries were generated, during the years when he was an addict. In other words, many of the surgeries that are used today, were created by a man who was addicted to cocaine and morphine. Imagine that! The point being that many addicts can still be functional, and be useful. Employing basic experimental designs, Dr. Halsted created new procedures for intestinal and stomach surgery, gallstone removal, hernia repair, mastectomies, thyroid gland disorders, etc. He also pioneered the use of aseptic surgical procedures, in particular the use of rubber surgical gloves, and was known to often curse himself for not using them sooner. Many feel that Dr. Halsted, the drug addict, did more for modern medicine, than did any other American physician. More than once, the good doctor endured self-imposed withdrawals, but always ended-up going

back to his i.v. drug abuse, due to his corresponding cravings. The brilliant man lacked the willpower to kick the drugs!

Once during Dr. Halstead's career, his well-intended fellow physicians decided that they'd try to clean him up, and detox Dr. Halstead. They convinced him to go with them on a ship cruise, and while they were out at sea, they threw his personal drug stash overboard. Halsted went ape-shit, and immediately, the preeminent and extremely moral Dr. Halsted became a criminal, by breaking into the ship's clinic, and stealing its store of morphine. If the addicted Dr. Halsted were alive now, he'd most likely spend his life committing crimes, and being locked away.

Subsequent to that cruise incident, Dr. Halstead's wise and caring medical colleagues were content to simply allow him live out his highly productive life, using his drugs of choice. As stated, cocaine and morphine were legal, back then. For Halstead, a one week supply of cocaine and heroin, which he used daily, was a mere twenty-five cents at the local apothecary. Because of the drugs being legal, Dr. Halsted had not been transformed into a social anathema, and didn't have to commit crimes to

afford his habit, as almost all hardcore drug addicts currently have to do. Instead, he was able to remain a highly respected and extremely productive scientist and doctor; now known for his valuable work, rather than being known for a criminal history. Cocaine was introduced in the United States around 1884, and anyone could purchase it, up until 1890. Then, the government ruled that it could be prescribed by physician at their discretion, up until 1914. After that date, it became illegal.

In 1905, John Singer Sargent painted a portrait of the four founding fathers (physicians) of Johns Hopkins. That piece of art currently hangs in the Welch Medical Library. Rumor has it that Halsted somewhat criticized the artist's work, while the painting was in progress; hence, Halsted was painted in fading/disappearing pigments. Consequently, his image seems to be a bit out of focus, compared to his colleagues. In addition, Halsted is placed further into the background. People on cocaine can often be a bit arrogant.

Drug addicts, in the United States, are now almost universally considered to be criminals. Over the years, few escape prosecution, even some of the rich ones. Since Dr. Halstead's drugs were dirt cheap, back then

(because they were legal), he didn't have to go broke or commit crimes to be able to afford his habit. Pocket change (literally) at the corner pharmacy allowed Dr. Halsted to purchase a week's supply of cocaine and morphine. As a result of these unrestrictive circumstances, Dr. Halsted created many great medical surgeries, profoundly benefitting humankind, and his family didn't end-up on the financial rocks, because of his addiction. Throughout his adult life Halsted remained an agnostic.

<http://www.amazon.com/Genius-Edge-Bizarre-William-Stewart/dp/1607148587>

The reason for mentioning Dr. Halsted is to say that there are many addicts, who are moral and capable of doing good work, but America's current legal system destroys them. As things are now, addicts are generally forced to live lives of crime; but, if they didn't have to commit those crimes to get their drugs, they would likely be much different: able to care for their kids, able to work a job, able to attend school, and not be a major burden on the taxpayers. Accordingly, when they're using street drugs, they are forced into an exhausting and time-

consuming series of criminal activities. A never ending nightmare of existence. To begin with, the crimes of acquisition are usually minimal, but being forced to subsist in the criminal world, and with the escalation of their habit, their crimes often become more serious. Too many people assume that addicts spend all their time doing drugs, when in truth, many addicts are hard working people, who only do their drugs as time permits, just like there are only alcoholics, who drink after they get off work. Just go to Wall Street and checkout the area's after-hour bars, and those alcoholics are some of the busiest, most productive, guys on the planet. And you can bet, that if alcohol was illegal, they'd still be drinking, ergo they'd be criminals, and doing criminal things to get their booze. Many of the doctors I've known, who were not surgeons, had drug habits, especially the shrinks. I did know two surgeons, who lost their license for drinking on the job, and one killed a patient. He used to skydive with me.

Do we honestly need to turn all the drug addicts into criminals? Do we really want that immense deluge of associated crime? Do we have to put so many people behind bars, while you, the taxpayer,

foot their prison bill, and big corporations benefit from their ultra cheap prison labor? How many of the addicts' families do we need to bankrupt and destroy? And then later, the addict can't get a job because they have a felony record. Yes, those who commit seriously violent acts, in the process of obtaining their drug, should be locked away. But most are imprisoned simply because they sold drugs or possessed some, and did so without marked violence. Though they are addicts, many still possess the desire to do good, if only they had the time and energy to do so, and weren't tangled-up in the unmerciful legal system, and constantly trying to do crazy stuff to satisfy their craving. Of course, there are all kinds of addicts, just like there are all kinds of everything. Some people, get high because they're all about having fun and good times, but some people get high, so that they can work harder, or to survive their jobs, or to study in school, or to be able to deal with their family, or to avoid being sick with withdrawals, or to better help others. Dr. Halsted is but one example of a productive addict; there are many types, yet we now judge them all as criminals. All of the doctors I've know, who were addicts were good, hard-working, people. Being physicians, they all had easy access to drugs. Nevertheless, it is the

wisdom of America's politicians to prosecute drug addicts, and to 'fight the war on drugs.' How right wingers love a phrase which includes the word 'war.' The solution to the world's drug problem is simple, and it's not to legalize hard drugs, as in Halstead's day. That would be a nightmare, and almost certainly create more addicts.

Many non-addicts, and even some former addicts, think that quitting an addiction is possible, but while that's optimistic, it erroneously assumes that all brains are the same, equally capable, with equal amounts of drug-induced damage. Some brains are indeed able to quit, but many are simply not. While some people can indeed quit, it is literally impossible for others. For too many addicts, it is utterly impossible, to override the need, the craving, for the drug, as was the case for the good and brilliant Dr. Halsted, who criminally broke-in the shipboard clinic, when his fellow physicians threw his drug stash overboard, or all those other times when he tried to quit but failed. For some people, the temporary withdrawals compounded by the continued cravings and unavoidable depression produced by the permanent reduction in brain dopamine, is impossible to overcome. The part of the

brain which is literally the individual's motivation or wherewithal, won't function without the drug, ergo without the drug, their life is not worth living, unless you feel that living with severe suicidal depression is no big deal. Many addicts, no matter how long they have been quit, will forever feel miserable and worthless, due to the everlasting low in brain dopamine, created by their drug abuse. How long does it take an addict to reach such a state, where the dopamine cannot be elevated back to normal. No one knows, because no one knows their inherent brain levels of dopamine to begin with. For some people, using a hard drug once or twice may put them in a permanent state of low dopamine, whereas for others, it may take much more abuse. For many struggling addicts, the dopamine level cannot be elevated to a decent level, and so for them, there is no hope for recovery, so why not let them do their drug? Still, I suppose you could lock them away in prison, where their life would likely take a major turn for the worse, or you could let them kill themselves. I can just hear the right wing readers agreeing with that last suggestion, at least down here in Mobile. In the south, you'd be amazed at how many white southern alcoholics want to just get rid of the drug addicts, referring to them as dopers or

druggies, often preceding those names with the words ‘worthless fucking.’

What determines if a person can quit their addiction is largely a matter of how much brain dopamine function (how well the nerve cells, which release dopamine, function) the addict still possesses. Dopamine function in the brain accounts for several things, but one of those things is the very essence of ‘will power,’ ergo low dopamine not only equates to low willpower, but is the phenomenon called, ‘craving.’ Low brain dopamine also means: no joy in life, unhappiness, depression, misery, sadness, anxiety, etc. Without adequate dopamine, life becomes purposeless and hollow, regardless of life’s circumstances. If you still have an abundance of dopamine in your brain, you’re more likely to successfully quit, if not, quitting is impossible. Ignorant people believe that any addict can quit, if they’d just put their mind to it; at least, without something to help you elevate natural dopamine levels, i.e., apomorphine, discussed in the next few pages. But, apomorphine has been blacklisted as an illegal scheduled drug (Federal Registration Number 41 FR 26568), so physicians can not prescribe it! Why would a drug, which is non-addictive, and non-

euphoric be so scheduled? The answer is that addiction is a big business.

It's absurd to ask a person without adequate dopamine to just 'show more willpower,' or to 'be more assertive,' or to 'clean-up' their act, or to just 'toughen-up,' because dopamine is the very essence of willpower, and without it there is no willpower or drive. That's like asking me, an old man, to run a four minute mile. I can give it all I've got, but believe you me, that four minute mile is just not going to happen, and I'm going to be extremely miserable even trying, if for no other reason I will have had to confront my own failure, as addicts often have to do, when they fail to quit their addiction. There may be a group of family and friends supporting me, urging me to try harder, but that four minute mile will forever remain only a dream and completely unattainable. Another analogy might be like telling a man with no arms, to become a gold medal olympic pole vaulter. That's how foolish most of the American public currently is about the addict quitting their addiction. The public thinks addicts can kick their habit, if only they'd put their mind to it. And yes, as stated, a few can (those with higher levels of dopamine), but most cannot, especially the addicts,

who had been addicted for years.

Allow me to play devil's advocate, to explore the question of whether we really need to make all of America's drug addicts and dealers into criminals? As absurd as it may seem, why not just give the addicts their drug of choice and put the dealers out of business? Could that be done without creating more addicts, and reducing the emergence of new addicts? Please bare-in-mind, that I am by no means in favor of legalizing dangerous addicting drugs, so that just anyone can obtain them... far from it. Just hang with me, a bit longer.

First, let's consider what would be the result of giving addicts their drug or drugs of choice? What would it be like, if all an addict had to do, to obtain his or her addictive drugs, was to prove that they were in fact a bonafide addict, and not just someone looking for a free high? To do this, the addict would first be required to give a blood sample, to make sure their blood chemistry was that of an addict, i.e., liver enzymes, the drug metabolites, etc. Appropriate legal officials would examine their medical test results, and other things could also be considered, such as: arrest and criminal records, family histories, as well as interview various relevant witnesses: family

members, police officers, state attorneys, judges, etc. If it were determined that they're actually a 'verifiable addict,' they could then 'receive' their drug of choice in a safe controlled environment. After receiving said drug or drugs, they could leave, once they demonstrated a certain amount of motor and cognitive proficiency. As things are currently, addicts are working and driving, while in various states of intoxication.

In this proposed warehouse situation, the addict would not risk prosecution... ergo no jail or prison, no public humiliation, no loss of employment, no social rejection, and no financial ruin. Of course, right-wing conservatives will hate to miss-out on punishing the addict. Now, all these are destructive factors, the addict must endure, and each one of those things further dismantles their body and mind, making them less able to recover, or live a useful life. The stresses and strains of those punishment factors greatly reduce the probability the addict will make a full recovery, if in fact they actually could. This is not much different than punishing a man, because he's paralyzed in a wheelchair.

With this proposed program, there would no longer be the need for the addict to commit crimes to

afford their drugs. After all, for many years, addicts like Dr. Halsted, who had access to cheap legal hard drugs, would often function as useful citizens. While Halstead's situation appears incongruous, there are many other addicts, who have been successful. Of course, such folks are not the typical addict, many addicts can still function far better, if they didn't have to commit crimes to procure their drugs. As things are now, most addicts become a marked burden on their families, the police, the jails and prisons, and the taxpayers. Dr. Halsted lived a long productive life, as did many addicts in his day. They were not a burden on the American justice system, nor on the American taxpayer, but then the law changed.

Largely because of Hollywood and the current legal system, it's hard to believe that people could function at all, if they did hard drugs, yet such people are quite common. Again, an analogy might be alcoholics. Yes, there are the alcoholics, who don't work and commit many crimes, and spend a lot of time in the legal system, yet there are also those who are good and productive, yet drink themselves into oblivion each night. As soon as they get off work, they go somewhere to drink.

What might the world look like, if addicts could get their particular drug of addiction, i.e.,: heroin, powder cocaine, crack cocaine, methamphetamine, oxycontin, valium, xanax, adderall, etc.? Indeed, such drugs cost practically ‘nothing’ to manufacture. In raw materials, equipment, and labor cost, a literal ton of pure cocaine, heroin, or meth, or adderall, or oxycontin cost less than \$1000. Right now, one ton of each of the illegal substances represents millions of dollars in lost taxpayer money, due to: police costs, *DEA* costs, court costs, associated medical cost, probation costs, incarceration and prison costs, councilors, bail-bonds, crime-related cost (thefts, damages to property, injuries, and deaths), unpaid medical bills, the huge costs of tragic drug-addicted infants, emergency overdoses, etc.

To initiate this proposed program, the government would only need set-up small warehouses convenient to populations of addicts, regardless of their wealth, age, or race. Perhaps, this proposed program could be called C-DAD, for the *Controlled Distribution of Addictive Drugs*. At this point in the discussion, C-DAD may sound a bit far fetched, but please keep reading, and hopefully I can explain why it makes good sense for everyone concerned.

After all, wouldn't it be great to actually solve America's drug problem, rather than keep fighting an expensive, dangerous, and losing drug-war? Moreover, if all the world's countries adopted C-DAD, then all the world's drug dealers/cartels/drug lords might be forced to go legit. No more addicts means that over 98% of the illegal drug business immediately vanishes, since the occasional casual users only consume less than 2% of the illegal drugs.

The addict's intake interview might be followed by an appropriate physical exam, with the aforementioned blood sample being drawn to help establish legitimacy of physical addiction. Those results could be combined with an extensive interview, etc., to best establish and approximate the addict's typical level of drug use. The blood sample and a brief physical could also include a check for HCG (human chorionic gonadotrophin) for possible pregnancy, and for other contravening medical issues. However, if everything checked out to be fine, the addict could then begin receiving their addictive drug or drugs at the local government-controlled dispensing warehouse. If the addict were to consume their drugs in said warehouse setting, they would receive a clean dependably pure dose, and therefore

be less apt to overdose. Moreover, if they did overdose, cheap antagonist drugs and other medical measures would be available to quickly and effectively reverse said overdose. Hence, addicts would ultimately be much less likely to die or suffer tissue damage. i.e., brain damage, skin infections, *HIV*, hepatitis, etc. Let's face it, as things are today, addicts will still going to find and use their illegal drugs, probably committing various crimes for the necessary funds. What I am about to discuss is going to be a bit redundant, but please forgive me, for a writer, I am not; besides, I want to make sure that I've thoroughly described C-DAD.

Now, here's an engaging question. If C-DAD was started, so the addict only had to walk to the nearby dispensing warehouse to get their drug, who would immediately go out of business? The obvious answer is all the dealers and cartels. Trillions of dollars would stop leaving the United States, going to northwest South America, the Asian Golden Triangle, Afghanistan, Holland, Turkey, Russia, etc. And of course, big Pharma might lose a ton of money, because the government would synthesize their own addicting pharmaceuticals (roxy [and other opiates], adderall [and other amphetamines], xanax, valium

[and other benzos], amytal, etc.), rather than pay the inflated prices which big Pharma charges.

Theoretically, the supplying of such easy-to-manufacture drugs could be put out for civilian bids, just like all government purchases are supposed to be managed. If a federal bill to establish C-DAD, ever got drafted, it would certainly be time for the drug companies to call out their high paid lobbyists to challenge and oppose said bill, and there's little doubt they would, since it wouldn't put money directly into their pockets, but rather it would only help the addicts and the taxpayers.

With C-DAD, there would be no more toxic-explosive neighborhood meth labs, no more contaminated impure street drugs, no salvia-laden crack pipes, no more disease-carrying needles, contaminated with *HIV* or various types of hepatitis, etc. Meth addicts could be required to care for their mouth (dental hygiene) before leaving the C-DAD warehouse. With C-DAD, women addicts would no longer have to sell their bodies on the streets, in the bars, or via online websites to raise the funds for their addiction. There would be a major drop in drug-driven prostitution, and that's by far the largest part of the sex trade, since most prostitutes are

addicts, and represent a significant disease vector. The prostitutes' ever pressing need for their drug, often prevents them from being prophetically cautious during sex. The drug-seeking prostitutes also typically don't take time for regular medical check-ups, or show-up for timely medical treatments, when they're indicated. Consequently, the *Controlled Distribution of Addictive Drugs* quite likely would reduce the spread of certain sexually transmitted diseases.

Male addicts often acquire the funds for their drugs by breaking into cars, houses, and businesses, engaging in armed robberies, holding-up drug dealers, shoplifting, selling drugs, bouncing checks, carrying-out muggings, etc. As a result, C-DAD would reduce those crimes, but only by a tremendous amount. With C-DAD, the family members of addicts would no longer be forced into financial ruin, and that might reduce the welfare rolls. Like the addicts of the late 1800s, the C-DAD addicts could actually work certain jobs. Certainly, they shouldn't be allowed to work jobs, which are safety-critical, i.e., bus and car drivers, airline pilots, surgeons, etc.

Parents wouldn't have to worry what their drug addicted son or daughter was doing out at late hours.

Young addicts usually drive their parents insane: stealing things out of the houses, going into bad neighbors to procure their drugs, car wrecks, disease, getting raped, etc. A large percentage of mental illness is now related to the use of illegal drugs. With C-DAD, such drug-induced psychophysiological infirmities could be more conveniently and effectively treated. Consequently, said drug-related mental illnesses would likely diminish, ergo there'd be fewer insane drug addicts, wandering the streets and talking to themselves.

With C-DAD in place, the United States would no longer need the extremely costly *Drug Enforcement Agency*, nor would there be the need for much of the *US Marshals Service* could be ended. Even the *CIA* gets involved in the drug trade, and those costs could also be saved. A fair percentage of the state, county, and city police forces could be dramatically reduced, still another savings for the taxpayers. Court dockets would be acutely curtailed and judges might get more vacations, since about eighty to eighty-five percent of the criminal defendants are now being tried for drug or drug-related crimes.

Correspondingly, prison populations would be dramatically cut, reducing your tax burden. Some of

that savings could go into effective prison reform and job programs. With the corresponding reductions in crime and disease, there may be a drop in various insurance rates, due to fewer: home invasions, carjackings, automobile wrecks, drug-related shootings, muggings, shoplifting, car break-ins, emergency room visits, disease treatments (STDs, hepatitis, etc.), psychiatric problems (drug-induced psychosis/schizophrenia/ depression), etc.

With C-DAD, Public Defenders (PD) would have tremendously reduced case loads, ergo they'd likely have time to prepare respectable defenses for their clients, rather than encouraging or intimidating their defendants into accepting ridiculous, if not wholly unjust, plea bargains. Generally, accepting a plea is no bargain for the innocent. If the innocent defendant could have afforded an attorney, he or she might have been exonerated. But being represented by a terribly overworked public defender, the innocent defendant is usually coerced into accepting the plea bargain. For example, an innocent man or woman may be told something as follows, simply because the PD has far too many cases to prepare an adequate defense.

“Your case is somewhat unpredictable. I (the

public defender) may or may not be able to get you off. You see, these things are tricky and you never know how a jury is going to vote. Nothing's a sure thing... no easy answers... no guarantees. However, the State Attorney has offered you a really great deal (the no bargain plea bargain). If you agree to plead guilty, the charges will be reduced, and the most you'll serve (in prison) is only three years. You can do that standing on your head. You'd be crazy not to take it. If you don't take this deal, and it goes to court, that deal will be off the table for good, and if you lose in court, you could easily serve ten years hard time, and a lot can happen in prison in ten years. You need to give this deal some serious thought. Remember, if we go to court the deal's off the table! Anyone can do three years; you'll be out before you know it, but ten years... well, it's up to you. Think it over, carefully. If it were me, I take the three years." The public defender might so advise their poor frightened defendant.

About 95 percent of felony convictions are the result of plea bargains, without any formal evidence ever being presented, to a judge or a jury! Many defendants come from severe poverty and have little to no education, so often the State and the *Public*

Defender Office don't even make full disclosure, before the plea deal is issued. The scales of justice never really balance, when it comes to poverty. To make a bad matter worse, if the defendant is black, and the court is in a southern state, the PD might also consider another vexing slant... that the odds are greatly in favor of the judge being white, and that certain of those white judges are well known for their merciless sentencing of blacks. In addition, if there is an all white jury, that can be problematic for a black defendant.

In litigious matters, as with many things, money makes a profound difference. Your average American, whose never been arrested for a felony, has no inkling as to how much money plays a role in the American justice system. A criminal facing the very same charges, who is financially able to engage a good attorney, might be given a completely different outcome. A paid attorney might urge the innocent client not to accept the plea bargain, and instead say something, as follows.

"I've looked at all the evidence, the State's got on you. Of course, I can't say for sure how a jury might respond, but the State has a flimsy argument. *{Insert here, the various reasons why the case is weak.}* All this

evidence is at best circumstantial, and I can easily dispute it. I don't think, I'll have any trouble getting you off. Their witnesses aren't creditable. It is certainly up to you, whether to accept the State's deal of three years, but if it were me, I'd turn them down. Besides, if nothing else, they may yet come back with an even better offer, before we go to court. I've got a few tricks up my sleeve."

Because of over-the-top court caseloads, created by the huge number of drug arrests, public defenders are now reduced to being little more than deal brokers, mouthpieces for the prosecution. Lord only knows, how many innocent people have accepted unjust plea bargains for fear of greater consequences. Everyone and his brother knows that most PDs don't have the time to prepare rigorous defenses for their myriad of clients. They have no time to have investigators gather, check-out, and challenge the evidence, no time to write convincing closing arguments, no time to properly interview and depose witnesses, etc. With so many cases, there's actually not adequate time for the PD to think. Few if any attorneys could possibly manage the caseload of your average PD, and still do anything close to a passable job. Crime remains a big business: large prison

populations for profitable prison corporations, a source of cheap labor for many corporations, employment for: judges, attorneys, probation officers, court clerks, secretaries, paralegals, etc. Some of such prison corporations are now international. Over the last fifteen or so years, the prison populations in the US have skyrocketed almost fifty percent, while private prison populations have increased over 354 percent! In 2010 alone, the *Corrections Corporation of America* and the *GEO Group*, have combined revenues of nearly \$3 billion. Wonder what they are by now?

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Corrections_Corporation_of_America

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/GEO_Group

After Obama, if a Republican wins the presidency, you might want to consider buying stock in said corporations. The United States currently locks-up more of its citizens per capita, than does any other country! Think about the fact that we lock-up more citizens per capita than: Yemen, North Korea, every Arab country, Russia, Philippines, Venezuela,

Columbia, Vietnam, every African country, etc. Ever wonder why the United States locks-up so many of its citizens? It just might have something to do with controlling the voting populace. Just look at the racial disparity of those, who are locked away. Sure poor people commit more crimes, but without jobs, what's a poor person to do? While the jobs which prisoners perform, while incarcerated, make big money for the prison corporations, and the various corporations, who hire the prisoners, rarely do they teach the prisoner a useful trade, which they can later perform once on the outside.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/
List_of_countries_by_incarceration_rate](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_countries_by_incarceration_rate)

Drug prosecutions net numerous profits, like: court fees/costs for state and county courts, probation costs, attorney's fees, fines, drug testing costs, fees for mandated anger management classes, costs for mandated counseling, management fees for victim compensation, federal funding for jails and prisons, and the list goes on and on. Generally, actual victim reimbursement is the tinniest of the aforementioned revenues. C-DAD would put a

dramatic dent in all those financial considerations. With C-DAD, if addicts were registered and received their drugs, emergency rooms might no longer be continuously treating addicts for drug and drug-related illnesses and injuries, or for injuries related to drug crimes. There might also be a marked drop in drug-related suicides.

Do you want to curtail gun and knife violence? All you need to do is to adopt C-DAD and put the drug dealers right out of business, once and for all; and since, most shootings and stabbings are drug-related, weapons violence would drop like a lead brick on Jupiter. The average American would be far safer with the corresponding reduction in crime, for over ninety percent of the home-invasions, muggings, and car break-ins are carried-out to steal money for drugs, or for items which can be sold or traded for the purchase of drugs.

It cost the taxpayers between thirty to sixty-thousand dollars a year per prisoner, and millions of citizens are locked up for drug-related crimes. Multiply 85% times 2.5 million prisoners (number of prisoners in the US), times \$50k and that's \$100,000,000,000.00 + per year. That \$100 billion dollars is just the money saved in the annual prison

costs alone, and that's only a tiny bit of the savings accrued with C-DAD. By adopting C-DAD, in ten short years, the government has saved one trillion dollars, in prison costs alone! But, the biggest savings would be: the stopping of American dollars going to the overseas cartels, the drop in insurance claims, due to drug-related crimes and health (physiological and psychological) issues, stopping the production of extremely expensive drug damaged infants, useless rehab programs, costs to the justice system, etc. The savings could be well in excess of one to two trillion dollars a year! Enough money to give fund free education and free medical care!

In a way, the prison-industrial complex is slowly becoming the government's answer to social problems like poverty and homelessness, unemployment, addiction, certain types of mental illness, people who are mentally slow, and those with little education. This sort of reminds me about how Adolph Hitler ran Germany. Prisons are also a great way for the government's racists to keep down the minority vote. If you think I'm mistaken about this, please skip ahead, to book nine and the chapter entitled, *The Habitual Offender*.

Without C-DAD, crime remains high, and both

the prisons and the cartels continue rolling in dough, as US dollars leave the country. As things are, without C-DAD, drugs remain readily available to America's young people, certain disease rates, and the rates of drug-induced mental illness, remain on the rise, neurologically damaged infants continue to be born; plus, the city, county, state, and national governments, continue to make money off drug-related crime, and attorneys continue to get paid, and you, the taxpayer, continue to pay for the *DEA*, the *Coast Guard*, the *US Marshalls*, state police, county police, and city police, as well as all the costs for related prosecutions. So my fellow Americans, just keep fighting that ever loosing war on drugs. Besides, you can't really call it a war (on drugs), since wars actually end.

Possibly, we are bankrupting the country, while certain groups profit from the miserable circumstance of the country's pitiable addicts, all because of the ignorance of our country's citizens. While the drug is the monkey on the back of the addict, the way in which the system manages and litigates addiction is vicious financial monkey on the taxpayer's back. The country is going downhill, in large part owing to the cartels, and America's

corporate avarice, not to mention the ill-informed taxpayers, who believe in the war on drugs.

In Mexico, the cartels have come to run much, if not effectively all, of the government. Civilian militia have begun to form in certain states. Said civilian militia have been known to expel the corrupt Mexican army from their town, since the townspeople no longer trust the government. Armed citizens have begun to kill cartel members, especially those of the Templar cartel in Michoacán, just west of Mexico City.

There, the Mexican civilian forces are being led by a surgeon named, Jose Manuel Mireles Valverde. In many respects, the guy seems like a hero. The man attends medically to poverty stricken peoples, while organizing a fight against the drug cartels. The doctor seeks no political office, nor monetary reward. On the other hand, the married man does appear to get more than his share of local women. Supposedly, he simply seeks to free his state of the extortion, kidnappings, and executions that the cartel brings. For some reason, the United States media fails to make mention this unusual man. To find out more about him, just look him up online... Jose Manuel Mireles Valverde. How many people openly attack a

cartel? Perhaps, one thing the doctor proved was that despite the killings and terror tactics of the cartel, just like anyone else, they too can easily be killed. Bullets don't discriminate about whose flesh they destroy.

<https://news.vice.com/article/the-vigilante-protagonist-of-an-oscar-nominated-drug-war-movie-speaks-from-jail>

Instead of meeting with the President of Mexico (Enrique Peña Nieto), perhaps President Obama should have meant with the aforementioned cartel-fighting doctor. Certainly, the doctor is by no means a perfect individual, but he has put it all on the line with a cartel, and inflicted some serious damage. To the best of my knowledge, the Mexican government has not arrested a single member of the notorious Templar cartel! Initially, the doctor's civilian army would turnover the captured Templars, to the Mexican government; but then, the government simply released them, along with their weapons. Consequently, the Valverde civilian militia now has to execute the cartel members. The exact number the civilian militia which have been killed is unknown.

Recently, the doctor was in a mysterious plane crash, and barely survived, then the Mexican Government arrested him, in a plot probably orchestrated by the infamous H3 cartel.

No doubt the cartels want to kill the Mexican surgeon, but they may somewhat fear his martyrdom. The charges were dropped against the doctor, yet as of writing this, for some reason, he still remains in jail. He has been forced to apologize to the government, most likely to save his family, or his many girlfriends. He now has bad health, so his survival is questionable. Sad to say, many of the doctor's militia have now taken to making meth, and selling it to support their movement. In effect, they have become like those they were fighting... talk about a contradiction. But, such contradictions would stop with C-DAD! With C-DAD, the drug cartels would simply cease to exist. Effectively, they'd no longer have anything to sell. If the government supplied the addicts, there'd be no need for drug dealers, no need for the cartels, no need for all the related torture and murder. The cartels and drug dealers might have to turn to legal means of doing business, thereby creating illegitimate jobs, and making their respective countries, again safe for

tourism!

Once more let me stress, that C-DAD would not be formatted, so that just anyone could receive highly addictive drugs; only those, who by medical examination, court records, family and/or social worker testimony, etc., have clearly been determined to be genuine addicts. With C-DAD, once all the addicts are registered, the female addicts would be required to submit to weekly urine screens to test for pregnancy. Such a weekly pregnancy screening might be a good way to halt the tragic problem of babies, being born with drug-induced pathologies. This small aspect of the program has profound long-term benefits, and not just massive financial benefits.

Moreover, the pregnant addicts would receive far better medical care than they currently do. They could be carefully detoxed, under close medical supervision, using controlled reductions in addictive drugs, together with prenatal vitamins, omega-3-oils, regular check-ups and ultrasounds, better diet, better planning and preparation for delivery, etc., so the fetus would be better protected and have an increased chance of being born with normal physiology. With weekly urine screens, the pregnancy of drug addicts would be detected very

early in the pregnancy, and hopefully before harm could be done to the fetus, and so the *Controlled Distribution of Addictive Drugs* should result in healthier babies, with much brighter futures.

Perhaps, the *Controlled Distribution of Addictive Drugs* could be configured to make sure that the female addicts, consider using birth control, and the pregnant female addicts could, at their discretion, consider abortion, whenever and wherever it's legal and desired. On the other hand, perhaps the healthier newborn could be adopted out, if the mother preferred. It's hard to imagine that the pope would object to birth control in such a circumstance, yet I'm sure he would.

Nothing surprises me with regard to the dogmatic judgements of religious leaders, regardless of their religion. As the law is now, we're allowing fetuses to be damaged by drugs. As things are handled, there is no effective means of helping pregnant female addicts, and they are forced to remain criminals. However, if female addicts were registered into the C-DAD program, not only might they be encouraged to use free birth control, but to consider reversible or non-reversible tubal ligations, and as mentioned, if found to be pregnant, they

could be placed into a safe medically controlled environment. Trillions of dollars, untold amounts of human misery, as well as, countless lives could be saved with the implementation of the C-DAD program. Here is just a few of the potential benefits of C-DAD:

1. Stopping hundreds of billions of dollars from annually going overseas to places like: the golden triangle, Columbia, Panama, Costa Rica, Mexico, Turkey, Holland, Afghanistan, etc.
1. Completely, eliminating the need for the *DEA*, a fair portion of the *US Marshalls Service*, a large portion of the *Coast Guard* budget, as well as a small part of the *CIA's* budget, saving the taxpayer billions, annually.
1. Markedly reducing state, county, and city police forces by at least half, again saving hundreds of billions of dollars across all fifty states.
1. Reducing drug-related crime and associated damages to: businesses, homes, cars, and other properties; again, saving billions of dollars, and reducing insurance rates.
1. Stopping the tragedy of drug-induced fetal injuries, and the life long adverse physiological

effects, as well as saving the billions of dollars, which such drug-damaged babies cost the taxpayers.

1. Markedly attenuating, extremely expensive prison populations, saving approximately \$100 billion per year, and thereby reducing nonviolent prisoners' exposure to violent criminals in said prisons.
1. Reducing the sad and costly spread of drug-vectored diseases, by ending drug-driven prostitution, and ending the use of contaminated needles, i.e., *HIV/AIDS*, Syphilis, various types of Hepatitis, Herpes, Epstein-Barr, Chlamydia, papilloma virus, gonorrhea, Trichomoniasis, Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, varicella zoster virus, flu, etc. Reductions in these diseases should also reduce insurance costs.
1. Reducing the social stigma now unfairly attached to the addict. After all, alcoholics and cigarette smokers are all socially accepted. The psychological stigma of being an addicts attenuates the probability of their recovery.
1. Reducing drug-related mental illness, and its marked taxpayer expense. Moreover, psychiatric

medicine costs about \$200 billion per year and about thirty to forty percent of that cost is directly and indirectly owing to illicit drug use.

1. Stopping drug-related shootings, and drug-related gang violence/warfare, resulting in countless emergency room visits and lengthy hospital stays, which are usually paid for by the taxpayer. In addition, many gangs finance their existence with drug sales, and so with the initiation of C-DAD, gang members might have to get legitimate jobs, rather than sell drugs. Moreover, there would be a reduction in medical costs for citizens, who have been injured by drug-related crime.
1. Lessening drug-related emergency room visits and repetitious medical care of addict-related health issues: cardiovascular issues, seizures, strokes, blackouts, infections, overdoses, muscle cramps, GI distress, etc., which are often paid for by taxpayer money.
1. Reducing drug-related court dockets, and diminishing the corresponding workloads on judges, state attorneys, public defenders, clerks, secretaries, as well as jail employees. This would save the taxpayers hundreds of billions of dollars,

annually.

1. Making life better for those, who are addicts, and reducing the financial strain on the families of addicts. Addicts would be much more prone to seek employment and schooling. In turn, these factors might reduce the welfare rolls, and the associated cost to the taxpayers.
1. Markedly reducing drug-related shootings of federal officers, as well as state and local police. This would save the taxpayers money in the associated medical and benefits costs.
1. Eliminating profits, which various terrorist groups glean from illegal drug sales. This could put a serious dent in terrorist activities. Of course, the military industrial complex wouldn't care for a reduction in the terrorist threat.
1. Reducing insurance rates due to certain of the above items: 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, and 13. This money, which would be saved by the insured, would better stimulate our economy and quality of life.
1. By reducing the influx of drugs into the United States, there would be fewer overseas murders, and less need for America's covert soldiers and JSOP to be involved with drug related factions, such as: the

Taliban, Mexican and South American cartels, and the Fuerzas Armadas Revolucionarias de Colombia (the FARC), etc. This alone would save the United States tens of billions of dollars per year.

1. The above savings would make more money available for: education, prisoner rehabilitation programs, employment opportunities, paying on the national debt, a special jobs program for drug felons, establish real environmental protection programs, curative medical research, free medicine/medical care, advanced education, etc.

The dollar savings of C-DAD to the United States would be astronomical, around one to two trillion dollars, annually! But America's moronic self-centered politicians still bank on the idea of 'fighting the war on drugs.' It bares repeating that with the mad amounts of money saved with C-DAD, the United States could probably: offer its citizens free health care, provide practically unlimited education (higher education, as well as practical vocational education), go completely to wind and solar power to save the environment, and pay off the national debt in a few short years! And, whenever addicts decided they wanted to try to kick their habit, treatment programs could be provided free of charge.

Let's face it, currently in America, there certainly are a lot of people lost in 'the rain in Juarez' (Bob Dylan's reference), who with C-DAD could become contributing citizens, rather than being systematically turned into suffering criminals, and massive financial millstones, around the necks of the taxpayers. In actuality, the city of Juarez is now nothing short of a drug cartel war zone, with countless murders, and torturous cruelties. The conservative's approach to fighting the war on drugs sure hasn't won even one significant battle. Once in a blue moon, law enforcement seizes a big shipment of cocaine... Big Fucking Deal! That's never once stopped the influx of drugs. After all, the drug problem has just continued to worsen. Wake up America! Take down the stupid drug war flag, and simply stop fighting, and implement the C-DAD program. C-DAD is the only way to win. Let's use our brains, instead of our guns and jails.

With the police no longer having to worry about investigating drugs, and the end of the monumental amount of drug-related crime, cops could actually focus their attention on more serious crimes, i.e., murder, rape, muggings, home invasions, robbery, embezzlement, kidnapping, banking fraud, Ponzi

schemes, child abuse, as well as other white collar crimes. As a result, violent crimes, as well as white collar crimes, might be far better controlled... ergo there would be a major drop in real crime. More money could be made available for programs to aid injured or disabled police officers, as well as for programs to better educate law-enforcement, so as to make them more successful, as well as culturally appropriate, for the peoples they're supposed to be protecting and serving. If addicts no longer had to commit crimes to get drugs, cops could actually do more serving and protecting, rather than making peoples lives miserable with unnecessary arrests, because as they now are ordered to fight the war on drugs, most of those arrests are hurting almost everyone. With C-DAD related savings, perhaps, we could also provide police officers with better equipment, and with cameras on every cop to insure they are not falsely accused or slandered, and that they are behaving properly. More money could be put into educating America's youth against drugs.

Another side benefit of the *Controlled Distribution of Addictive Drugs* is that once the drug dealers are gone, how will a young person, who may never have tried hard drugs, obtain: heroin, xanax, cocaine,

adderrall, oxycodone, meth, etc? With C-DAD, once the dealers are gone, the hard drugs are no longer available. Now, in every single American city, township, or suburb, hardcore drugs are sold within one or two miles of any particular residence. Finding and buying hard drugs is highly convenient. In fact, many dealers deliver, much as does the Pizza man! Again, once C-DAD is operational, the dealers are gone, and if a kid wants to try hard drugs, it's going to be much more difficult to buy them... no more just dropping by the local dope house, or from guys on the street corners, which are currently in every town and city. Adopting the C-DAD program is almost like discovering the vaccine against drug addiction. If you think C-DAD is a viable idea, consider xeroxing this chapter and sending it to your local congressperson and senator.

Ten years ago, I wrote an editorial, for the local black newspaper. It listed twenty locations where anyone could purchase crack cocaine, in downtown Mobile, Alabama. I actually put the addresses in the article. All were within a five mile radius. It only took me one hour of driving around the city one evening to find all twenty locations: men on corners trying to get your attention and attending to various

stopped cars, dilapidated houses with too many desperate looking folks going in and out, a guy on a bicycle trying hard to secure your gaze, etc. Those twenty places were but a small fraction of what was out there. Now there are even more such places in Mobile. Almost any kid can buy hard drugs, within a few minute walk or bicycle ride from their home.

Without adopting C-DAD, you are basically saying it's okay for children to have access to drugs! It's that simple. With C-DAD, drugs are not available to non-addicts... without C-DAD, addicting drugs are available to virtually everyone... kids included! Drive into almost any low-income neighborhood, and the dealers are unabashedly staring at you. These guys are more than obvious. This plethora of dealers is pitifully ridiculous and completely unnecessary. For some reason in Mobile, the police can't seem to arrest them all. Wonder why? But even if they were all arrested on one night, the larger dealers would have new street vendors working for them the next night.

If C-DAD were in place, the troubled child, who decides that he or she wants to experiment with hard drugs, could no longer find a dealer, so he or she might actually might have to do something ridiculous, like talk with a: friend, minister, pastor,

mullah, priest, rabbi, guru, school counselor, psychologist, coach, teacher, good neighbor, etc. If the kid is really desperate, maybe the he or she might even talk to their parents. How weird would that be? As America's drug management system now exists, hard drugs remain readily available to virtually every American child! Is that smart? If America is fighting a war on drugs, they've left America's youth standing in the middle of a minefield. Is this the best strategy America can come-up with? New addicts are constantly being created, and most of our political boneheads think we're handling things the best way. Why does such a stupid idea, as 'fighting the war on drugs,' remain so popular? Because, too many people like the idea of inflicting punishment and relish using deadly aggression to solve their problems, as well as the fact that certain people benefit from the drug trade: funding the legal system, the entire budget for the *DEA*, and a portion of the *U.S. Marshall's Office*, the *CIA*, and the *Coast Guard*, as well as privatized prison corporations. Republicans benefit from the corresponding reduction in the minority vote, and certain large corporations benefit from the cheap prison labor. So who benefits the most from not implementing C-DAD, the Republicans or the Democrats? Who benefits from the never ending war

on drugs?

With C-DAD, and the lack of availability of hard drugs, there would be much less peer pressure for the young inexperienced person to experiment with hard drugs. Especially, if some of the money, which is saved by C-DAD, were put into drug education classes in our schools. Such classes such stress the neurophysiological damages inflicted by drugs, and that if you keep believing the right wing conservative's idea of fighting 'the war on drugs,' if you keep drinking that purple Kool-Aid, the drug dealers will almost certainly meet your kids, one day. You might think that your kids would never try hard drugs, but then you never know what kind of unforeseen situations and pressures might befall them. With enough pressure, almost any young person can be persuaded to try hard drugs. So, why tempt them with today's easy access? Your child may simply look at trying the drug as a brief release from their life's stresses and boredom, maybe just a one-time chance to feel good, which because of the neurophysiological nature of the drug, turns into a regular thing, and then your kid soon becomes a full blown addict, with all the misery and dangers (medical issues, psychiatric conditions, violence,

poverty, arrest, prison, etc.) addiction inflicts on it's users.

Certain political peoples, besides the cartels, are making money off the illicit drug trade, i.e., the pharmaceutical companies, who knowingly manufacture voluminous amounts of addicting drugs, and they fully realize that those drugs (oxycodone, xanax, adderall, etc.) are being sold on the illegal black market, where they get their taste of the profits. In late 1995, the Food and Drug Administration approved the opioid pain-killer OxyContin, often called: Roxy, blues, hillbilly heroin, oxy, heroin-in-a-pill, etc. When it first came out, the manufacturer claimed that it was non-addictive, when in fact, it is one of world's most addictive substances. There's no telling how many pill mills are being run by America's more shady physicians. Rumor has it that the *DEA* can't touch them, because the *Attorney General* has told them hands-off the doctors. That makes one wonder, just who in big Pharma got to the Attorney General. Its hard for me to believe that Eric Holder or Michael Mukasey would be involved in such stuff, but stranger things have happened.

Roxy pills came onto the market in 1996, made

by *Purodue Pharma*, and grossed about \$100 million. By 2000, they made \$1.1 billion off the drug, an increase of well over 2,000 percent, in just four years. Ten years later, the profits would expand to \$3.1 billion. Please bare-in-mind, that these are reported profits; actual profits (not report as capital gains) were like much larger. By then, the potent drug accounted for about 30 percent of the analgesic market. What's more, *Purodue Pharma's* patent for the original oxycontin didn't expire till 2013, so *Purodue Pharma* came to control about a third of the United States' market for pain pills. *Purodue Pharma* is closely affiliated/created with/by people in Tel Aviv University, in *The Mortimer and Raymond Sackler Institute of Advanced Studies*. The institute has more to due with physics than pain pills, but those pain pills, which are clearly destroying American citizens, have garnered mega bucks for certain folks in *The Mortimer and Raymond Sackler Institute of Advanced Studies*. There's nothing quite like another country's brilliant scientists addicting millions of Americans, and getting rich off that legal abuse. Maybe, all that money has been used to fund their particle accelerator. Dr. Raymond Sackler, is a pioneer in psychopharmacology. His family has made a fortune from the painkiller. Hopefully, one day the class

action lawsuits will not just bankrupt the company, for the harm they've done, but criminally prosecute the corporate officers and the government stooges, who were bribed by *Purodue*.

Between 1999 and 2010, America's sales of opioid analgesics, drugs like Vicodin, Percocet, and OxyContin... quadrupled! By 2010, 99 percent of the world's hydrocodone (Vicodin), 80 percent of the world's oxycodone (Percocet, OxyContin), and 65 percent of the world's hydromorphone (Dilaudid), was prescribed in the United States, yet we're only five percent of the world's population! America had become a nation of addicts. What does that say about the way the politicians and drug companies operate? Plainly, the country can go to hell for all they care; in fact, apparently the more addicts the better, because the more money there is to be made.

Due to the expiration of the drug's patent, now, almost any pharmaceutical company can manufacture oxycontin, if they so choose. Big Pharma fully realizes that they were manufacturing hundreds, if not thousands, of times the amount of addicting medication which could actually be used for legitimate medical reasons, which poses the question. How does Big Pharma manage to sell all

those ungodly numbers of extra pills, the ones illegally used by addicts? How do they actually get those pills out to all those addicts, and without getting prosecuted? Might there have been some covert back-channel connections with high level dealers? While this will probably never be ‘completely’ known, what is known, is that many of these excess numbers of pain pills get to the addicts by the aforementioned ‘pill mills,’ and because someone in the government has been paid-off.

These wicked pill mills exist in almost every state. They open-up quickly in various towns, and can be set-up and operational in a day or two. All the corrupt doctor needs to do is lease a space, with a big waiting room, an exam room, an office, and bathroom facilities. The pill mill usually doesn’t stay in one spot, too long. Word of a newly opened pill mill rapidly spreads by word of mouth from addict to addict. Addicts are like their own internet. Make no mistake, in the drug world, the word of a pill mill will spread like greased lightning. The pill mills never have to advertise, and many times don’t even put a sign out on the road. In fact, they don’t want regular patients, with the usual: colds, cut fingers, a bad cough, ear and sinus infections, skin rashes,

muscle spasms, diarrhea, etc. The pill mill doctor will try to rent a cheap nondescript building, usually in a low rent, but highly populated, area. By word of mouth, the addicts are made aware of the pill factory, where they can simply go in, complain of some fictitious nebulous pain, or muscle spasm, or anxiety, and for a price (often paid for by medicare), receive a very large prescription for Roxys/oxys, or some other opiate-based pharmaceutical (Percocet, lortab, dilaudid, etc.), or some muscle relaxer (methocarbamol, cyclobenzaprine, carisoprodol, metaxalone, etc.), or some benzodiazepine (valium, xanax, triazolam, etc.). These false medical pretexts sometimes have various pieces of cheap medical testing equipment, so in addition to supplying addicts, older medicare/medicaid recipients are brought in for overpriced, usually unnecessary testing, which gets billed to medicare and medicaid. During the unnecessary doctor visit, the patient is often questioned about their having pain, or muscle aches, insomnia, or anxiety. Most old people do have aches and pains. Consequently, the doctor makes sure that the old person receives their prescription for pain pills, or muscle relaxers. Since medicare and medicaid pays for the visit and testing, you the taxpayer get to foot the bill. The mostly poor elderly

patients know that they can easily sell those pain pills for a high price (roxys sell \$50 each), to the neighborhood drug dealers and addicts, and so the unnecessary Roxys supplement the old person's pitifully low income. Many of these folks are too old to work, and some of those, who don't sell those meds, end-up getting addicted themselves, and as you might expect, many of them die, and they're death gets listed as cardiac failure, since they're old. Many of those old folks went from only taking the occasional Tylenol, to taking 'heroin-in-a-pill.' Elderly people don't do well, trying to kick an opiate addiction: infarct, tachycardia, arrhythmias, grand mal seizures, extreme hypertension, dehydration, shock, etc.

After some period of time, and the police actually may actually begin to investigate. Some addict, who is an informant for the police, usually finds this out and warns the pill mill doctor, ergo the pill mill doctor simply closes-up shop, and moves to another town, often in another nearby state, so it doesn't even have to honor the time left on its' lease. But, since these drug distribution shops are run by physicians, they usually aren't hassled by the police. After all, it's all legal on paper. When the pill mill

switches locations, it loads-up its equipment in moving vans, and finds another cheap featureless commercial building, and signs another temporary lease. Often, a certain percentage of the addicts will also pack-up their meager belongings, and follow the pill mill, to its' new location. Sad to say, others of the addicts, suffer withdrawals, if they can't find an adequate source of drugs.

These perverted pill mills will present themselves to the surrounding community as being something of a public service clinic. Their 'apparent altruism' is that they provide 'some' medical assistance for free (medicare and medicaid), and that they're 'looking-out' for the elderly, and the disabled. Of course, they write a few other nonaddictive scripts to maintain the appearance of legitimacy: blood pressure meds, anti-inflammatories, antibiotics, depression meds, anti-coagulants, etc. Many of their patients are military vets, who need the extra income that the pills bring. The pill mills often employ people in the community to act as drivers.

The pill mill loans the driver a large older van or a small bus. Said driver usually cruises around to the low income housing projects, and various poor neighborhoods, locating and loading-up people, who

have medicare and/or medicaid. The driver is paid a nominal fee \$20 to \$40 for each person, they manage to persuade to come to the pill mill. And considering the profit those people will make from selling their prescriptions, it doesn't take much persuading. These drivers tell the people in those poor communities about the free medical care, and of course, the patients usually know about the profitable prescriptions. Sometimes, the driver just mentions it to a few people, and the word spreads quickly. The young addicts find their own way to the pill mills.

Every time you are tempted to react in the same old way, ask if you want to be a prisoner of the past or a pioneer of the future.

Deepak Chopra

The older medicare/medicaid people may get a few tests for free like a quick check of their temperature and blood pressure (the apparent altruism), but then medicare and medicaid get charged for other tests, e.g., an ultrasound, a bone density test, some simple blood test, EKG, a simple glucose check, portable x-ray photos, etc. While at the pill mill, the patients are encouraged to accept a prescription of some type of addicting drug, for sleep,

muscle spasms, anxiety, or pain relief. In that scenario, the pill factory makes plenty off their patients, and the docs made plenty from the unnecessary medical testing, while big Pharma gets richer and richer. Rumor has it, that pharmaceutical companies have loans and grants to help such start-up pill mill doctors.

<http://novusdetox.com/oxycodone-florida-addiction.php>

<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC3030470/>

“I’ll bet that arthritis (bursitis, tendonitis, etc.) in your (shoulder, hip, knee, fingers, back, hand, foot, etc.) is really painful, at times. If you’d like, I can write you a prescription, to help you deal with that pain. There’s no reason for you to have to suffer with it. Let’s start you on some oxycontin, but don’t take them unless you really need them. I’ll give you a couple of refills, just in case the pain persist. And with all that pain, I know you have trouble sleeping, so I’m gotta write you another script for some xanax. You’ll be surprised how much better you sleep. And

while you're here, let's run some more tests to make sure that there's nothing seriously wrong with you. It's always best to be safe. Don't worry; this won't cost you a penny. If you need anything, you're always welcome, here."

"You say you're having problems with anxiety? Let's just write you a script for some xanax/valium/triazolam. That'll help you to relax a little and get through the day, without so much worry. If it works for you, just come back, and I can write you another script."

For the younger people, who enjoy the world of speed, the doctor may suggest something more stimulating. Many of these young addicts are students, who have trouble studying.

"If you're having problems focusing and getting your work done, why don't we let you try some Adderall, and I think you'll be surprised at how much better you'll function. You'll get a lot more accomplished."

"Sorry to hear that your back has been hurting, those muscles really do seem extra tight, but we can help you with that. A little soma will help with those sore muscles, and oxycontin will help you to manage

that pain. I think we should make a few x-rays to make sure we're not dealing with something more serious, but this won't come out of your pocket."

The above comments are things that a 'pill mill' doctor might say. Part of the C-DAD program is the elimination of pill mills, including the prosecution of such bad doctors, and the elimination of the manufacture of excessive amounts of various addicting meds! If only X number of pain pills need to be manufactured for legitimate clinical purposes, why manufacture 10,000X? In addition, with C-DAD in place, pharmaceutical companies, which manufacture addictive medications, are placed under government scrutiny and inventory, in that all addicting pharmaceuticals are carefully inventoried, which are then published on the internet.

Government standards will be created and followed to better determine how much addictive medication is clinically required, as well as for use in the C-DAD clinics for legally registered addicts. On the other hand, the addictive medications to be used in the C-DAD program should be manufactured by a company, which has gone through the usual rigorous bidding process, which is supposed to be followed in all government contracts. Narcotics are cheap to manufacture, one to two cents per pill. Or, perhaps a government controlled manufacturing center should be set-up to provide the drugs for the C-DAD

program at extremely low cost to the taxpayer.

With C-DAD in place, non-addicted patients needing treatment for chronic pain or anxiety, should be sent to existing pain management centers, where other forms of pain and anxiety treatment are first considered, before the patient is placed on an addicting drug. As for the costs to set-up, C-DAD might include things like: small buildings {using government owned buildings when and where possible}, build-out costs, small group of medical and administrative personnel, cheap computers, simple blood testing equipment {to verify addiction, and to see if there might be contraindicating conditions}, medical equipment to check vitals, OTC pregnancy tests, a few security cameras, room locks and safes, drug manufacturing contracts, hypodermic needles, cheap smoking pipes, minimal medical equipment, and first aid kits, antagonist drugs for possible overdoses, defibrillators, etc., and the running costs (drug manufacturing, salaries, property leases, maintenance, water, and electricity. C-DAD would probably cost less than one-thousandth the amount of money that it would actually save the United States taxpayer. C-DAD would probably have the lowest (best) 'cost-to-benefit' ratio in the history of government programs, not to mention it's health benefits! One might only need to shift the *DEA's* annual budget (\$3-4B) to cover the cost of C-DAD.

That's right, replace the *DEA* with C-DAD, because with C-DAD in place, why would you need the *DEA*? Besides, the amount of drug abuse has only increased, since the *DEA* first began! There's no point in throwing good money after bad. It's almost as if the *DEA* had helped the drug cartels, for in actual effect, the *DEA* stops C-DAD from being adopted, and putting the cartels out of business. Government run programs, which are financially successful, are about as common as a summertime snow blizzard on the Sahara.

Speaking of extremely expensive government programs with little benefit, look at how much *NASA* has cost and what practical benefits have the taxpayers themselves have actually derived from all those hundreds of billions? Since its inception, the US government has put \$601.31 billion (in [nominal dollars](#)) into *NASA*. When that amount is adjusted for inflation the figure is over \$1.30 trillion, averaging over \$22 billion per year, throughout its' history. Sure, there have been a few benefits derived from *NASA*, but not many which directly help the public, and nothing remotely justifying that amount of cash. To operate, *NASA* has cost an absolute fortune.

C-DAD may not be as glamorous as *NASA*, nor will it be used to make movies, as do the exploits of the *DEA* and *NASA*, but it will do far more good, and would be a low cost government program, with

profound financial returns... just the opposite of *NASA* and the *DEA*. Those two agencies cost fortunes, but have provided little tangible benefit. As mentioned we don't need the *DEA*, if we have C-DAD, and the launching of satellites could be better handled by private companies and smaller missiles. C-DAD has the potential to quickly end the world's problem with drug addiction, and all the massive amounts of related crime. By helping the addicts, the United States would incur an immense financial windfall, and appear as more of a forgiving nation, treating people with the problem of low dopamine, rather than locking them away and perpetuating the problem of addiction. If all the countries followed suit, the world's drug problem might actually be conquered, once and for all. The cartels could just sit in the jungle, and snort-up their own worthless white crystalline poison. Or maybe, they could begin to use their massive wealth to start legitimate businesses for their respective countries.

With C-DAD, there'd be no need for the coca plants, family *Erythroxylaceae*. Synthetic cocaine, which is identical to the plant derived, cost more to make than the plant grown verity, but practically nothing compared to the cost of the illegal powder. Synthetic cocaine cost about ten dollars per pound to make. Still, the government could grow its own coca farms, if need be. How to synthesize all those addicting

drugs is there for anyone to read, in the references listed within the *Merck Manual* for drugs, found in a decent medical school library. The synthesis procedures for all those drugs are also on the internet.

The bulk chemical ingredients are relatively inexpensive, and usually, there are several ways to make each addicting drug, be it: heroin, methamphetamine, cocaine, GHB, xanax, adderall, phenobarbital, soma, etc. Again, wherever the pharmaceutical companies try to overcharge the government, for the drugs which they've help to get people addicted to, the government contracted labs could make their own at low-cost. Perhaps, this is an opportunity to establish some new businesses to manufacture those drugs. But there's certainly no need to pay pharmaceutical companies their ridiculously inflated prices to make the inexpensive addicting drugs, when it was often those crooked pharmaceutical companies, who criminally created a significant portion of the drug addiction problem. The involved corporate officers probably need to be tried in criminal court, and at the least, be charged with illegal drug sales, they are literally worse than the cartels, since indirectly, if not directly, they've killed a more folks! They had to have known that they were promoting drug addiction, by markedly overproducing their addicting wares!

According to the letter of the law, 'pill mills' are legal, but only a moron or a murderous crook would condone them. The boards of pharmaceutical companies which manufacture many times the amount of addictive drugs, that can be legally used, are indeed murderous criminals. The American people have been duped and are as clearly gullible, much as the Germans citizens blindly followed Hitler! Even hardcore addicts admit that the 'pill mills' are not only stopping people from seeking treatment, but creating large numbers of new addicts, while billing medicare and medicaid, breaking the taxpayer's backs with the ridiculous unnecessary associated medical testing. American drug companies have knowingly been making excessive tons of addicting pharmaceuticals, that obviously could only have been going to addicts. It is a simple conclusion to reach, that if those drug companies weren't making such vast unrestrained amounts of addictive drugs, the addicts wouldn't be swallowing them by the bucketload. This is not rocket science, but remember that everything in these books is pure fiction.

With C-DAD, addicts could receive their daily drug allotment, to swallow/smoke/inject/snort/etc., while inside the government warehouse, and under medical/camera observation. The rest of the time,

addicts would not have to be out committing crimes to get drug money. I fully realize that some readers may find this idea to be a bit revolting, because some people prefer the idea of 'punishing' an addict, but the alternative to not adopting C-DAD is far worse, and only continues to worsen, especially when you consider the drug addicted babies being born, and the constant availability of addicting drugs to innocent young minds, looking to foolishly try them. The punishment for wanting to discipline addicts is the continuation of the world's drug problem, as well as the perpetuation of addiction, with all its' misery and suffering, as well as its' immeasurable amounts of crime and governmental waste.

It all boils down to whether you want to use your limbic brain or your frontal lobes, whether you enjoy hating and punishing, or prefer thinking of practical ways to solve the addiction problem. Do you want to punish the addict the addict, or treat the addict? If you're a right wing conservative, you are probably not for C-DAD. But, if the government doesn't initiate something like the *Controlled Distribution of Addictive Drugs* (C-DAD), and it just keeps 'fighting' the endless war on drugs, addicts will still be doing their drugs, and will also have to continue to commit the crimes needed to be able to afford the ridiculously expensive drugs, along with the related disease, damages, and massive costs; medical, legal problems and costs,

fetal injuries, prison costs, increased insurance costs, incredible amounts of money leaving the United States and going to various drug lords, and the costly *DEA, Coast Guard, US Marshals Service, CIA* (a small portion), and the bloated police forces, etc. This foolishness will continue on, year after year, until the vastly ignorant American populace finally wises-up. If you find that C-DAD causes you to experience a negative response, perhaps you are part of the drug problem.

The intelligent way to fight the war on drugs is to not fight, and put the dealers out of business.

Mercy Is Officially Dead by Moe A.

Williams

A war is exactly what the drug lords want. They only have two things they're interested in: the wealth from their drug sales, and the public's foolish desire to hate the addicts and dealers. Isn't it reasonable to assume that the drug cartels would fear the C-DAD program? There is no doubt that it would put them slap out of business, and permanently. Just for a few seconds, put yourself in the drug lord's shoes and consider what C-DAD would do to you, as head of a cartel. Does it seem farfetched that the drug lords of the world probably financially support politicians,

who vow to keep fighting the war on drugs, keeping their drugs illegal? If you were a drug lord, who would you support: the politician who vows to continue the drug war and therefore keeps you in business, or the candidate who promises to adopt the *Controlled Distribution of Addictive Drugs*, that puts you slap of business? It's a no brainer, folks! The drug lords are terrified of C-DAD, and want you to listen to your conservative right-wing politicians, to blindly continue to fight the fruitless war on drugs!

Welcome back, my friends, to the show that never ends

We're so glad you could attend

Come inside! Come inside!

There behind a glass is a real blade of grass

be careful as you pass.

Move along! Move along!

from the 1974 live album by Emerson, Lake & Palmer

And, what if the entire world adopted C-DAD? Come-on America how many centuries will it take, before you finally figure out that there is no winning the war on drugs, by snagging a few tons of drug

every now and then, or locking-away or killing the occasional dealer. Cocaine and heroin have been illegal for over one hundred years, and we still haven't won the war! Moreover, pharmaceutical corporations are making gargantuan profits, and governmental drug-policing agencies are demanding enormous budgets, by creating the false allusion that they are eradicating the drug problem.

Hollywood pumps out movies where some cops, or military, or *DEA*, or *CIA* guys take on some cartel. The protagonist kills a few evil drug dealers, or maybe one or two immoral drug lords. The American viewers love those movies, and believe that is how America's drug policy has to be... a war! It even makes people believe that the drug war is winnable. However, in real life, that war-on-drugs approach does nothing, but make a few headlines, while prolonging the drug problem, and providing business for the emergency rooms, the jails, the prisons, the psychiatrists and psychologists, the cops, the judges and lawyers, the feds, and the funeral homes. With C-DAD: adderall, cocaine, heroin, fentanyl, meth, Roxys, xanax, soma, etc., become virtually worthless... problem solved! With C-DAD, you don't need nearly as much government... and currently,

the drug war employs tremendous amounts of government: cops (city, county, state), *DEA*, *Marshall's Service*, *CIA*, *FBI*, *Coast Guard*, special operations groups, jails and prisons employees, probation workers, border patrol personnel, judges, prosecutors, public defenders, clerks, stenographers, special ops guys, even pilots since the SR-71 has been used to recon coca fields in Columbia, poppy fields in Afghanistan, and areas within the golden triangle in southeast Asia.

It's quite possible that the drug lords own a number of legitimate American businesses (most likely shell companies, with less government exposure), which make lawful and highly significant campaign contributions to those republican politicians, who vow to continue the never-ending war against drugs, or they simply give the money to an honest and respectable individual or business to make the donation for them. On the other hand, perhaps the drug cartels no longer need to hide behind shell companies, horse ranches, brokerage houses, real-estate agencies, loan agencies, etc. Theoretically, the drug lords could have their more legitimate minions create and manage various little election funds. The cartel would only need to contact

the businesses and other entities, which benefit from the conservative candidate and agree to match their donations. The amount of money in these large contributing funds, albeit immense, is merely chump change for the ultra rich drug cartels. For most folks, it's hard to think like the mega rich, and even harder to think like a drug lord, unless of course you got a bit of psychopath coursing through your veins. The campaign supporters for federal candidates, both liberals and conservatives, are listed on the internet and easy to identify. These campaign contributors would be happy to accept additional monies for their favorite conservative candidates, who'll continue fighting the losing war on drug.

Drug lords and their corporate entities could certainly back a politician, without the politician ever realizing it, and as long as the public doesn't find out about it, the politicians won't say a word. Considering America's ignorance when it comes to drugs, those conservative politicians are the last people the American public will suspect as being supporters of illegal drugs. But, if a politician knows that the drug war is not winnable, as they all obviously do, yet they still choose not to instrument something like C-DAD; in effect, they're complicit in

the illegal drug trade? Are they not actually supporting the drug cartels, the various American drug dealers, and the corresponding destruction of America? Don't you think that they realize these rather obvious things?

Furthermore, they also support: the more perverted {Prisons are perverted in the sense that they are being run for profit, rather than to reform criminals, doing very little to effectively rehabilitate prisoners; in fact, they seem more like schools promoting criminality. Nonviolent offenders are often introduced to violence in America's prisons.} aspects of the corporately owned prisons, the unnecessary cost of the *DEA*, the overly profitable *AMA* (*hospitals, clinics, medical testing centers, etc.*), the greedy pharmaceutical companies, who profitably manufacture hugely excessive amounts of their addictive drugs, the over priced insurance policies, the over-crowded psychiatric institutions handing-out ungodly amounts of psych meds, state and local law enforcement arresting users and dealers, public defenders being overworked and rendered ineffective, overcrowded court dockets, etc.? C-DAD would obliterate the addictive drug problem, and along with it, the need for supporting

the above costly institutions. With C-DAD, America may no longer continue to have the largest percentage of imprisoned citizens. What does it say about the United States that we lock-up a greater percentage of our citizens, than any other country on earth? Maybe Americans have more criminal *DNA*, but more than likely, it means that by giving so many people welfare and encouraging them not to work, as well as having a low minimum wage, crime has become a logical choice. Welfare often encourages the recipient families to disrespect the government, and that means they usually hate the republican party, as well as the police at all levels. Unfortunately, as welfare currently exists, it not only inspires people not to work, it keeps them poor, financially poor as well as motivationally crippled. Of course, this leads to more arrests and increased prison populations.

Currently, the best known spokesman for the republican party appears to be an extremely well known obese narcotic addict, named Mr. Rusty Limp Bough, and that fact mystifies me, since most southern republicans hate drug addicts. With his mind swimming in opiated narcotics, Rusty shouts over the airways to convince America's ignorant, that

the republican party is the best party. You might find it hard to believe that a person on pain killers could be so cognitive active, but the reason for that is that after you've been on pain pills for a while, the narcotics act as a stimulant, rather than as a downer.

Rusty seems to believe that the only true Americans are conservatives, preferably rich ones, and that corporate America is the only real America. Thousands of people call-in to his show, to express their opinions. If they're conservatives, Rusty blesses them with love, but if they're not extreme right wing, then he shouts them into oblivion. And, whenever the caller has a black accent, Rusty puts on a completely false air of consideration, as if there isn't a prejudice bone in his portly white body. Is there anyone out there in radio land, who actually believes that Rusty cares about black people? Limp Bough might just be the prime client for the C-DAD program. There's little doubt that he probably owes his massive addiction to some pharmaceutical company.

Again, if the world were to adopt C-DAD, there would be no more need to grow poppies, or coca plants, unless the government grew them for the C-DAD program. Those plants would once again

become near worthless. Perhaps, some of the citizens in Columbia might still chew their indigenous coca leaves and the Afghans would still smoke their black tar, but that would be the extent of abuse; even then, they wouldn't have to commit crimes to get their drug. The plants would no longer represent a profit for the deadly Taliban in Afghanistan, or for the murderous FARC in Columbia, or lethal Asian war lords in the golden triangle. Moreover, there would no longer be a corrupt Mexican government, working for the drug cartels, because the cartels would be broke and powerless! If the US and the rest of the world were to adopt C-DAD, over time, drug addiction would begin to go the way of small pox, and the dodo bird.

It bares repeating with C-DAD, that: the *DEA*, part of the: *US Marshalls Office*, the *Coast Guard*, and the *CIA* would lack purpose, and profitably (for the taxpayer) disappear. In addition, with the adoption of C-DAD, a fair percentage of funding for federal, state, and local law-enforcement agencies would also become superfluous. With C-DAD, many of our criminal lawyers would suddenly disappear, and the caseloads for judges, prosecutors, and public defenders (PDs) would dramatically drop-off. PDs

could then prepare rigorous defenses, rather than simply broker deals. Mental health professionals would lose considerable business, since about half of the mental health patients are addicts. Addiction produces massive amounts of mental illness, and it's not just because of the drugs, but because of the stresses which illegal drug use forces upon most addicts. Some mental health facilities are also owned by the same company, which owns some of the prisons systems, and with C-DAD, their profits might significantly plummet! Addiction treatment centers might lose much of their business. In addition, C-DAD would produce a drop in things like: court costs, probation costs, court ordered drug testing costs, court ordered counseling costs, court ordered mental health evaluation costs, etc. With the launch of C-DAD, there wouldn't be any Hollywood celebrity addicts for people to gossip about. Addicts would no longer be people to publicly ridicule, and would no longer be their neighborhood's favorite scapegoat. Addicts would instantly be transformed into non-criminal human beings. They'd simply be people with a medical problem... no shame, no embarrassment, no financial ruin, no need to sell themselves on the street, no need to commit crimes, ergo no jail, no prison, and no life down the tube! Why is it that only

alcoholics and tobacco smokers get a break, and the alcoholics are some of the meanest of addicts, and tobacco is reputed to be the most addictive of all drugs?

Giving up smoking is the easiest thing in the world. I know because I've done it thousands of times.

Mark Twain

In addition, the pharmaceutical companies would take a financial hit in a number of ways: First of all, they'd lose money on their addictive drugs, i.e., adderall, oxycontin, xanax, valium, phenobarbital, morphine, dilaudid, dexedrine, benzedrine, desoxyn, lortab, vicodin, etc. Secondly, they lose some of their market on drugs now used to treat addiction. Since addicts suffer with a myriad of drug-induced health problems (liver disorders, high blood pressure, infections, strokes, etc.), which frequently necessitate medical treatment, big Pharma would lose-out on that market, as well.

<http://www.heretohelp.bc.ca/visions/>

medications-vol4/medications-used-in-recovery-from-addiction.

Fourthly, they'd lose some of the money for drugs used to treat all the mental health problems caused by illegal drug abuse (As described in the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, 4th edition, Text Revision [American Psychiatric Association {APA} 2000] DSM-IV-TR). Drug-induced disorders include conditions such as:

Drug-induced delirium

Drug-induced dementia

Drug-induced amnesic disorder

Drug-induced psychotic disorder (similar to schizophrenia)

Drug-induced mood disorder

Drug-induced anxiety disorder

Drug-induced sexual dysfunction

Drug-induced sleep disorder

I'm okay with most aspects of capitalism, but with capitalism, the motivation is only money, and while money is known to encourage creativity, it can only inhibit medicine. Capitalism is okay for things like vacuum cleaners, pot holders, shoes, TVs, doorknobs, furniture, bricks, guns, etc., but

capitalism is simply not at all good, when there gets to be a few massive monopolies, and it's certainly far from being good for medicine, nor is it good for the environment!

The purpose of medicine is supposed to be for things like: health, quality of life, reduction of pain and suffering (both physical and mental), and so the true reward for medicine is not money! In fact, capitalism's concern for money actually prevents cures from being made, for if you cure addiction, Alzheimers, cancer, *HIV/AIDS*, *MS*, flu, colds, diabetes, arthritis, asthma, herpes, seizures, insomnia, malaria, etc., you end the huge profits for big Pharma. Big Pharma prefers highly profitable longterm treatments. Also, money doesn't inspire the quality of medical care; as mentioned earlier, the US is 37th in quality of medical care, but at the same time, our medical care is the most expensive!

There's nothing like paying huge amounts of cash for low quality medical care.

A Slow Agonizing Death by Big Pharma by Dr.
Mosley A. Willard

The primary reward behind medicine should be the healing of the sick, not making money, and certainly not the promotion of addiction, as too many of America's drug companies now do. Hard as it may be for certain capitalists to understand, life is actually worth more than money! Such costly inferior medicine shouldn't drain the old person's life savings, so they have little to nothing left to give their kids. This criminal healthcare situation only exists in the United States! And, the sad thing is that most Americans have fallen for this scam. Too frequently, the patient stays sick, and continues to pay for some non-curative long-term treatment. Not only that, but American hospitals charge inpatients ungodly amounts for nearly everything, i.e., \$15 for a Tylenol, \$53 for a pair of latex gloves, \$10 for a box of Kleenex, etc. Moreover, much of the hospital staff is more concerned with the intra-hospital infighting, than they care for the patients' wellbeing.

The *AMA* and its hospitals are famous for stealing the very last dime, from the worn pockets of America's sick and dying, and mostly that's America's elderly. Old age is tough enough without bad medicine and going broke to pay for it. Dr. Dame Cicely Saunders, began her work with the terminally

ill in 1948, and went on to create the first modern hospice, *St. Christopher's Hospice*, in the suburbs of London. But it wasn't until 2000, that the US Senate finally held hearings on end-of-life care, which discussed barriers to access to hospice care under the Medicare hospice benefit, because ending a dying person's life quickly and painlessly is simply not profitable! There's not much profit in administering just a few pain killers, with maybe a little phenobarbital, and maybe an antiemetic. Pharmacologically, we can effectively end someone's life, yet for some mysteriously reason, we can't figure-out an effective way to execute a murderous prisoner. Really? Does that make any sense to you? Thousands of people are put out of their misery daily by hospice, yet the prison/penal system still struggles over a few simple executions. Honestly! Ever wonder why? Perchance, some people prefer that the person being executed gets to suffer a slow agonizing death, and the corporate prison is looking for big bucks for carrying-out those executions. This is what happens when America allows psychopaths to run the *AMA*, big Pharma, and the penal systems.

All of the above begs the question, "Why hasn't the C-DAD program been initiated sooner?" And, if

someone tries to tell you, that it was tried in England, and that it didn't work; they're just flat-out lying, or they're simply ill informed. At one time, the English legalized narcotics, so that anyone could purchase them, as was the case, during the time of the aforementioned Dr. Halstead's, but obviously that's a seriously bad idea! The C-DAD program is nothing like that! It bares repeating that with C-DAD, only verified addicts would receive addicting drugs, in a carefully controlled setting.

There is also a moral reason for C-DAD. Making a hardcore addict abstain from their drug is like condemning them to an existence, where they endure reduced levels of brain dopamine; in other words, a life of nonstop misery. The abstaining addict will often feel as if there is no reason to live. The degree of misery (craving, depression, anxiety) is determined by the size of the brain's dopamine deficiency. A drug which addicts the individual quickly, with one or two time use, probably means two things: the person inherently had low brain dopamine, before they used the drug, and that, the drug markedly depletes the dopamine-containing neurons. Again, low levels of brain dopamine mean very big misery... depression and a feeling of

purposelessness... torture. Slightly reduced levels of brain dopamine means a small amount of misery. That particular form of craving is not like a food craving. Too many people think of the addict's craving as being just a desire to enjoy a high, when it is actually an attempt to temporarily escape feelings of dread. The quantum of this unpleasantness inversely correlates with reduced brain dopamine... lots of misery means very little dopamine.

Why should addicts be forced to live in a state of marked depression, where their life seems without value or purpose; why should they be forced to live in inescapable distress? Because they made the mistake of trying the drug to begin with? Do we really need to continue to punish them for that mistake? How much punishment does the taxpayer need to dole-out? There are two main reasons why the war on drug continues to fail.

One reason is that low dopamine in some peoples' brains, cannot be fixed with current medical procedures [Perhaps the best medical fix, designed to raise central dopamine levels in the addict and attenuate their craving, is a combination of a month long treatment with apomorphine {subcutaneous injections at barely sub-emetic doses, once daily for

the 30 days}, in conjunction with oral L-dopa or carbidopa, oral phenylalanine (*NutraSweet*), a daily b-complex vitamin (taken with food), a small daily tryptophan supplement, 100 to 300 mgs of allopurinol, and for the first two weeks, oral clonidine tablets, to help attenuate the hypertension of withdrawal, the cloning or beta blockers should be tapered-down as removed. The drugs to be continued indefinitely are: tryptophan, phenylalanine, B-vitamin, and allopurinol].

A second reason why the war on drugs continues to fail is the financial greed of certain groups: the drug cartel members, the *DEA* administrators, certain ‘conservative’ politicians, conservative talk show hosts, the attorney general’s office won’t allow the prosecution of pill mills, the owners of drug treatment programs, CEOs of pharmaceutical companies, certain people in the *American Psychiatric Association*, CEOs of prison corporations, certain administrators within the *AMA*, and the hundreds of millions of ill informed conservative Americans. Everything that the United States government has done to this point, in the war on drugs, has failed, and will continue to fail! So, wake the hell up! How long is it going to take for enough people to figure

that out? How much more needless suffering will the world have to endure? Everyone in America suffers, because of addictive drugs: the addicts, their families, their friends, their crime victims, the police, the public defenders, the emergency room staff, the judges, and of course, you the taxpayer.

Odd as it might seem, medicine is a field which is best practiced for compassionate purposes. The current ‘punishment-approach’ is the preferred attitude of far too many right-wing politicians, and if that’s truly the case, it should include that fat right wing radio host, Rusty Limp Bough, but I don’t recall his going to prison. This cruel attitude reminds me of the informal motto, which the 102nd (maybe the number is wrong) Airborne was rumored to have had... *Kill’em all, let God sort’em out*. It also reminds me of some of the medical experiments the Nazis carried-out on the Jews. It’s a bit like allowing people, who have contracted syphilis, to go untreated as a moral punishment, or to satisfy some morbid scientific elitism, much as occurred in the Tuskegee Syphilis Experiment, conducted from 1932 to 1972 by the *United States Public Health Service*! Why do we have to punish addicts, and not just give them their drugs, in a safe inexpensive environment?

<https://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/nazi-medical-experiments>

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tuskegee_syphilis_experiment

Supposedly, those sadistic doctors and public health officials in the Tuskegee Experiment wanted to study the natural ways in which syphilis might spread through a community, if it went untreated. Jesus! What a piss poor excuse for such sadistic racism! Honestly, what kind of moron believes such shit? The study involved approximately 600 impoverished black sharecroppers from Macon County, Alabama, just a few miles northwest of my home here, in Mobile. Even when penicillin became available to treat syphilis in 1945, the Tuskegee researchers did not offer it to those, who they knew were infected, and as you probably know, syphilis in its' later stages slowly destroys the brain. Of course, since there were only 600 such people, their misery and suffering is nothing compared to the hundreds of millions of the world's drug addicts. Was anyone ever prosecuted for the Tuskegee Syphilis Experiment?

The answer seems to be ‘no!’ There are now many people in our government and business world (especially big Pharma and the *AMA*), who should be prosecuted for their creation and treatment of addicts.

Oh sure, it was the black person’s idea, who contracted syphilis, to have unprotected sex, just as it was the addict’s decision to try the drug to begin with, but just how much punishment does a person deserve? How much perverted joy do the sadists of the world deserve to inflict on people? Just how complacent do we need to be, before we demand that something good and effective be done about the massive addiction problem in the United States? The way we currently manage drug abuse, only ensures it will continue, playing into the hands of the cartels, the *AMA*, the *APA*, big Pharma, the legal system, and the prison corporations.

During the times, when the addicts would have normally been committing crimes to feed their habit, with C-DAD in operation, those same addicts might instead be working a job, or doing some government directed tasking, or perhaps even going to school. Sure there would be certain jobs that you would not want them to be doing (i.e., brain surgery, airplane

pilot, air traffic controller, taxi driver, bus driver, NASCAR driver, astronaut, dentist, lawyer, etc.), while they are receiving their government administered addictive drugs, but without C-DAD, they will be doing those same jobs, while they're high as a kite, and on drugs of questionable concentration and purity. Indeed, this would be one of the problems with C-DAD... getting people into jobs they could safely perform, but it is far better than the alternative. Nevertheless, Rusty Limp Bough can sure perform his job while high on opiates. And, the great doctor, William Halstead, discovered many of the life-saving surgeries, which we use today, while high on i.v. cocaine and/or morphine. The reason for this is that the brain receptor populations and its neurotransmitter levels adjust to the drug and so the addict, who has received the proper amount of drug over a period of time, can actually function more effectively. The proper amount is relatively easy to determine, with certain run of the mill cognitive or motor tests, but often it can be determined through simple conversation, with an evaluator.

The jobs, which a C-DAD client might still safely perform would depend on their age, health,

background, experience, safety issues surrounding the job, etc. Maybe they could be temporarily paid with a little of the money, which C-DAD would be saving the nation. But even if the C-DAD clients didn't work a job, they still wouldn't be breaking the taxpayer's financial back, by committing expensive crimes to support their habit, producing all those addicted babies, incurring long expensive prison sentences, causing billions of dollars a months to go overseas, flooding the courts, etc.

A C-DAD clinic would only need a staff of four or five people {a police officer, a registered nurse (to administer addicting drugs, conduct induction blood sampling, and to administer antagonist drugs for overdoses) drug dispenser (stays in secure room to prepare and dispense drug through a drop shoot), and an administrator/overseer to handle the paper work. A pound of cocaine, heroin, or meth each costs about a dollar to manufacture in bulk. Consequently, the C-DAD program would cost very little to operate and would save the United States trillions of dollars, and put an end to immeasurable amounts of misery.

Each drug dispensing facility would operate twenty-four hours a day, every day of the year, and would cost about \$2500 per day to operate, and

would effectively eliminate approximately \$2,500,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000 daily cost to the taxpayer. Security would become a moot point, since the drugs are free to the addicts, and the causal user only represents less than a two percent market. The only reason that security might be an issue is if someone wanted to steal the drugs for sale in another country, where the drugs might still possess some value. That's the one reason why the drug shipments and drug supplies in the clinics would be kept small, as possible. This is a reason to use smaller clinics, rather than larger ones. As C-DAD catches on world wide, then there would be no reason to steal the drugs. However, considering the corrupt governments of the world, without some political clean-up and modernization, C-DAD is not likely to be adopted, right away. As C-DAD clinics begin to open, many addicts will move their residence to coincide with a clinic; hence, not as many clinics will need to be opened.

Since big Pharma is clearly guilty of purposefully contributing to America's drug problem, maybe they should be required to manufacture the addictive drugs for use in the C-DAD program, at little or no cost! On the other hand, maybe their CEOs and other

board members should receive life in prison. Perchance, this act of altruism by the drug companies, might go toward shortening the prison terms of their CEO's and board member's, should they ever be charged and found guilty of drug trafficking on the grand scale, they've obviously been operating on. After all, there is currently so much Adderall, that to use it all clinically, every man, woman, and child in America would have to be suffering with ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactive Disorder). The expensive drug cost practically nothing to make, since it's nothing but a combination of older drugs: amphetamine aspartate monohydrate (25%), amphetamine sulfate (25%), dextroamphetamine saccharate (25%), and dextroamphetamine sulfate (25%). Many professionals believe that Adderall was purposely created to be highly addicting. By using the amphetamine combination, it possesses roughly the same addictive potential of crystal meth, but it's legal, and it's prescribed to young adults, teens, and even kids! When the prescribing physician decides to take their patient off the drug, often said unfortunate patient has no choice but to begin to use illegal meth; ergo, the legal system destroys their life!

Why not just give the hyperactive people meth, instead of Adderall? The only reasons that meth is more dangerous is because it's generally made on the street, and therefore impure, and people usually smoke it. A safer way to dispense meth in to administer desoxyn, and sustained release of 10 mgs meth. If Adderall and meth were both made to be clinically pure, and both were taken orally, they'd be basically identical in effect and risk. Why dress-up the blessed addiction in a fancy new name, Adderall? Whoever named the drug took the prefix, Add (Attention Deficit Disorder), and added a clever little suffix ('erall'... for all...maybe?). More appropriately, Adderall might stand for 'Addiction for All'... it even rhymes, so it might make a good advertisement: *America's favorite drug, Adderall!... Addiction for all!* I'm not sure that was the intended meaning of the suffix, yet it sure seems to pointedly fit! I heard that Canada had banned the highly addictive drug, but since then, US lobbyists lobbied the Canadian government and now it's back on the shelves.

A shocking ninety percent of college students use the drug to party, as well as to study for tests (marked enhancement in cognitive function and alertness). Adderall addiction is extremely common,

but just go online and try to get a handle on how many adderall addicts there actually are. Once a doctor cuts someone off of adderall, many addicts have no choice but to go to illegal meth, or just remain extremely miserable. Again, the addictive potentials of meth and Adderall are virtually the same. In addition, Adderall destroys teeth, as does meth, creating more dental business! Adderall also is well known for causing amphetamine psychosis/schizophrenia, hence Adderall creates substantial psychiatric business. Both drugs are effective in treating narcolepsy, that is if you don't care about addiction, which the *AMA* and *APA* apparently don't.

The republican party claims to be the strongest party against drugs, yet they are the biggest detractors to effective drug programs, like I've just described. As a result, the drug cartels love the republican party; almost as much as the republican politicians love themselves, and their rich corporate supporters. The democrats aren't much better. I don't believe any democratic politician has proposed C-DAD. To the best of my knowledge, the only person, who has proposed something similar to C-DAD was the Surgeon General, Joycelyn Elders, but my ignorance is vast, so there could have been others,

who have proposed similar programs. The Surgeon General Elders suggested that the government ‘study’ legalizing drugs for addicts, and quickly the white house, under immense republican pressure, forced her to resign her post, although the president was Clinton, a democrat! If I remember correctly, the Surgeon General’s son was addicted to cocaine, and was supposedly busted for selling it. In my limited judgment, politicians are the primary reason why the drug problem is still around, and the addiction issue is now bigger than ever.

The trouble is not just with the addicts! Still, I suppose that the addicts are partially culpable, because they were foolish enough to try the addictive drugs in the first place, unless of course a doctor prescribed the drugs. The U.S. makes up less than 5 percent of the world’s population, but we consume 75 percent of the world’s prescription drugs! Nevertheless, addicts largely remain the pawns of law enforcement, and the whipping posts of the general populace, who generally often enjoy a good scapegoat, to cast out into the desert. In one way or another, I suppose we’re all hypocrites. No doubt, I certainly am, in far too many ways. The government is also hypocritical, there may even be documents,

which substantiate our government's participation in cocaine dealing. Perchance, that drug dealing may have been necessary, or maybe not so much. It's easy to blur certain lines, when there's lots of money to be made. You could have asked Gary Webb about that, if he hadn't been shot in the head.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gary_Webb

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Allegations_of_CIA_drug_trafficking

For more information on our government's involvement in trafficking drugs try looking-up such things as:

Documentation of Official U.S. Knowledge of Drug Trafficking and the Contras

Evidence that NSC Staff Supported Using Drug Money to Fund the Contras

U.S. Officials and Major Traffickers:

Manuel Noriega

José Bueso Rosa

FBI/DEA Documentation

Testimony of Fabio Ernesto Carrasco, 6 April 1990

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